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The Oxford Thackeray
With Illustrations

THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS
AND
EARLY MISCELLANIES



W M THACKERAY

AT THE AGE OF 13 OR 14

From the bust by J Devile in the National Portrait Gallery

The Yellowplush Papers

and

Early Miscellanies

By

William Makepeace Thackeray

Edited, with an Introduction, by

George Saintsbury

With 64 Illustrations

Henry Frowde

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CONTENTS

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	PAGE
PREFACE - - - - -	xi
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	xv
PREFACE TO 'COMIC TALES AND SKETCHES,' 1841 - -	xlviii
TIMBUCTOO [<i>The Snob</i> , Cambridge, April 30, 1829] - -	1
THE RAMSBOTTOM LETTERS [<i>The Snob</i> , and <i>The Gownsmen</i> , Cambridge, 1829-1830]:	
MRS. RAMSBOTTOM IN CAMBRIDGE - - - - -	5
A STATEMENT OF FAX RELATIVE TO THE LATE MURDER -	6
TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT SNOBS OF CAMBRIDGE! -	7
THE END OF ALL THINGS - - - - -	8
DEDICATION TO 'THE GOWNSMAN' - - - - -	9
LETTER FROM MRS. RAMSBOTTOM - - - - -	10
CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'THE NATIONAL STANDARD OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC, THEATRICALS, AND THE FINE ARTS' [1833-1834]:	
LOUIS PHILIPPE - - - - -	13
ADDRESS - - - - -	14
MR. BRAHAM - - - - -	16
N. M. ROTHSCHILD ESQ. - - - - -	17
LONDON CHARACTERS: NO. 1 - - - - -	18
A. BUNN - - - - -	21
LOVE IN FETTERS - - - - -	22
WOMAN: THE ANGEL OF LIFE - - - - -	25
DRAMA—COVENT GARDEN - - - - -	29
FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE - - - - -	31, 35, 39
OUR LEADER - - - - -	43
ADDRESS - - - - -	45

	PAGE
CONTRIBUTIONS, ETC. (<i>continued</i>):	
FATHER GAHAGAN'S EXHORTATION -	47
DRAMA—PLAYS AND PLAY-BILLS - -	48
'ÉTUDE SUR MIRABEAU,' PAR VICTOR HUGO	49
FLORE ET ZÉPHYR [1836] - - - -	55
REVIEWS FROM 'THE TIMES' [1837-1838]:	
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, BY THOMAS CARLYLE -	67
DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE -	79
EROS AND ANTEROS: OR, 'LOVE,' BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY	88
A DIARY RELATIVE TO GEORGE IV AND QUEEN CAROLINE	92
MEMOIRS OF HOLT, THE IRISH REBEL - -	98
THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. SOUTHEY, COLLECTED BY HIMSELF - - - -	105
THE PROFESSOR. A TALE OF SENTIMENT [<i>Bentley's Miscellany</i> , July, 1837; <i>Comic Tales and Sketches</i> , 1841] - -	111
HALF A CROWN'S WORTH OF CHEAP KNOWLEDGE [<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , March, 1838] - - - -	131

THE MEMOIRS OF MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH

[These papers appear here in the order and divisions of their original publication in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1837, 1838, and 1840. Thackeray himself reprinted the major part of them *twice*—in *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841, and in the *Miscellanies*, vol. ii, 1856. But he did not give *Fashionable Fax* or the Introductory Letter of *Miss Shum's Husband*, and the arrangement and chapters varied. The former, but not the latter, was included in the supplementary collection of 1885-1886; and the *Letter* was not reprinted till Mr. Lewis Melville's edition, in which, however, *Fashionable Fax*, though given, is disjoined from its original sequels.]

I. FASHIONABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS - -	155
II. MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND - - - -	165
III. THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEACE—DIMOND CUT DIMOND -	190
IV. SKIMMINGS FROM 'THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV' -	207
V. FORING PARTS - - - -	218
VI. MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS:	
CHAP. I. The Two Bundles of Hay -	230
II. 'Honour thy Father' -	235
III. Minewvring - - - -	244
IV. 'Hitting the Nale on the Hedd' -	253
V. The Griffin's Claws - -	256
VI. The Jewel - - - -	262

CONTENTS

vii

PAGE

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS (<i>continued</i>):	
CHAP. VII. The Consequinsies - . . .	269
VIII. The End of Mr. Deuceace's History—Limbo	275
IX. The Marriage - . . .	290
X. The Honey-moon - . . .	292
VII. MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW - . . .	300
VIII. EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI - . . .	315

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR GAHAGAN [*The New Monthly Magazine*, 1838-1839; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841; and *Miscellanies*, vol. i, 1855]:

CHAP. I. 'Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction' -	337
II. Allyghur and Laswaree - . . .	352
III. A Peep into Spain—Account of the Origin and Services of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars -	364
IV. The Indian Camp—The Sortie from the Fort -	378
V. The Issue of my Interview with my Wife -	387
VI. Famine in the Garrison - . . .	393
VII. The Escape - . . .	400
VIII. The Captive - . . .	402
IX. Surprise of Futttyghur - . . .	409

STUBBS'S CALENDAR; OR, THE FATAL BOOBS [*The Comic Almanac*, 1839; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841; and *Miscellanies*, vol. i, 1855]:

JANUARY—The Birth of the Year - . . .	419
FEBRUARY—Cutting Weather - . . .	422
MARCH—Showery - . . .	426
APRIL—Fooling - . . .	432
MAY—Restoration Day - . . .	438
JUNE—Marrowbones and Cleavers - . . .	446
JULY—Summary Proceedings - . . .	452
AUGUST—Dogs have their Days - . . .	458
SEPTEMBER—Plucking a Goose - . . .	463
OCTOBER—Mars and Venus in Opposition - . . .	469
NOVEMBER—A General Post Delivery - . . .	475
DECEMBER—'The Winter of our Discontent' - . . .	481

THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY [*The New Monthly Magazine*, 1840; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841; and *Miscellanies*, vol. iii, 1856]:

CHAP. I. Of the Loves of Mr. Perkins and Miss Gordon, and of the Two Great Factions in the Town of Oldborough - . . .	489
---	-----

THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY (<i>continued</i>):	PAGE
CHAP. II. Shows how the Plot began to thicken in or about Bedford Row - - - - -	509
III. Behind the Scenes - - - - -	521
CHARACTER SKETCHES [<i>Heads of the People</i> , 1840-1841; and <i>Miscellanies</i> , vol. ii, 1856]:	
CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON - - - - -	539
THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS - - - - -	561
THE ARTISTS - - - - -	576
THE HISTORY OF DIONYSIUS DIDDLE [The <i>Autographic Mirror</i> , 1864] - - - - -	599

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

[The illustrations are by the author, except where otherwise indicated]

	PAGE
W. M. THACKERAY at the Age of Thirteen or Fourteen. From the Bust by J. Devile in the National Portrait Gallery <i>Frontispiece</i> Facsimile of the Original Frontispiece to ' <i>Comic Tales and Sketches</i> ,'	
1841 - - - - -	li
TIMBUCTOO - - - - -	3
LOUIS PHILIPPE - - - - -	13
MR. BRAHAM - - - - -	16
N. M. ROTHSCHILD, ESQ. - - - - -	18
LONDON CHARACTERS: No. 1 - - - - -	19
A. BUNN - - - - -	21
LOVE IN FETTERS - - - - -	23
DRAMA—COVENT GARDEN - - - - -	30
A FRENCH CONTRAST—TIMES PAST AND PRESENT - - - - -	34
LIGIER AS RICHARD IN ' <i>LES ENFANS D'ÉDOUARD</i> ' - - - - -	38
STATUE OF NAPOLEON - - - - -	40
FLORE ET ZÉPHYR - - - - -	57-65
THE PROFESSOR:	
Mr. Dando declares his Name and Quality - - - - -	127
THE MEMOIRS OF MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH:	
Mr. Altamont's Evening Party—Mr. Yellowplush brings Refreshments to the Ladies - - - - -	175
Mrs. Shum's Ejectment - - - - -	185
Mr. Dawkins advises with Mr. Blewitt upon a Difficult Point at Écarté - - - - -	202
The Calais Packet—Mr. Yellowplush's Emotions on First Going to Sea - - - - -	221
Mr. Deuceace Paying for his Papa's Cigars - - - - -	238
Lord Crabs bestows on the Ladies his Parting Benediction - - - - -	247

	PAGE
THE MEMOIRS OF MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH (<i>continued</i>):	
Mr. Deuceace's Disinterested Declaration - - -	257
Mr. Yellowplush Displaying his Credentials - - -	273
The Last Stroke of Fortune - - - - -	301
The Two Celebrated Literary Characters at Sir John's -	305
THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR GAHAGAN:	
Gahagan - - - - -	336
The Major Discovering the Infidelity of Mrs. Chowder Loll -	349
The Major's Interview with a Celebrated Character -	361
The Major in the Tent of Puttee Rooge - - -	389
STUBBS'S CALENDAR; OR, THE FATAL BOOTS (<i>George Cruikshank</i>):	
JANUARY—The Birth of the Year - - - - -	418
FEBRUARY—Cutting Weather - - - - -	427
MARCH—Showery - - - - -	433
APRIL—Fooling - - - - -	439
MAY—Restoration Day - - - - -	444
JUNE—Marrowbones and Cleavers - - - - -	449
JULY—Summary Proceedings - - - - -	456
AUGUST—Dogs have their Days - - - - -	462
SEPTEMBER—Plucking a Goose - - - - -	467
OCTOBER—Mars and Venus in Opposition - - -	471
NOVEMBER—A General Post Delivery - - - - -	479
DECEMBER—'The Winter of our Discontent' - -	485
THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY:	
Mr. Perkins Discovered in the Zoological Gardens -	507
CHARACTER SKETCHES (<i>Kenny Meadows</i>):	
Captain Rook - - - - -	543
Mr. Pigeon - - - - -	549
The Fashionable Authoress - - - - -	567
Sepio - - - - -	577
Rubbery - - - - -	583
THE HISTORY OF DIONYSIUS DIDDLE - - -	600-608

PREFACE

THIS edition of Thackeray's Works will, it is believed, be found to differ, in two important respects, from any previous one: the first of these concerns the amount of the contents; the second their arrangement.

During Mr. Thackeray's lifetime, and for more than twenty years after his death, the authorized issues of his writings contained little more than what he had himself issued in book-form, at one time or another—and not, indeed, all of that. It was, however, well known that he had been, for another twenty years and more during his life, a contributor of mostly anonymous work to newspapers; and, as in such cases is almost certain to happen, portions of this were irresponsibly explored, and no doubt in some cases attributed with no, or with insufficient, justification. To arrest, correct, or anticipate this process, his representatives very wisely issued, about twenty years ago, a supplementary volume of authentic miscellanies. For a time this had the desired effect; but within the last few years various circumstances—the falling in of copyrights, the publication of authoritative records of his contributions to *Punch*, etc.—have set fresh explorers on the task of exploration; and a great deal of matter, with more or less claim to 'rank,' has been accumulated in collective or separate issues. All due acknowledgments and thanks should be given to these explorers, the chief of whom has been Mr. Lewis Melville, but it does not follow

that their discoveries should be accepted or reproduced in bulk.

There is no need to argue, at any length, the general question of the abstract propriety of attaching to a man's acknowledged work, things that he did not himself choose so to acknowledge and attach. But there are some people who would decline for their own part to do this indiscriminately. In the first place, it has to be remembered that *in no case of anonymous publication in a periodical, can we be certain that the matter is as it left the author's hands.* In fact, the cases where it is so are probably an insignificant minority. When, therefore, you take from the *Little Pedlington Gazette* or the *Kenmaquhair Courant* an article, even certainly Brown's or Smith's originally, and print it as it stands in the files of the *L.P.G.* or the *K.C.*, you are in all probability printing, in more or less measure, the work of the editors of those respectable periodicals, not Smith's or Brown's. In the second place, it is certain that the most honest and the most conscientious of men constantly write for anonymous publication—not things that they are ashamed of—not things that they have any reason to be ashamed of—but things that they would not themselves *publish*—things that are simply intended to do their own ephemeral duty and nothing more. Therefore indiscriminate reprinting is unfair in more senses than one. As a matter of fact, few of the additions that have been made to the Thackerayan canon since 1886 are of much value: but a few are, and these will be duly given. The rest will not.

The point of arrangement is different, though it happens to be rather directly connected with these outlying compositions. It has been usual to begin editions of Thackeray with *Vanity Fair* (for obvious reasons which may be dealt with further when we reach that book), and to continue with the other novels, reserving the rest for later volumes. This practically means that the development of the author's

genius is violently twisted, if not utterly obscured. The tree is made to begin at the spring of the branches, and the part from the roots upwards is plumped upon the top. Now this would always be dangerous, and it is particularly so in Thackeray's case. For, on the one hand, few men of genius have had a longer or more arduous process of 'getting ready'—of completely freeing that genius from hamper and restraint. And, on the other, perhaps none have shown the actual characteristics of their genius—the gem while yet enclosed in the matrix—so remarkably as he did. The Thackeray of 1863 is in the Thackeray of 1833—and by no means merely as the man is in the boy. An attempt will, therefore, be made here to arrange the work as far as possible chronologically: deviations from this rule being duly noted and accounted for.

As for the Introductions, biographical matter—except in so far as it is directly connected with individual works—will be mainly found in the first; general critical matter in the first and last. But an attempt will be made to connect all—biographically and critically—chapter-fashion, so that the series may be not merely a string of separate essays but a continuous study. Thackeray's many-sidedness is so great that there can hardly be too many such studies of him. In the present case the study has at least one justification—it is of an author who has been, for more than forty years, more frequently in the hands, and more constantly in the head and heart of the student, than any other in prose and almost than any other in rhyme. I have not neglected those who have written on him already—I owe them much, and I hope that I have never drawn on them too unceremoniously; but I have endeavoured to draw chiefly on Thackeray himself.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

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INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHY—THE YELLOWPLUSH PAPERS, ETC.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born on July 18, 1811. His birthplace was Calcutta, where his father, Richmond Thackeray (of a Yorkshire family which had been long connected with Cambridge and India), was a civil servant in high position. His mother, Anne Becher, was a beauty and quite young, while his father was but just thirty, when Thackeray was born. He died when the boy was five years old, and next year (in 1817) William Makepeace, like all Indian children of those days, was sent home to be taken care of, in his case by an aunt. His mother did not accompany him; and in the following year married, as her second husband, Major Carmichael-Smyth. But Thackeray was no deserted orphan, and Mrs. Smyth was no unnatural mother. It is an accepted fact that Helen Pendennis owes not a little to her; and though the Major proved in some respects a 'sair step-father' to the boy, it was only because he shared the weaknesses as well as the virtues of Colonel Newcome. There were no children of the second marriage, and Thackeray, his mother (who actually survived him), and his step-father (who lived nearly as long as he did), appear to have been always on the most affectionate terms.

When the Smyths returned from India in 1821, the Major becoming superintendent at Addiscombe, Thackeray went

to divers preparatory schools, which he does not seem to have enjoyed. In 1822 he was transferred to Charterhouse, where he stayed till 1823, had his nose broken by George Stovin Venables (afterwards a famous Parliamentary barrister and *Saturday* reviewer), made divers friends, began the practice of comic drawing and novel-writing, but seems to have been made more unhappy than—from *Pendennis*—one would imagine, by the pedagogic objurgations of Dr. Russell, the head master. His holidays were latterly spent at the original of 'Fairoaks'—that is to say, Larkbeare, a Devonshire house a mile or so from Ottery (Clavering) St. Mary, and within easy reach of Sidmouth (Baymouth) and Exeter (Chatteris). He was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and went up in February, 1829; but his stay was short, for he took no degree, and went down at the end of Easter term, 1830, ostensibly on the excuse that 'the studies would be of no use to him.' He seems to have spent more money than he should, which is not unexampled; but he contributed to the *Snob* (the most certain and notable contribution being his famous mock prize poem on *Timbuctoo*) and its successor, the *Gownsmen*, and he spoke a little at the Union. Also he made, directly or indirectly (for some of those to be named he did not know at Cambridge) a memorable circle of friends—Brookfield, FitzGerald, J. H. Kemble, Kinglake, Milnes, and, above all, Tennyson.

He was hardly older when he left Cambridge than many men are now when they go up, and he was in the perilous position of possessing a considerable fortune—it is said some £20,000. In less than four years—by February, 1834—this was all or nearly all gone, nobody seems to know exactly how, though there are partial indications in his works. It is known on indisputable authority that the Deuceace-Dawkins episode in the *Yellowplush Papers* is from life, and that he himself was Dawkins; but the sum was £1,500, not £5,000. He is said, on less certain but

fair testimony, to have 'given' or 'paid' Maginn £500 for some probably illusory literary service that 'Captain Shanlon' was to render. He certainly, like Pendennis, ran into debt at Cambridge; but as even Pen in three whole years attained to but £700, his creator can hardly have piled up more in half the time. He admits that he lost £200 (which seems very little) on the first year of the *National Standard*, a paper which he bought in 1833, and as it went on rather longer he probably lost more; but if anyone will add these various sums together, he will find that they represent but a very small fraction of £20,000. Indeed, a variant of tradition puts his inheritance at '£500 a year,' which will at very low interest represent a much smaller original sum. Still, the 'Bundelcund Bank' seems to have reproduced another unfortunate reality. Major Carmichael-Smyth appears to have resembled his great antitype in nothing more than in his tendency to speculate with his own and other people's money; and it would probably be found that the firm of 'Brough and Hoff,' the 'Diddlesex Junction,' and other sardonic comicalities had, like Rummun Loll's bubble, their representatives on the actual earth. At any rate, by the date mentioned, his money was to be earned.

He had, as it happened, already hit on the right way to earn it, though he was to be long before he was well set in that way, and was to make serious mistakes in it. The way was that of 'Our Own Correspondent,' as Warrington puts it to Pendennis—in other words, literature and journalism—with at first a strong bent towards actual 'Foreign Correspondence.' He always had a great liking for foreign travel, and had spent part of his only Cambridge long vacation in Paris. After he had left the University for good, he set out for Germany, in the latter part of 1830, and made a long residence at Weimar, where he saw Goethe, and dabbled a good deal in art and letters. The visit was fertile in after-results. For the moment, however, he fell

in with his family's wish—that he should read for the Bar—returned to England in 1831, and took chambers in the Temple by the autumn of that year.

But Thackeray could never have been a lawyer, and in a year or two (the dates do not seem to be quite certain) he gave up the attempt. He was an associate of Charles Buller, assisting him in his Liskeard election during the Reform campaign, and he made the acquaintance, 'good, but expensive,' of Maginn. In pursuance of the generally fatal idea that a journalist should be his own 'proprietor,' he bought from F. W. N. ('Alphabet') Bayley, a typical pressman of his time, the above-mentioned *National Standard* in January, 1833, and went to Paris as its correspondent. When it failed, he made up his mind to continue in Paris and study art. He had drawn—as Mr. Pendennis spoke French—'from his youth up,' and somewhat in the same way, though much better. He did not cut himself off from his family; for though his mother and step-father, having left Devonshire, were now living in London, his aunt on his father's, and his grandmother on the mother's side were living in Paris.

Nor while studying art did he give up literature. As early as the beginning of 1835 he appears in Maclise's famous group of convivial '*Fraserians*,' though no contribution of his to the magazine before that time, save a version of Béranger, is positively known.¹ Next year he made his well-known and authentic application to Dickens to illustrate *Pickwick*, and brought out the curious collections of satire-sketches on the ballet called *Flore et Zéphyr*. For a moment there appeared to be a chance of his being what his French friends would have called *casé*. His enterprising step-father joined some more distinguished Radicals in buying (on the encouragement of the lowering of the newspaper stamp duty) a paper called the *Public Ledger*, rechristened it (with some humour) the *Constitutional*, and

¹ As for 'Elizabeth Brownrigge,' *v. inf.*

got Thackeray appointed Paris correspondent at eight guineas a week. On this salary—in round numbers £400 a year—he married a young Irish lady, Miss Isabella Shawe, on August 20, 1836. But the *Constitutional* had no more luck than the *National Standard*, and failed after little more than six months' run. The loss was heavy—in Thackeray's own case his whole fixed income, in Major Smyth's probably capital as well. He went to Paris, changing places with Thackeray, who came to London, established himself in Great Coram Street (a street long since gone to seed, but then a sufficiently well reputed abode for professional men), and wrote hard and widely. A casual piece of evidence in Fitzpatrick's *Life of Lever* shows that even later, and by those who already appreciated his powers, he was thought to 'hack' them too much; but he had as yet no backbone of regular employment on daily or weekly papers, such as is invaluable and almost essential to the journalist. He did some work for the *Times*, including a 'young' but good review of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, which the author received as authors too often do. And he now became—whatever his relations with it had been earlier—a pillar of *Fraser*, contributing reviews of art and letters very largely, as well as some far more important things—ranging from *The Yellowplush Correspondence* of 1838 through *Catherine* (next year and 1840), *The Hoggarty Diamond* (1841), and the 'Fitzboodle' varieties (1842-3), up to *Barry Lyndon* (1844).

But hard, precarious, and not too well paid work was not his only misfortune. His wife and he appear to have been perfectly happy together as far as they were allowed to be, and a reference to her in *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse* is one of the most pathetic things that we have from one of the greatest English masters of pathos. They had three daughters, the first and third of whom lived, while the second died an infant. It was subsequently to the birth of the third (May, 1840), and it may be supposed in conse-

quence of it, that Mrs. Thackeray developed symptoms of mental disorder, which, after some vicissitudes, settled into complete though quiet derangement, about two years later. She lived for half a century, surviving her husband nearly thirty years: but she never recovered, and his home was, for the time, completely broken up.

The old superstition, however, about luck in love and other things did not wholly discredit itself. *Punch* was started in 1841, and a year later Thackeray became, first an occasional, and then a regular contributor, both with letterpress and sketches. These contributions include some of his worst and some of his best work—even *The Book of Snobs* containing both. The papers, however, of which this is composed were not begun till 1846, nor published together till the end of the next year.

But meanwhile Thackeray had already put on record collections of his earlier work. In 1840, besides a separate reprint of the *Westminster Review* essay on Cruikshank, appeared *The Paris Sketch Book*; in 1841 *Comic Tales and Sketches* (representing especially the trio Titmarsh, Gahagan, Yellowplush), and *The Second Funeral of Napoleon*. A journey to Ireland, which he made in 1842, was recorded in *The Irish Sketch Book* next year; while a longer one to the East in 1844 received a similar chronicle in *From Cornhill to Cairo* two years later.

For three years (1843-1846) he had no fixed abode—at least, house. But in the last-mentioned year he once more established himself, with his daughters, and at first with his own grandmother, at 13, Young Street, Kensington, a house with a double 'waistcoat,' or bow-windowed front, which became known as his to all dwellers round Kensington Gardens in the early fifties. Here he finished *Vanity Fair*, which had been begun, it is said, five years earlier, but dropped; and here, at last, luck came to him. As far as mere immediate popularity went, it was not brought so much by the great novel itself as by the *Snob Papers*,

which were running contemporaneously, and by the delightful Christmas book of *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*—the first of a series with which he met the current taste for these things. Indeed, it is said that, by an irony of quite his own kind, it was the *Ball* which really made his position. He took care, however, to maintain it, and but two or three months passed between the last monthly number of *Vanity Fair* in the summer, and the first of *Pendennis* in the autumn, of 1848. He had always been socially given, and was a man of many friends: so that he was neither specially bored nor 'turned in the head' by lionizing. In this same year he was called to the Bar, and may have looked for some appointment. He expresses himself in more than one place (though with something of his usual inconsistency) on the contrast between English habits and those of other countries in this matter. But no 'place with a pansion' came to him, and it may be permitted to his very greatest admirers to think that this was really best, both for him and for the 'place' (unless it had been a complete sinecure), as well as for literature. For he was not very methodical; he was, though a hard, an irregular and intermittent worker; he was somewhat crotchety, and he was very nervous and sensitive. As a police magistrate especially—the position usually mentioned—he would probably have worried himself into a fever in a fortnight, and half his decisions would have had to be, in some way or other, reversed.

Despite his gigantic frame, he was never a strong man, and *Pendennis*, as its dedication and, in fact, its text records, was interrupted by a very serious illness late in 1849. Indeed, this has been thought to have been the beginning of the end, though others date the final inroad on his constitution from his attack of Roman fever in the winter of 1853-4. Physical weakness, however ('all things are double, one against another'), was tempered by pecuniary prosperity, and he was able, and probably not sorry, to give up regular contribution to *Punch*.

Among the profitable fashions for literary men of the first half of the century was lecturing. It had been already justified, by more than profit, in divers cases, from Coleridge to Carlyle; but it found an additional justification in Thackeray's *English Humourists*, a course of six, which was first delivered in the early summer of 1851. Still, for 'details' (as Anthony Trollope, with humour worthy of his editor, has styled the pecuniary part of the matter), America has always been the Eldorado of the lecturer: and next year he sought it with this cargo, having in the interval written and published *Esmond*—to some, perhaps, his very greatest book. He spent the winter and early spring of 1852-3 in the States—Southern as well as Northern—with excellent results both in 'details,' and in friendships, and in new atmosphere and materials. Later in 1853, he went to Switzerland, conceived *The Newcomes* 'in a wood near Berne,' published it in numbers from the autumn of the year to the summer of 1855, and made £4,000 by it. The Christmas visit of 1853 to Rome had resulted (compensation again!), besides the fit of fever above referred to, in *The Rose and the Ring*—another 'furthest' of his in one direction. It was published in 1854, during which year he moved from Young Street to Onslow Square. After finishing *The Newcomes* he once more went to the United States, taking with him, as lectures, *The Four Georges*, which were subsequently given at home, and therefore not published till they appeared in the *Cornhill* during 1860, and as a volume next year. When he returned to England in the spring of 1856 'there was no [longer any] mistake about [this] fellow,' to adopt one of his phrases which sticks fastest in the minds of his lovers.

But a master of irony always exhibits it in his own person, and it was *after* Thackeray had depicted Colonel Newcome's Parliamentary adventure that he actually imitated it. The reminiscences of personal experience in

his work are unmistakable, though they may be, and have been, exaggerated. Here was an anticipation of it. He stood for Oxford, with a very Colonel Newcome-like programme, in the summer of 1857, and was but narrowly beaten by Mr. Cardwell. Then he settled to *The Virginians*, and covered the usual two years with its appearances in numbers. When it was half-way through there occurred an incident which has had rather disproportionate attention in accounts of Thackeray's life, but which, for that very reason, cannot be entirely neglected. The late Mr. Edmund Yates, in his character of pioneer (or rather reviver) of personal journalism, wrote in 1858 an account of Thackeray which its subject keenly resented. Both were members of the Garrick Club, before which Thackeray brought the matter, with the result that Yates had to leave it. Unfortunately, Dickens, who had previously been on friendly terms with Thackeray, and had presided at a dinner given to him when he left for America the second time, was a friend of Yates's, acted as a sort of second to him, and so brought about an estrangement which only ceased just before Thackeray's death. He had better not have meddled with the matter, for Yates was quite inexcusable. But Thackeray's own conduct was not wholly wise. It is fair to say that Yates, in his *Autobiography*, made some amends, especially by telling a delightful and characteristic story of Thackeray. They were, it seems, before the rupture, walking together, and saw two tubs of oysters marked one shilling and fifteen-pence respectively. 'How they must hate the others!' ¹ said Thackeray, pointing clearly to the twelvepenny group.

His days, after the conclusion of *The Virginians*, towards the end of 1859, were few; but they were far from evil. At the beginning of the next year the *Cornhill Magazine* appeared under his editorship, and at once attained enormous success. He only edited it for rather more than

¹ Yates says 'each other,' which is inept

two years, heartily disliking that employment or vocation ; but he contributed steadily till the day of his death. The novels thus contributed—at least, the first two, *Lovel the Widower* and *Philip*, for the third and unfinished *Denis Duval* promised greatly—did not *raise* his reputation, though no one else could have written them ; but the *Round-about Papers* were once more, and for the last time, the consummate and unique work of a unique and consummate genius. Once more he changed abodes, building himself a Queen Anne house at the bottom of Kensington Palace Gardens. It was finished early in 1862 : but Death did not ‘come in at the window,’ as the grim proverb has it, till the end of the next year. On the morning of Christmas Eve, 1863, he was found dead from effusion on the brain. He was buried, not in Westminster Abbey, but in Kensal Green Cemetery. A ‘monumental bust,’ however, re-represents him among his peers.

Any remarks that may seem desirable about the higher and more general traits of his character, personal and literary, will probably be better kept for the concluding section of these Introductions ; but a few of the lighter may be given here. Although Thackeray seems to have had no fancy for any kind of sport, he was particularly fond of riding, and even when he was pretty badly off succeeded in proving to his own satisfaction, and (inasmuch as the proofs which exist in his letters are characteristic and diverting) to ours, that it was the truest economy to keep a horse. He was also one of those men—not by any means always, and certainly not in his case, examples of selfish extravagance—who are miserable without a manservant : and here also his epistolary self-justifications are extremely amusing. This was one of his numerous links with the eighteenth century, when no gentleman—even of the most modest means or in the most disastrous circumstances—seems to have been able to dispense with a ‘follower.’ He liked to live well, and here, again, and in

greater measure, the liking is justified in its literary expression. His 'gormandizing' papers are among the very best of his second-best things; and, indeed, he and Walker of *The Original* (who was, perhaps, to some extent his teacher) may be said to have revolutionized the theory of English dinners—not by any means in the silly direction of merely Frenchifying them. His opinions on wine were singularly just and accomplished. There are, it is to be hoped, more persons than one who never drank a glass of '58 claret ('while it was day') without remembering how he asked, 'Borai-je de ton vin, ô comète?' feeling perhaps, in himself that the answer must be negative. Probably he had enough, and more than enough, of card-playing in his Dawkins period—indeed, there is almost an expression to that effect in *Mr. Brown's Letters*; at any rate, he certainly did not, like at least one younger novelist, lay down the pen only to take up the pack. Nor does he seem to have been always an excessive, though he certainly was a pretty constant, smoker.

But to what, in the heated imaginations of domestic persons during his time, were the horrid head-quarters of smoking and card-playing—to clubs—he was as strongly attached as (*mutatis mutandis* in the acceptance of the word) his beloved eighteenth-century men were. That this was partly due to the heavy fate which for some five years embittered his home or made him practically homeless is more than probable; but it cannot well have been wholly so. He does not seem, like some men, to have hated being alone—quite the contrary; but his fits of solitude alternated with fits of gregariousness.¹ His fondness for travel has been noticed, and it was probably due to much the same combination of nature and circumstances

¹ It was, however, gregariousness of a peculiar kind; he seems to have liked to be 'solitary in company' at his clubs. And though a great diner-out, and a most frequent and hospitable entertainer, he was never a great talker in public.

as his liking for society. For a good many years Brighton seems to have been a kind of occasional home to him, and he was never long happy out of Paris.

All these variations of scene and taste and circumstance reflect themselves in his work after a fashion to which we shall have to draw very frequent attention, for in it consists one of the main elements of his idiosyncrasy. Even in the present volume Cambridge, London, Paris, travel, ill-luck (self-invited and other), press-work, and many other things have left their mark. The Cambridge colour may be mainly, but not wholly, left till we reach *Pendennis*, and the Paris touches postponed likewise, though merely to the next volume. But much of the present shows, if not exactly by the actual dates of composition, the *youngest* Thackeray of literature—a prematurely liberated undergraduate, or a novice-Templar, haunting the rooms of his Cambridge friends in town as he had, and more than he had, in Cambridge itself, exploring London and its suburbs. For some time, indeed, he seems to have actually continued that kind of undergraduate life in which ‘walking and talking’ are the main ingredients, and very healthy ones too, even though the talking (not undiversified by ‘Haunts’ and ‘Back-kitchens’ and other relaxations of Mr. Pendennis and Mr. Newcome and Mr. Firmin) may interfere considerably with obedience to the doctrine of the ancients as to ‘early to bed and early to rise.’

In those days, when even the nearer suburbs of London retained something of the village about them, and the further ones much—when, too, there were no soul-destroying motors or cycles or even railways—country walks were quite common with Londoners. And the very parks themselves almost gave room for them. When we read of Thackeray and Paget spending half the day in Kensington Gardens and ‘lunching at the Black Lion,’ we must think of a very different state of things from that of to-day. Even twenty years later—in the early fifties, from which

the present writer's acquaintance with the Gardens dates—they were as different as possible from the trim, bepathed, bedizened, and bedevilled Gardens of 1908. Except the Broad Walk and those by the railings, there were very few paths at all. Along the north side, by the Bayswater Road, and opposite the Black Lion itself, were the magnificent Scotch firs that Matthew Arnold has celebrated. Along the west, looking to Palace Gardens, was a great open gravel-pit surrounded with a 'yew-wood black as night,' which must have given many a boy-reader of Tennyson the scene for *Oriana*. To the east, by the Serpentine, was a curious little ranger's cottage or farmstead in miniature, surrounded by piles of cut wood, in which you could very well hide a heroine or engineer a murder if necessary. The rangers and park-keepers never interfered with mild picnics, but I doubt whether they would have permitted a tramp of the villainous modern kind to enter the gates. Indeed, except in and close to the Broad and Flower Walks, the place was very little frequented, and you might lounge and dream and wander for hours without being unpleasantly reminded of your fellow-creatures. And if this was so in 1851—the Exhibition of that year, though not actually in the Gardens, did something towards their vulgarization, but not much at first—how much more must it have been so in 1831? It may have been in these walks, which were favourite things with all the set (compare Brookfield's with Lord Lyttelton), that Thackeray first felt the attractions of Kensington, that singular place which, like Oxford and the West Country, contrives somehow or other to make those who were once free of it its slaves in a manner for ever. But this, if not quite an irrelevance, is something of a digression.

One characteristic of this 'Cambridge-in-London' atmosphere is very prominent in all his earlier work, and, in fact, continues, though much mellowed and matured, to the end. There have, naturally enough, been no greater

nurseries of the wilder and more extravagant humour which is specially English than the two great Universities, but it has 'migrated' from the one to the other rather curiously. In the generation before Thackeray—the generation of Wilson, De Quincey, Hook, Barham—Oxford had had nearly the monopoly of it; and without hanging up unnecessary gloves it may be suggested that 'the native has returned' since. But whether it was owing to the beginning of the Tractarian absorption in another direction or not, this most excellent difference, one may regretfully but frankly admit, appears to have been more observable at 'the other shop' about 1830. Brookfield was saturated with it; it took quaint, restrained, elfish form in Fitz-Gerald; even those who only knew Mr. Venables in his later days, if they had the gift, could perceive plenty of it behind and beneath his apparently rather saturnine dignity. The most esoteric and (again to those who have the gift) delectable, though probably to others most infuriating, exposition of it, is that *Library of Useless Knowledge* by Athanasius Gasker (otherwise E. W. Clarke) of which Fitz-Gerald observed to the late Sir Frederick Pollock: 'Perhaps only you and I and Thackeray understand it.' Let us hope that comprehension is not quite so limited now. But it is fair to warn aspirants that there are probably still many more people in the world against this Athanasius than for him. Out of all this atmosphere—or rather, this fermenting mixture—of irony and punning, of parody and *charge*, came the things that are published in this volume—things a little unformed and unlicked at first—indeed, at the actual first more or less schoolboyish—but with infinite possibilities of strength and 'race' in them, and certain with time and good-luck to develop into marvellous accomplishment.

This characteristic lent itself well enough—perhaps even too well—to the fancy for parody and imitation which most clever boys have, and which Thackeray had already

displayed at school. It also lent itself—again with a dangerous complaisance—to some literary peculiarities, though luckily not to all, of the forms and styles of the day. At the period when he started—the years about 1830—the two kings which were to dominate nineteenth-century literature, the newspaper and the novel, had really ascended the throne of their Brentford. But they were not acknowledged monarchs, and neither of them, *at the moment*, was in a particularly healthy condition. Of the two great authors of the new romance and novel, Miss Austen was dead, and though Scott was alive, the wand was dropping from his hands, and the kind was falling in to those of second-rate practitioners. The higher newspaper of the review and magazine order had, with the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, *Blackwood*, and the *London*, not merely opened, as it were, a new profession to men of letters, but had served as usher, or *accoucheur*, to a great deal of work, sometimes of the highest merit. It had, however, as a rule, two great defects, sometimes separate, sometimes combined. On the one hand, there was the love of pseudo-Rhadamanthine, ‘high sniffing’ arrogance, which laid down the law, *ex cathedra*, on all subjects: on the other, that of extravagant horseplay and high jinks. While, unluckily, the practitioners of both styles, but especially of the second, abused personalities disgracefully. Thackeray had too much humour—and that humour was too early developed—for him to be much tempted in the direction of the pedagogic-oracular; but this very gift inclined him to the other pitfall, and though he never (or very seldom) becomes absolutely engulfed in this, he is, in his early work, constantly slipping in and struggling out again. In particular there was (derived from the famous eighteenth-century periodicals to some extent, but exaggerated, and in fact caricatured by men like Wilson and Maginn) a fancy for constructing a kind of half-imaginary, half-real framework of editorial

and contributory personality, the most famous example of which is the machinery of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, while the last remaining (one greatly modulated and attenuated) is the *eidolon* of 'Mr. Punch.' In the early days of the latter, when Thackeray contributed, there was much more of it there; and in the still earlier, when he was already a regular 'Fraserian,' there was very much more in 'Regina.' This *prosopopoeia* has become rather tiresome now; while the personalities on Lardner,¹ Bulwer, and others, though sometimes extremely amusing, are by no means always so, and are often in more than doubtful taste. And everywhere both the witticisms and the criticisms are singularly *uncertain*. The most excellent jests serve as plums in more or less dubious pudding; the soundest observations on art and literature alternate with opinions which, from prejudice or ignorance as to their subjects, are mere rubbish.

In the other department of tale-telling there is very much less mere imitation, save in the form of direct parody, and the vital signs are more unmistakable. But here also there is great immaturity. Even in such an extremely early thing as *The Devil's Wager* (which does not appear in the present volume because its author established it in *The Paris Sketch-Book*) there is no small faculty of tale-telling; but, on the other hand, even much later, there is less of the faculty of making the story interesting. For a long time, too, the author, partly led by his natural ironical bent, and partly, perhaps, exacerbated by his pecuniary ill-luck, his domestic misfortune, and the inadequate success of his work, refused too much to 'come out of the shadow,' and brought down upon himself the rather foolish accusation of 'cynicism' (whereon much

¹ These are repeated in the curious *History of Dionysius Diddler*, not published till after Thackeray's death, but apparently designed in 1838-9, and therefore given here. I do not remember any explanation of his dislike to Lardner.

more later) in dwelling, to all appearance by predilection, on folly, knavery, and positive crime. Yet in this department, as in the other, he showed, almost from the first and in ever-increasing measure and with less alloy, qualities of the very rarest kind. The most unmistakable—or what ought to have been the most unmistakable—of these was the omnipresence of a peculiar humour, or wit and humour mingled, unlike that of any previous writer as a whole, but bearing most resemblance to Fielding and Shakespeare—a humour casual, unpremeditated, or at least never laboriously led up to, *parenthetic* as one may almost call it—rising, like bubbles in sparkling wine, independently of the substance of the narrative or discussion, but giving life to it. The second, more slowly developed, and perhaps hidden from careless or obtuse observers by the caricature and the dialect of such things as *The Yellow-plush Papers*, was an especially remarkable command of character, sometimes revealed by only a very few strokes, but those of such a vivifying character as we must once more go to Shakespeare to equal. The third was a quite marvellous style. It is only recently that it has become accepted or acceptable to praise Thackeray's style, though there are some persons who have never made any mistake about it, while there are still obstinate dissenters. Indeed, it was very usual to regard him as a careless and rather slovenly writer who stumbled over 'and which' and similar stones of offence. This he certainly sometimes did, and was not impeccable from other points of view of the composition-books; but it matters little or nothing. His style proper—visible quite early, indeed almost at once—may again owe something to Fielding, but it is in its essence almost wholly original. It is more like the result of thinking aloud than the style of any other writer. But it is also more than this. The writer thinks for himself *and* for 'the other fellow'—for an imaginary interlocutor who makes objections, spies the ludicrous side of what has

been said, and so forth. Thus, the body of his critical and miscellaneous writings, and the framework of his novels, consists of a sort of fused dialogue or conversation, lighted up constantly by the humour and wit above mentioned, and vignetting the character-sketches, the descriptions, and the rest. This sort of thing could not be perfected at once, but it may be discovered in pieces which he wrote when he was not more than six-and-twenty, such as *The Professor*.

In the very earliest preserved examples it would be unreasonable to expect it: and, with the exception of *Timbuctoo*, the pieces here reprinted from the *Snob*, the *Gownsmen*, and even from the *National Standard* (the best things in which he saved for *The Paris Sketch-Book*), are only curiosities. *Timbuctoo* itself is rather more, because of the singular felicity of its burlesque of the manner of the eighteenth-century heroic couplet. But the 'Ramsbottom' compositions, with their malapropisms re-suggested from Hook, are not very exhilarating. Even three years later, the *National Standard* contributions are not much further advanced. The drawings have already a good deal of the curious irregular Thackerayan charm, and the verses much of his future ease, though little either of the humour or the pathos that were to accompany it. But the Thackeray of only a very few years later would certainly not have failed to see—*did*, we may feel certain, not fail to see—that in the reference to the paper's former owner—'We have got free of the Old Bailey and changed the Governor'—the goodness of the jest is scarcely sufficient to cover the badness of the manners. Still, there is interest in the Montgomery review. That *infelix Robertus* seems to have been an expert, if not in producing good work himself, yet in extracting it from others to his own despite. It is still 'young'; but, as in another case, to which we shall come later, any editor who knew his business, had it been sent to him, would have jumped at it. In particular, the

trick of reversing the last quotation, with its practical justification, is quite Thackerayan, and almost a stroke of genius. So, too, the 'Foreign Correspondence,' being couched in burlesque and hardly at all political, is positively better than that some years later in the *Constitutional* (*v. infra*). Nor perhaps should the so-called 'Originals' (really adaptations from Hoffmann, Uhland, and others) wholly escape mention, though they are hardly worth giving here, because they are valuable early proofs of that Heinesque combination, of romance with satire of romance, in which Thackeray is Heine's only rival, and in consequence of which the strangest mistakes have been made about both, by critics as well as by the public. While, lastly, the *Étude sur Mirabeau* article on Victor Hugo is the first example of Thackeray's curious fashion of criticism—one-sided, hasty, altogether unduly conditioned by prejudice and 'nervous impression,' but still admirably acute in its grasp of the absurd, curiously fresh and vivid, justified (in a half-inexplicable fashion) of its very injustice. It is because of this germinal value that these *Standard* articles deserve to be given, as some other later things do not: and even in their case selection has had to be exercised; not in order to conceal defects, but simply in order to give only a fair sample of tentative—fair both to author and to reader.

Between the decease of the *National Standard* early in 1834 and the beginning of Thackeray's miscellaneous literary activity in the autumn of 1837, there is rather a dearth of authenticated work of his, except the *Constitutional* articles, on which we shall speak further. Indeed, save that he spent most of his time in Paris, and frequented the studios there, we know little or nothing of him between the first date just mentioned and his marriage three years later. And save the imitation of 'Le Roi d'Yvetot' in 1834 (on which again *v. infra*) nothing certainly stands to his name in the bibliographies until the curious skit on

the ballet (wholly pictorial except for brief underlinings) of *Flore et Zéphyr* in 1836, signed 'Théophile Wagstaff'—a pseudonym, like others, to be resumed and slightly varied later. The main point of this is the satire on the elderly male dancer, a personage of the time on whom Thackeray was always severe; but Flore herself does not escape, and the whole, though by no means an artistic masterpiece, is a really important 'document.' With other things of the same kind it has proved rather a touchstone for critics. That he, an enthusiastic theatre-goer almost throughout his life, should not only here, but elsewhere, mercilessly satirize theatrical sham and convention, would seem to be incomprehensible, and rather horrible to some; while even greater surprise and indignation seems to have been aroused by his very similar attitude to things French in general. We are not infrequently told that this attitude is a proof of his hopeless John Bullishness; of his 'early Victorian' shortcomings; of his sentiment, his moral heresies, and so forth. It is impossible not to smile at this. No doubt there are some folk who cannot see the faults and absurdities of things and persons for which and for whom they, notwithstanding, have a strong fancy. But, fortunately, there are others who can, and the ability is rather commoner, perhaps, among Englishmen of wits than in other nations. Thackeray had it in almost the highest degree, though he was not always equally provided with the complementary and even higher faculty of seeing the merits of the things he did *not* like. And it may be said, with no desire to provoke, but with unruffled calm and maintaining a strong sympathy with the extravagances of *mil-huit-cent-trente*, that most of the absurdities which he detected and exposed in Frenchmen and French literature *were* absurdities, *are* so, and will be so whenever they recur 'a hundred years hence'—or a thousand. That he took the moral line too strongly, from the *National Standard* critique on Pétrus Borel and others onward, is perhaps

true ; but have we not more recently had at least equally flagrant examples of taking the non-moral line—not, perhaps, excused by quite so much talent (we need not call it as yet genius) as his ?¹

When this period—if not exactly of halcyon ease, at any rate of little history and not little happiness—came to an end, in consequence, first, of the responsibilities of his marriage and then of the downfall of the *Constitutional*, Thackeray, like other people, had to knock at various literary doors, and did not always find them at once or continuously open to him. In 1837, and at intervals later, he did a certain amount of work for the *Times*, and several of his reviews were recently identified, and are given here. Of most of them there is little to say ; indeed, the paste-and-scissors habit which he had acquired on the *Constitutional* itself, and which, curiously enough, has always been not unpopular with newspaper editors, is obvious in them. The ‘Carlyle’ and the ‘Southey,’ however, deserve a little comment. Carlyle was not effusively grateful to the ‘Cornish giant,’ as he called him—the perpetual epithet being perhaps specially connected with knowledge of his Liskeard expedition with Buller. But this review of the *French Revolution* is a remarkable one for a young man, and not the less important that Thackeray really knew France when survivors of the Revolutionary times were fairly plentiful. Much is again quotation, and Carlyle was probably (author-fashion) annoyed by Thackeray’s ‘playing down’ at the beginning to the popular complaints of uncouthness of style, etc. But this is really only a crafty concession and conciliation, and the total estimate is surprisingly near the truth—

¹ It is difficult, when one reads impatient complaints of Thackeray’s ‘sermons,’ not to think of the pleasant American story of the negro preacher who declined to preach upon chicken-stealing (much prevalent in the neighbourhood) because it would ‘cast a cold on de congregation.’ These complainants seem to have felt a similar ‘cold’—to be of ‘the congregation.’

things, times, and persons considered. He may have thought of it a dozen years later when he imagined a grave historian's feelings at being knocked off in one of Pen's reviews; but he need not have been ashamed of it. Nor is the brief review of Southey (who has proved one of the most difficult of all writers for critics—especially critics Radical, as Thackeray then was—to deal justly with) unworthy of the same commendations.

Still, for reasons which will be better exposed later in these Introductions, Thackeray could never have been an ideal reviewer; and for political articles—about the only other kind of work that the *Times* could have offered him—he had no aptitude at all. A much more suitable place for him was the miscellaneous review-magazine which had established itself in virtue of the brilliant success of *Blackwood*. With 'Maga' herself, though he was later intimate with Mr. John Blackwood and many 'Ebonites,' Thackeray never established literary relations—whether for political reasons or not I do not know. But *Fraser*, which was at first almost an 'overflow' *Blackwood*, with Maginn and Lockhart among its pillars, must have been opened to him, by his costly friendship with Maginn himself, almost from the first; and it is certain that from 1837 onwards it was almost his chief refuge and resort when he had 'copy' to deposit, until *Punch* took its place—and, indeed, for some considerable time after he had taken Mr. Punch's shilling. Confident assertions have been made that the ironic and Bulwer-parodying story of *Elizabeth Brownrigge*, which appeared as early as 1832 in the magazine, was his; and a certain number of other articles during the next five years have been less confidently attributed to him. To this point we must devote a little attention.

With respect to *Elizabeth Brownrigge*, particularly careful examination, both of external and internal evidence, is no doubt necessary. That Mr. R. H. Shepherd attri-

buted it to Thackeray need not trouble us much ; for Mr. Shepherd, a bibliographer of unwearied and undiscourageable industry, and an editor (as in Blake's case) of rather unduly undervalued accuracy, never, that I know of, showed any great power as a literary critic, and his opinion, bibliographically, is balanced by that of Mr. C. P. Johnson—in that respect at least his equal. But Dr. John Brown, who knew Thackeray intimately, seems to have thought the thing his, and Mr. Swinburne, whose opinions on literature are never negligible, is said to follow on the same side. Outside opinion, and the excessively weak point that two and a half years later Thackeray figures, on no other positive account save a scrap of verse, among the 'Fraserians,' there appears to be no evidence in favour of his authorship.

The piece has been called 'ghastly' and 'gruesome,' but this is an exaggeration. The facts were so, doubtless ; but the handling of them is much less ghastly and gruesome than that of the end of *Catherine*, so that this is neither for nor against. It is a parody of, and an attack upon, the author of *Eugene Aram* ; but plenty of people besides Thackeray parodied and attacked Bulwer, and this is neither against nor for. We are driven, therefore, to the consideration of the piece itself, and of Thackeray's known work up to or about its date.

Putting these most carefully together, with the assistance of a not inconsiderable knowledge of the magazine work of the time, especially in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, I can only say that, while I certainly shall never be so rash as to say that Thackeray did not write it, I can see not the slightest evidence that he did. The general style is certainly unlike his at any time ; and it is much more sober and correct than anything that he wrote for long afterwards. Not till we come to *Barry Lyndon* is there such abstinence from 'kicks over the traces,' from verbal horse-play of any kind. It is—or seems to me—the

work of a much older hand than the Thackeray of twenty-one. It might be Maginn himself; it might even be Lockhart; I do not think it could be Thackeray. If it was—and I hold that pure criticism can sometimes say, ‘This *must* be So-and-so’s,’ but never ‘This *cannot* be’—then it is one of the instances—not, I admit, unknown—of a man doing something quite out of his ordinary line, and quite irreconcilable with the ordinary laws of development. I should not be in the least chagrined if some old *Fraser* ledger turned up (as such things have done) and proved it to be his. I should not be very much surprised. But, meanwhile, I do not see how it can safely be attributed to him, and I shall not, therefore, print it here. The other guessed-at articles in *Fraser* are of much less importance, and for the most part they seem to me to have been fixed upon, rather because of some fancied connexion in subject with Thackeray’s other work, or with places and persons actually connected with him, than for any real resemblance in style. The undoubtedly genuine translation from Béranger will be given in its corrected and collected form and place, and the first actual *Fraser* article to be printed here will be the remarkable *Half-crown’s Worth of Cheap Knowledge*, in which the subject is more than the form, though there are some distinctively Thackerayan touches. Not till after this did he give *Fraser* a creation—Mr. Charles James Yellowplush.

But before the *Half-crown’s Worth*, and in *Bentley’s Miscellany*, not in *Fraser*, there came something of value, which has had little attention from most of Thackeray’s commentators. *The Professor* was to all appearance the first of his original and characteristic contributions to prose fiction. For, though it is attributed in the reprint of 1886, where it first took rank with the collected works, only to the *Comic Tales and Sketches* of 1841, it actually appeared in *Bentley’s Miscellany* for 1837. The class to which it belongs—a reversion to the old prose

fabliau or satirical tale of real life—had grown up slowly in England, but had recently received a very great stimulus from the popularity of Theodore Hook. Few people read poor ‘Mr. Wagg’ now, but without reading him it is practically impossible to estimate rightly either how much Thackeray and Dickens owed to him, or how immensely they improved upon him. And this estimate, as far as Thackeray is concerned, wants further comparative study of persons from Leigh Hunt to Douglas Jerrold before his unique greatness can be clearly perceived. The subject of *The Professor* is ‘low’ (it is curious how one perceives the survival of that immemorial objection in the most advanced disciples of realism and naturalism when they talk of Thackeray), and the attitude to it is burlesque-grotesque. A dull person may lose himself in the maze before discovering (what he does not in the least need to discover) whether the main object is pure farce or satire of Byronism and Bulwerism. But there is a quite extraordinary ‘keeping’ in the thing: the writer never lets any of his horses—sentiment, satire, grotesque-burlesque—break pace or kick over the traces; he speeds, but never hurries, to the event; the whole is smooth and round. I forget who edited the *Miscellany* in those days, but if he had known his business he would have said, ‘More! more! and as much more as ever you can write!’ Evidently he did not, and Mr. Yellowplush entered the service of another establishment.

It may be asked—I have no doubt that it has been asked frequently—why Thackeray so often adopted the plan of burlesque attitude, including misspelling, for these early attempts. The example of Swift—there is nothing of importance and hardly anything at all earlier, except a few dramatic instances, chiefly in dialect—and of Smollett is only a very partial answer, nor is the ‘Ramsbottom’ practice much more sufficient, though it adds a little. I believe myself that there is a much better and

subtler explanation. He was evidently disgusted from the first—his schoolboy parodies of ‘L. E. L.,’ etc., show it—with the ‘high-falutin’ lingo and tone of much early Romantic poetry and fiction. He was evidently straining after the pure domestic novel, relying on no unusual incident and discarding all factitious style, which only Miss Austen had ventured as regards incident, and which even Miss Austen had not wholly ventured as regards style. But he was not as yet sufficiently advanced to dare this without some aid of mask and domino. Burlesque of fact supplied the domino, and contortions of orthography and lexicography supplied the mask.

Moreover, it is of the first interest and importance to notice how, in spite of this motley, and sometimes almost through its means, his general style is already distinguished by that unforced adequacy and nature which are its greatest glory. To take the three chief of his own immediate, or almost immediate, contemporaries in prose fiction for comparison, how curiously contrasted is the fantastic, accumulative manner of Dickens, heaping simile on simile, suggestion on suggestion, turning sentence into paragraph, and paragraph into page of phantasmagoric commentary or imagination! And the gaudy writing of Bulwer, though more ostentatiously shunned and satirized, is not more strikingly absent than the laborious epigrams and ‘sentences’ (as ancient criticism called them) of Disraeli—the patched-on afterthoughts which the reader is expected to cherish as fine things. Of what the French call *apparat*—a word which includes our ‘apparatus,’ our ‘preparation,’ and a good deal besides—there is nothing in Thackeray; and yet his simple phrases have the subtlest suggestion and appropriateness even in their motleyest motley and their wildest burlesque. At the very beginning of this, when Mr. Yellowplush’s ma ‘wrapped his buth in a mistry,’ the two misspellings automatically gibbet a silly stock phrase, do their duty and pass on.

The fact of the double existence of Mr. Yellowplush, and of his near but not exact, homonym, Mr. de la Pluche, is one of the best illustrations of the importance of observing Thackerayan chronology, and of the inconvenience of not observing it. The two gentlemen are, as has been said, nearly of the same name, quite of the same class, and addicted to the same peculiar '*authography*.' But they are quite different *persons*, and it is a pity to lose the opportunity of remarking, in their respective cases, the extraordinary creative power of their creator in the great English art of character, individualized, not typified. With the not unamiable husband of Mary Hann we shall deal when we come to him ; but the orphan of Miss Montmorency is our present business. He is a very much shrewder person than his seven or eight years' younger brother (whose blood-relations, by the way, appear to have been quite respectable), and his shrewdness takes most of the meaning of that by no means unambiguous term. From beginning to end he is, as he modestly acknowledges to Mr. Altamont, 'tolerably downy'—a very distinct and capable critic of life. In fact, if his next master's unfortunate victim, 'pore Dawkins,' is Thackeray himself in his weaker moments, much more is Charles James the stronger Thackeray himself in a somewhat immature and crude state—'too savage,' as he said himself, too extravagant in various ways, unchastened in taste, degraded in condition, but with observation almost fully developed, and with power of satiric expression developed almost more fully still, not merely in spite, but by the help, of the burlesque dialect. If, once more, anybody who reads this will compare the smaller novels and tales of Theodore Hook with the histories of Mr. Altamont and Mr. Deuceace, he will be struck, as Lockhart was, by the astounding difference in genus and genius. If anybody will compare Mr. Yellowplush's critical efforts with *their* chief forerunners—certain parts of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*,

and Wilson's other writings, together with those of Maginn—though the gap is not so great, the difference will be found almost as striking. Extravagant as is the motley—more *apparently* extravagant than in either of the others—the wit and wisdom beneath it far exceed theirs in truth and force.

With regard to the contents of the *Correspondence*, it is easy enough to understand Thackeray's motive for suppressing *Fashionable Fax* and the *Letter to 'Oliver Yorke,'* which keys the rest of the matter on to it, as well as some reasons for separating narrative and critical parts. But the *Fax* are amusing enough in themselves, and the piece has long taken its place among acknowledged work ; while the *Letter* is even better, and really necessary as a tie. For the rest, no 'sign-post' is needful to direct the reader to its thick-coming fancies and its wealth of natural incident and phrase. Those who cannot be content without tragedy and a certain amount of 'grime' will, of course, prefer the later history of Mr. Deuceace ; and the Earl of Crabs is certainly great. But the battle of kite and crow over the body of the luckless Dawkins, and *Mr. Yellowplush's Ajew*—one of the most perfect things in the broader burlesque, not without the finest traits of satire under the breadth—are perhaps the *apices* of the whole. If *Major Gahagan*, to which we next come, is the 'maddest' burlesque (as, I think, Mr. Whibley has observed), *Yellowplush* is the most Puckish and the most inexhaustibly diverting. Take away the critical part of it and you mutilate the individuality. Mr. Yellowplush is never, as Mr. James de la Pluche is, an authentic flunkey. He is 'criticism of life'—criticism of life and letters below stairs, in motley of speech as well as in many-coloured coat and breeches. He is very far from being the whole Thackeray ; but there is something of the whole Thackeray diffused through him, and it shows best when the papers are taken in the order of their composition.

The invincible Major (whose *Tremendous Adventures* originally, in their magazine appearances, bore the milder titles, *Some Passages in the Life, Historical Recollections, and Historical Reminiscences* of Major G.) had been a floating and phantasmagoric eidolon in Thackeray's mind for some time—a fact to which there is reference in the opening paragraph. Years before, in the *National Standard*, there had been the 'annygoat' of 'Father' Gahagan; only a twelvemonth earlier 'Goliah Gahagan' himself, without his commission and orders, and showing nothing of his autobiographical peculiarities, had signed the record of the wickedness of Roderick Ferdinand, thirty-eighth Count of Dandolo, and the cruel fate of Adeliza Grampus. Nay, much later, in the long uncollected *Wagstaff Papers*, 'General Sir Goliah Gahagan' reappears with a new wife (for though virtuous he is terribly polygamic), with a more polished and less extravagant style, but with undiminished vivacity and veracity of his own peculiar kind.

One says 'vivacity and veracity' jestingly; yet there is an astonishing amount of sober truth in the phrase. In all Thackeray's better burlesque (and he rarely did anything better than the tremendous Major and the simpering flunkey who, in the frontispiece of their collection, accompany poor little Mr. M. A. Titmarsh to the 'brink of Immortality') there is a characteristic which it possesses, if not quite to itself, at any rate in common only with a few examples of the greatest kind in prose. It carries 'suspension of disbelief' with it like a fairy-tale. You know, of course, all the time, not merely that the *Tremendous Adventures* never happened, but (which is not quite the case with Mr. Yellowplush's) that they never could have happened. But this doesn't matter. They are quite real *ex hypothesi*; they carry the atmosphere of their own universe with them, and they blandly permeate and intoxicate you with it, as if it were so much laughing-gas—as indeed it is.

Perhaps there is something less of this mysterious reality in *The Fatal Boots*. The reason is not that Bob Stubbs is a detestable little brute: he is not much more detestable than Barnes Newcome, and not at all more than the later—not the earlier—Barry Lyndon, whom indeed he much resembles. Nor is it the poetic justice—poetic justice will no more ‘bite’ than allegory will, unless people are afraid of it. But the victim of Mr. Stiffel-kind’s revenge is not quite humanly possible. His mother might very probably be as infatuated with him as she is represented—that is common enough; his sister not impossibly. But why should beauties and heiresses have fallen in love with a hideous, cowardly, awkward, bad-blooded, not affluent little cad? It is no answer to say that such things do occur in life; for fiction is more philosophical than life, and more bound to observe system. Nor is Mr. Stubbs’s own conduct quite intelligible, for he is too much of a fool to be quite as shrewd as Thackeray sometimes makes him, and vice versa. The book is full of good things, of course, and the illustrations endear it to some, no doubt. But it will not quite *wash*.

On the other hand, the delightful trifle of *The Bedford Row Conspiracy* may be warranted not to shrink however often you wash it, and in whatever critical water. It is a borrowed—and quite openly borrowed—trifle. It is ‘transposed’ with an amount of ingenuity quite miraculous from the *Pied d’Argile* of Charles de Bernard—an author whom official French criticism rather belittles, and whom those who cannot judge for themselves accordingly belittle likewise, but who may be quite confidently styled one of the very best of French novelists of the second class. Thackeray had a great fancy for Charles de Bernard, who, like himself, was both a wit and a gentleman, and who had humour of a kind very uncommon in Frenchmen. I do not know anything quite resembling

this pair of stories as an example of the 'transposition' referred to.

In all these works or worklets—*Yellowplush* and *Gahagan*, the *Boots* and the *Conspiracy*, as well as in the *Professor*—Thackeray had entered his proper kingdom—that of the novel—though he had made no extensive conquests in it, and had confined his incursion mostly to the comic or even the farcical provinces and departments. The *Character Sketches*¹ which close our first volume are not nominally or ostensibly tales: but they are more or less elaborate studies for tales, and the results of the observation and experiment which they show had been partly, and were to be more fully, embodied in actual fiction. 'Captain Rook' is Mr. Deuceace, and 'Mr. Pigeon' is Mr. Dawkins, who has abandoned the harmless solace of the flute for the much more dangerous blandishments of 'Maria.' The Captain's earlier university career is quite familiar to readers of the later Thackeray, and not to such readers only. Lady Fanny Flummery is more or less *criblée* in most of the novels and tales, though Thackeray was afterwards one of the few faithful friends of poor Lady Blessington—princess of the Lady Fanny tribe. 'The Artists' is devoted to a subject of which he was unceasingly fond, and which will have to be treated more fully. And let it be observed that in these *Sketches* the style, as a rule, with a few dialogue-exceptions, is perfectly serious, without misspelling or mountebankery of any kind—a style nearly as composed and full-dress as any that Thackeray ever attained or attempted; that there is almost his full knowledge of the world and of men even in the earliest; that in the history of Captain Rook and Mr. Pigeon, Thackeray has not merely depicted

¹ The second and third (1841) are somewhat later than the first, and than anything else in this volume. But Thackeray himself joined them together, and they shall not be put asunder here.

and satirized his own calamity and folly, as he did in *Yellowplush*, but has generalized it out of all mere personality.

In short, in all the matter of this volume he is 'making himself': in some he is already made.

But during these years he tried one way in which he never did anything good. Those who have paid a little attention, by accident or purpose, to the bibliography of Thackeray may be surprised to find nothing here representing his *Constitutional* work—the letters of 'Our Own Correspondent' from Paris during the short life of that paper. The exclusion is the result of mature deliberation, and can be supported by many reasons. In the first place, the articles are of the kind which among all the ephemera of journalism is the most ephemeral—summaries and comments dealing with political matters from week to week and day to day. To make them even intelligible to any but special students of the time, they would need annotation, which is quite out of the plan of this edition. But there is much more than this. They are not good; they are hardly even as good as those from the *National Standard*, which have been given here on the ground of their earliness. Everywhere else Thackeray improved immensely: here he did not. The greater part of the matter is mere translated paste-and-scissors work; the comments show neither grasp, nor political acuteness, nor power of putting the writer's own views forcibly and pungently. In fact, anybody who is familiar with *Philip* can see that Thackeray, not with the sham humility of the fool, but with the ironic humility of the wise man, had himself appraised the value of his political work perfectly well. There seems to be an unjust justice in hanging out afresh these *chaînes de l'esclavage* (his own name for them in the case of George Esmond Warrington), which the wearer wore gallantly and unflinchingly while it was necessary, but which have neither interest nor beauty of

their own, and which he himself did not choose to expose to public gaze as his? In everything that has been given in the present volume there is either intrinsic goodness, or interest of promise, or interest at least of experiment. There is nothing of any of these kinds in the *Constitutional* letters, and so we do not give them.

[The following Preface was prefixed to the stories *The Yellowplush Papers*, *Major Gahagan*, *The Professor*, *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*, and *Stubbs's Calendar*, which were brought together and issued by Thackeray in 1841 under the title of *Comic Tales and Sketches*.]

PREFACE TO 'COMIC TALES AND SKETCHES'

A CUSTOM which the publishers have adopted of late cannot be too strongly praised, both by authors of high repute, and by writers of no repute at all—viz. the custom of causing the works of unknown literary characters to be 'edited' by some person who is already a favourite with the public. The labour is not so difficult as at first may be supposed. A publisher writes—'My dear Sir,—Enclosed is a draft on Messrs. So-and-so : will you edit Mr. What-d'ye-call-em's book ?' The well-known author says—'My dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of so much, and will edit the book with pleasure.' And the book is published ; and from that day until the end of the world the well-known author never hears of it again, except he has a mind to read it, when he orders it from the circulating library.

This little editorial fiction is one which can do harm to nobody in the world, and only good to the young author so introduced ; for who would notice him, in such a great, crowded, bustling world, unless he came provided with a decent letter of recommendation ? Thus Captain Peter Simple brought forward the ingenious writer of *Rattlin, the Reefer* ; thus Mr. William Harrison Rookwood took Dr. Bird

by the hand; thus the famous Mr. Theodore Eye lately patronized the facetious Peter Priggins, whose elegant tales of Oxford life must have charmed many thousand more persons than ever will read this 'Preface.' Take one more instance :—*The History of Needlework in all Ages* : a book of remarkable interest, and exciting to a delirious pitch. Many people now would have passed over the book altogether, who, when they saw that it was 'edited' by a Countess, instantly looked out her ladyship's name in the Peerage, and ordered the work from Ebers's.

When there came to be a question of republishing the tales in these volumes, the three authors, Major Gahagan, Mr. Fitzroy Yellowplush, and myself, had a violent dispute upon the matter of editing; and at one time we talked of editing each other all round. The toss of a halfpenny, however, decided the question in my favour; and I shall be very glad, in a similar manner, to 'edit' any works, of any author, on any subject, or in any language whatever.

Mr. Yellowplush's Memoirs appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and have been reprinted accurately from that publication. The elegance of their style made them excessively popular in America, where they were reprinted more than once. *Major Gahagan's Reminiscences*, from the *New Monthly Magazine*, were received by our American brethren with similar piratical honours; and the Editor has had the pleasure of perusing them likewise in the French tongue. To translate Yellowplush was more difficult; but Doctor Strumpff, the celebrated Sanskrit Professor in the University of Bonn, has already deciphered the ten first pages, has compiled a copious vocabulary and notes, has separated the mythic from the historical part of the volume, and discovered that it is, like Homer, the work of many ages and persons. He declares the work to be written in the Cockniac dialect; but, for this and other conjectures, the reader is referred to his Essay.

The Bedford Row Conspiracy, also, appeared in the

New Monthly Magazine, and the reader of French novels will find that one of the tales of the ingenious M Charles de Bernard is very similar to it in plot. As M de Bernard's tale appeared before the 'Conspiracy,' it is very probable that envious persons will be disposed to say that the English author borrowed from the French one—a matter which the public is quite at liberty to settle as it chooses

The history of *The Fatal Boots* formed part of the *Comic Almanack* three years since, and if the author has not ventured to make designs for it, as for the other tales in the volumes, the reason is, that the *Boots* have been already illustrated by Mr George Cruikshank, a gentleman with whom Mr Titmarsh does not quite wish to provoke comparisons

In the title-page the reader is presented with three accurate portraits of the authors of these volumes. They are supposed to be marching hand-in-hand, and are just on the very brink of immortality.

M A T.

PARIS, *April* 1, 1841.



FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE TO 'COMIC
TALES AND SKETCHES,' 1841

EARLY MISCELLANIES



TIMBUCTOO

[*The Snob*, Cambridge, April 30, 1829]

To the Editor of *The Snob*.

SIR,—Though your name be ‘Snob,’ I trust you will not refuse this tiny ‘Poem of a Gownsmen,’ which was unluckily not finished on the day appointed for delivery of the several copies of verses on Timbuctoo. I thought, Sir, it would be a pity that such a poem should be lost to the world; and conceiving *The Snob* to be the most widely circulated periodical in Europe, I have taken the liberty of submitting it for insertion or approbation.—I am, Sir, yours, etc., etc., etc. T.

TIMBUCTOO

The situa-
tion.

In Africa (a quarter of the world)
Men’s skins are black, their hair is crisp and curl’d;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

The natural
history.

There stalks the tiger,—there the lion roars, 5
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and crows.
His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts,
And then lies down ’neath trees called cocoa-nuts. 10

The lion
hunt.

Quick issue out, with musket, torch, and brand,
The sturdy blackamoors, a dusky band!
The beast is found,—pop goes the musketoons,—
The lion falls, covered with horrid wounds.

Tneir lives at home.	At home their lives in pleasure always flow,	15
	But many have a different lot to know !	
Abroad	They're often caught, and sold as slaves, alas !	
Reflections on the foregoing	Thus men from highest joy to sorrow pass.	
	Yet though thy monarchs and thy nobles boil	
	Rack and molasses in Jamaica's isle !	20
	Desolate Afric ! thou art lovely yet ! !	
	One heart yet beats which ne'er shall thee forget.	
	What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,	
	Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone ?	
	Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no !	25
	It shall not, must not, cannot, e'er be so.	
	The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel	
	Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.	
	I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,	
	And sell their sugars on their own account ;	30
	While round her throne the prostrate nations come,	
	Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum !	32

Line 1 and 2. See Guthrie's Geography.

The site of Timbuctoo is doubtful ; the Author has neatly expressed this in the Poem, at the same time giving us some slight hints relative to its situation.

Line 5. So Horace.—*leonum arida nutrix*.

Line 8. Thus Apollo

ἐλῶρια τεύχε κύνεσσιν
Οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι.

Line 5-10. How skilfully introduced are the animal and vegetable productions of Africa ! It is worthy to remark the various garments in which the Poet hath clothed the Lion. He is called 1st, the Lion ; 2nd, the Monster (for he is very large) ; and 3rd, the Forest Monarch, which undoubtedly he is.

Line 11-14. The Author confesses himself under peculiar obligations to Denham's and Clapperton's Travels, as they suggested to him the spirited description contained in these lines.

Line 13. 'Pop goes the musketoons.' A learned friend suggested 'Bang,' as a stronger expression ; but, as African gunpowder is notoriously bad, the Author thought 'Pop' the better word.

Line 15-18. A concise but affecting description is here given of the domestic habits of the people,—the infamous manner in which they are entrapped and sold as slaves is described,—and the whole ends with an appropriate moral sentiment. The Poem might here finish, but the spirit of the bard penetrates the veil of futurity, and from it cuts off a bright piece for the hitherto unfortunate Africans, as the following beautiful lines amply exemplify.

It may perhaps be remarked that the Author has here 'changed

his hand'; he answers that it was his intention so to do. Before it was his endeavour to be elegant and concise, it is now his wish to be enthusiastic and magnificent. He trusts the Reader will perceive the aptness with which he hath changed his style; when he narrated facts he was calm, when he enters on prophecy he is fervid.

The enthusiasm which he feels is beautifully expressed in lines 25, 26. He thinks he has very successfully imitated in the last six lines the best manner of Mr. Pope, and in lines 19-26 the pathetic elegance of the Author of *Australasia* and *Athens*.

The Author cannot conclude without declaring that his aim in writing this Poem will be fully accomplished, if he can infuse in the breasts of Englishmen a sense of the danger in which they lie. Yes—Africa! If he can awaken one particle of sympathy for thy sorrows, of love for thy land, of admiration for thy virtue, he shall sink into the grave with the proud consciousness that he has raised esteem, where before there was contempt, and has kindled the flame of hope, on the smouldering ashes of Despair!



THE RAMSBOTTOM LETTERS

[*The Snob* and *The Gownsmen*, Cambridge, 1829-1830.]

MRS. RAMSBOTTOM IN CAMBRIDGE

[*The Snob*, May 21, 1829.]

RADISH GROUND BUILDINGS.

DEAR SIR,

I was surprised to see my name in Mr. Bull's paper, for I give you my word I have not written a syllabus to him since I came to reside here, that I might enjoy the satiety of the literary and learned world.

I have the honour of knowing many extinguished persons. I am on terms of the greatest contumacy with the Court of Aldermen, who first recommended your weekly dromedary to my notice, knowing that I myself was a great literati. When I am at home, and in the family way, I make Lavy read it to me, as I consider you the censure of the anniversary, and a great upholder of moral destruction.

When I came here, I began reading *Mechanics* (written by that gentleman whose name you whistle). I thought it would be something like the *Mechanics Magazine*, which my poor dear Ram used to make me read to him, but I found them very foolish. What do I want to know about weights and measures and bull's-eyes, when I have left off trading? I have therefore begun a course of uglyphysics, which are very odd, and written by the Marquis of Spinningtoes.

I think the Library of Trinity College is one of the most admiral objects here. I saw the busks of several gentlemen whose statutes I had seen at Room, and who all received there edification at that College. There was Aristocracy who wrote farces for the Olympic Theatre, and Democracy who was a laughing philosophy.

I forgot to mention, that my son George Frederick is entered at St. John's, because I heard that they take most care of their morals at that College. I called on the tutor,

who received myself and son very politely, and said he had no doubt my son would be a tripod, and he hoped perspired higher than polly, which I did not like. I am going to give a tea at my house, when I shall be delighted to see yourself and children.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your most obedient and affectionate
DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

A STATEMENT OF FAX RELATIVE TO THE LATE MURDER

By D. J. RAMSBOTTOM

[*The Snob*, June 4, 1829.]

'Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.'—MILTON, JULIUS CAESAR,
Act iii.

ON Wednesday the 3rd of June as I was sitting in my back parlour taking tea, young Frederick Tudge entered the room; I reserved from his dislevelled hair and vegetated appearance, that something was praying on his vittles. When I heard from him the cause of his vegetation, I was petrified! I stood transfigured! His Father, the Editor of '*The Snob*,' had been macerated in the most sanguine manner. The drops of compassion refused my eyes, for I thought of him, whom I had lately seen high in health and happiness; that ingenuous indivisible, who often and often when seated alone with me, has 'made the table roar,' as the poet has it, and whose constant aim in his weakly dromedary was to delight as well as to reprove. His son Frederick, too young to be acquainted with the art of literal imposition, has commissioned me to excommunicate the circumstances of his death, and call down the anger of the Proctors and Court of Aldermen on the phlogitious perforators of the deed.

It appears that as he was taking his customary rendezvous by the side of Trumpington Ditch, he was stopped by some men in under-gravy dresses, who put a pitch-plaister on him, which completely developed his nose and eyes, or, as Shakespeare says, 'his visible ray.' He was then dragged into a field, and the horrid deed was replete! Such are the circumstances of his death; but Mr. Tudge

died like Wriggle-us, game to the last ; or like Caesar, in that beautiful faction of the poet, with which I have headed my remarks, I mean him who wanted to be Poop of Room, but was killed by two Brutes, and the fascinating hands of a perspiring Senate.

With the most sanguinary hopes that the Anniversary and Town will persecute an inquiry into this dreadful action, I will conclude my repeal to the pathetic reader ; and if by such a misrepresentation of fax I have been enabled to awaken an apathy for the children of the late Mr. Tudge, who are left in the most desultory state, I shall feel the satisfaction of having exorcised my pen in the cause of Malevolence, and soothed the inflictions of indignant Misery.

D. J. RAMSBOTTOM.

P.S.—The publisher requests me to state that the present No. is published from the MS. found in Mr. Tudge's pocket, and one more number will be soon forthcoming containing his inhuman papers.

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT SNOBS OF CAMBRIDGE !

[*The Snob*, June 11, 1829.]

FRIENDS ! ALDERMEN ! AND SNOBS !

I am a woman of feminine propensities, and it may seem odd that I should come forward in a public rapacity ; but having heard that Cambridge is about to send a preventative to Parliament, I cannot, on so momentary an occasion, refrain from offering a few reservations of my own on the subject.

I beg leave to offer MR. FREDERICK TUDGE as a bandit for so legible a situation.

I pledge myself that my young friend shall become a radical deformity in the state ; certain I am that his principals are libertine, that his talents will lead him to excess, and finely, that he will tread in the shoes of that execrated saint, his murdered father !

No one can deny that his claims on the free electors of Cambridge are great, *very* great ! For it is well known his father ever resisted with his pen the efforts of the

Mayor and Cooperation. Must it not then be the height of infanticide if they do not with heart and hand, following the example of their eternal slave,

D. J. RAMSBOTTOM,

EXCLAIM

TUDGE AND 'LIBERTY' !!!

THE END OF ALL THINGS

[*The Snob*, June 18, 1829.]

GOOD heavens! Do we live in a savage land? Shall crime heaped upon crime go unnoticed? Shall the perpetrators of deeds of the blackest dye, escape their merited punishment? Alas! alas! it seems so. My honoured father rests in a bloody grave; his bones have become dust, and his flesh has fattened a thousand worms, and yet his murderers live secure in the rank a cap and gown has obtained for them. But this is not all; listen again, my dear friends, to a tale of startling horror.

Mrs. Ramsbottom during the summer months has been accustomed every evening to walk in Grantchester Fields till rather a late hour, deeming the halo of her own innocence a sufficient protection. But on Sunday evening last a man enveloped in a long cloak (seemingly a military gentleman) followed her home, and as she entered her house, rushed in behind her and closed the door. He then pulled out a brace of pistols, and, threatening her with death unless she complied, made her swear to forbear canvassing the aldermen for myself, Mr. Tudge, jun. Horrible deed! it stirs up my manly blood even to mention it.

Well, the next morning three gentlemen called upon me, and offered to enter me at one of the small colleges, if I would withdraw from the poll. That I accepted their offer is evident from the date of this account, and now that I have received from them a sum sufficient to defray all my college expenses, I think it no longer incumbent upon me to keep my promise, and so, most worthy burgesses, I still solicit—YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST.

But to my general readers I have to address a few more words. I had hoped by hard study so to improve my mind as to be able during the next term to carry on this journal with the assistance of Mrs. R. But all my hopes have

vanished : Mrs. R. has gone mad, through the fright she sustained on Sunday night, and has been sent home to her friends, and I, having now become a gownsman, cannot carry on a work adverse to University principles. Therefore, my dear friends, thanking you for your great and invariable kindness and hoping though unseen that I may still be an object of affection and respect, I beg leave to bid you all, though with tears in my eyes, an eternal farewell.

F. TUDGE.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

THE GOWNSMAN

[1829-1830.]

formerly called 'The Snob,' a Literary and Scientific Journal, now conducted by Members of the University.

DEDICATION.

TO ALL PROCTORS,

BOTH PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE,

THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONS OF ALL THAT ACADEMICAL
TALENT AND MORALITY,

WITH WHICH THEY THEMSELVES ARE SO EMINENTLY GIFTED,

WHOSE TASTE IT IS OUR PRIVILEGE TO FOLLOW,

WHOSE VIRTUES IT IS OUR DUTY TO IMITATE,

AND WHOSE PRESENCE IT IS OUR INTEREST TO AVOID ;

THIS HUMBLE VOLUME,

WHOSE ONLY AIM HAS BEEN THE REAL WELFARE

OF ALL TRUE KNOWLEDGE AND GOODNESS,

BY DETECTING THE ASS IN THE SKIN OF THE LION, THE WOLF
IN THE CLOTHING OF THE LAMB ;

IS

WITH ALL THE RESPECT USUALLY PAID TO THE SAME,

MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE GOWNSMAN.

LETTER FROM MRS. RAMSBOTTOM

[*The Gownsmen*, Nov. 12, 1829.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I wish people would not go propagating candles about me ; I saw in *The Snob* (and I assure you I feel quite indignant at it) that I was dead ! I am still in Radish-ground Buildings, and I am alive as you see by my telegraph.

D. J. RAMSBOTTOM.

I send you my opinion on several things, which have happened in Cambridge, and which I thought called for my critical debilities. They are contained in a letter to a friend, which I wrote on Saturday. I have not kept back a syllabus of it, this I assure you is a complete fac-totum.

I told you, my dear friend, that I am residing in Cambridge, the seat of a renowned Universary, which is two Proctors and a number of young men, who are said to be in stature capillairy, but why, I cannot make out.

I dare say you know that our gracious Sovereign (they were guineas before his time) was almost blown up by a wretch named Fox, one fifth of November. So ever since, the young men on that day have asalted the Snobs, which is the townspeople. They fit a good deal on the fifth, but the Snobs beat them, being as numerous as the sands in the otion. On the six instinct, as the papers say, the Universary men went out with the odd revolution of scouring the streets, which, to be sure, are very dirty, but I suppose they did it to see whether the Snobs would prevent them.

I cannot describe the battle which took place on that occasion, it would require the pen of Homo. There was two great arrows on the Snob side, which was a butcher and a miller, they made a great slatter in the ranks of the Gownsmen.

The Gownsmen were very brave, every one of them says he knocked down at least five in the malay ; though I think they had been better employed in squaring at the circle than squaring at the townsmen——

*

*

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x

*

I must bid you a jew, my dear Jemima, ever your confectioner,

DOROTHEA JULIA R——.

Proscrip.—Let me advise you to buy the Gownsmen, a Cambridge paper; there was a beautiful Epithet in the last number, and I daresay I shall send some of my poetic diffusions, which I think are fit for desertion.

The part in hysterics is not of a nature for the ‘world’s kin,’ it is only a piece of private infirmity.

•

CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'THE NATIONAL
STANDARD OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC
THEATRICALS, AND THE FINE ARTS'

[1833-1834.]



'LOUIS PHILIPPE

[May 4, 1833.]

HERE is Louis Philippe, the great Roi des Français,
(Roi de France is no longer the phrase of the day ;)
His air just as noble, his mien as complete,
His face as majestic, his breeches as neat ;
His hat just so furnished with badge tricolor,
Sometimes worn on the side, sometimes sported before,

But, wherever 'tis placed, much in shape and in size,
 Like an overgrown pancake 'saluting men's eyes.'
 From hat down to boots, from his pouch to umbrella,
 He here stands before you, a right royal fellow.

Like 'the king in the parlour' he's fumbling his money,
 Like 'the queen in the kitchen,' his speech is all honey.
 Except when he talks it, like Emperor Nap,
 Of his wonderful feats at Fleurus and Jemappe ;
 But, alas ! all his zeal for the multitude's gone,
 And of no numbers thinking, except number one !
 No huzzas greet his coming, no patriot-club licks
 The hand of 'the best of created republics.'
 He stands in Paris as you see him before ye,
 Little more than a snob—There's an end of the story.

ADDRESS

[May 11, 1833.]

UNDER the 'heading' of this NATIONAL STANDARD of ours there originally appeared the following :

'Edited by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq., the late Editor and Originator of "The National Omnibus," the first of the cheap Publications ; assisted by the most eminent Literary Men of the Day.'

Now we have *changé tout cela* ; no, not exactly *tout cela* ; for we still retain the assistance of a host of literary talent, but Frederick William Naylor Bayley has gone. We have got free of the Old Bailey, and changed the Governor. Let it not be imagined for a moment that we talk in the slightest disparagement of our predecessor in office ; on the contrary, we shall always continue to think him a clever fellow, and wish him all kinds of success in the war he is carrying on against Baron Dimsdale. He apparently has exchanged the pen for the sword.

Having the fear of the fate of Sir John Cam Hobhouse before our eyes, we give no pledges, expressed or understood, as to the career which it is our intention to run. We intend to be as free as the air. The world of books is all before us where to choose our course. Others boast that they are perfectly independent of all considerations extraneous to the sheet in which they write, but none that

we know of reduce that boast to practice : we therefore boast not at all. We promise nothing, and, if our readers expect nothing more, they will assuredly not be disappointed.

They must be a little patient, however, for a while. We cannot run a race with our elder rivals, who, in consequence of their age, strange as it may seem to pedestrians, must beat their juniors in swiftness. To drop metaphor, we are not yet sufficiently in favour with those magnates of literature, the publishers, to get what in the trade is called 'the early copies'; and therefore we have it not in our power to review a book before it is published. Whether those who trust to such criticism are likely to form a just judgement of the books so reviewed, is another question, which we should be inclined to answer in the negative. To speak plainly, the critics are as much the property of the booksellers as the books themselves, and the oracles speak by the inspiration of those who own them. We shall, however, mend even in that particular in due course of time; and when our arrangements are duly matured (which we hope will be next week), we trust that we shall present our readers with 'a superior article,' at what we are sure may safely be called 'an encouraging price.'

In the mean time, we shall tell a story. One of the results of the manner in which our poor-laws are administered, is a system of forced marriages. A parish anxious to get rid of a young woman who is pressing on its resources, often advances her a portion, if she can find a husband. The sum given is not very magnificent, seldom amounting to more than five pounds. A very pretty girl in a parish, of which we, like Cervantes, in the beginning of *Don Quixote*, do not choose to recollect the name, obtained one of their splendid dowries, and was married accordingly. A lady, who patronized the bride, shortly after the marriage saw the bridegroom, who by no means equalled Adonis in beauty. 'Good Heavens!' said she to the girl, 'how could you marry such a fright as that?' 'Why, ma'am,' was the reply, 'he certainly is not very handsome; but what sort of a husband can one expect for five pounds?'

We leave the moral to the reader, as well as its application to us. But we shall prove to them, nevertheless, that the sort of Paper we shall give them for twopence is not to be despised.

MR. BRAHAM

SONNET. By W. WORDSWORTH

[May 11, 1833.]

SAY not that Judah's harp hath lost its tone,
Or that no bard hath found it where it hung,



MR BRAHAM

Broken and lonely, voiceless and unstrung,
Beside the sluggish streams of Babylon ;

Sloman !¹ repeats the strain his fathers sung,
 And Judah's burning lyre is Braham's own !
 Behold him here. Here view the wondrous man,
 Majestical and lovely, as when first
 In music on a wondering world he burst,
 And charmed the ravished ears of sov'reign Anne !²
 Mark well the form, O ! reader, nor deride
 The sacred symbol—Jew's harp glorified—
 Which circled with a blooming wreath is seen
 Of verdant bays ; and thus are typified
 The pleasant music and the baize of green
 Whence issues out at eve, Braham with front serene !

N. M. ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.

[May 18, 1833.]

HERE's the pillar of 'Change ! Nathan Rothschild himself,
 With whose fame every bourse in the universe rings ;
 The first³ Baron Juif ; by the grace of his pelf,
 Not ' the king of the Jews,' but ' the Jew of the kings.'
 The great incarnation of cents and consols,
 The eighths, halves, and quarters, scrip, options, and
 shares ;
 Who plays with new kings as young Misses with dolls ;
 The monarch undoubted of bulls and of bears !
 O, Plutus ! your graces are queerly bestowed !
 Else sure we should think you behaved *infra dig.*,
 When with favours surpassing, it joys you to load
 A greasy-faced compound of donkey and pig.

¹ It is needless to speak of this eminent vocalist and improvisatore. He nightly delights a numerous and respectable audience at the Cider-cellar ; and while on this subject, I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of Mr. Evans, the worthy proprietor of that establishment. N.B.—A *table d'hôte* every Friday.—*W. Wordsworth.*

² Mr. Braham made his first appearance in England in the reign of Queen Anne.—*W. W.*

³ Some years ago, shortly after the elevation (by the Emperor of Austria) of one of the Rothschilds to the rank of Baron, he was present at a soirée in Paris, which he entered about the same time as the Duc de Montmorenci. ' Ah !' said Talleyrand, ' Voici le premier baron Chrétien, et le premier baron Juif.' The Montmorencies boast, and we believe justly, that they are the first Christian barons. We all know that the Rothschilds may make the same claim of precedence among the Jews.

Here, just as he stands with his head pointed thus,
At full-length, gentle reader, we lay him before ye ;



N. M. ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.

And we then leave the Jew (what we wish he'd leave us,
But we fear to no purpose), *a lone* in his glory.

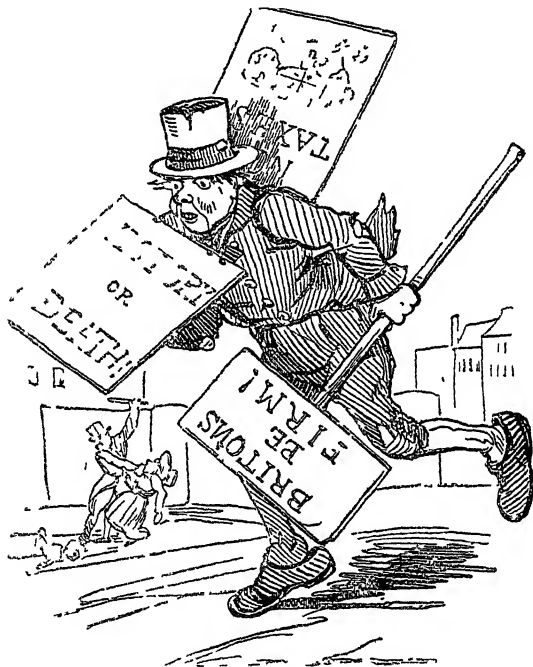
LONDON CHARACTERS : No. 1

[May 25, 1833.]

WE cannot afford rhymes to the hero whom we have here depicted ; he is decidedly a subject for the pedestrian Muse of prose. He is No. 1 of our London Characters : as Shakespeare, or somebody else, advises us to catch the ideas as they fly, we fix the idea-bearer as he runs.

It was impossible to refrain from taking him (graphically, we mean, for we do not belong to the police, 'whether it be new or old'), as we saw him scudding along with the

rapidity of a hare, at the Coldbath-fields meeting of last week, which of course we attended. 'Britons, be firm,' spoke the valorous placard *on* the breast. 'Let this particular and individual Briton run for his life!' spoke the more direct monitor *within* the breast. There was no delay in making the decision—the motion was carried, and



a very rapid motion it was. The poor National Convention was run away with in a van; the new constitution, and the members of it, were equally knocked on the head; and why should our friend the bill-sticker have pasted himself against the wall merely to be torn down by the police? If his placard was stationary, it was no reason that *he* should be so.

On the whole, the world of politics might take a useful lesson from the bill-stickers. They are beyond question the most active agents in disseminating among the public the political or literary opinions of all sides, and yet they

never quarrel. It was truly refreshing, during the angry contest between Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Colonel Evans, and Mr. Bickham Escott, to see their ambulatory agents mixing at street-corners, and other places where placard-men do congregate, with the most harmonious cordiality. They did their duty, but they never suffered it to interfere with their private friendships. It is highly probable that few of them read Ariosto, at least with critical eye, but their conduct much reminded us of the panegyrics in Orlando Furioso on the mutual courtesy of the ancient knights towards each other. We murmured to ourselves,

O gran bontà de' cavalièri antichi,

and so forth ; and rejoiced to find that glorious characteristic of the chivalry of the Round Table revived under our own eyes by the corporation of placard-bearers. All around in Covent-Garden everything was indignation ; the very cabbage and turnip-tops were moved ; orators spoke on the hustings and off the hustings in all the fervour of excited zeal ; the eyes of the market, the town, the county, the kingdom, the continent, the world, turned with anxious glare on the result of the contest ; and there, meanwhile, 'in the hot-press and tumult of the hour,' the very men whose hats and bosoms, and sides and bellies, were stuck with the most impassioned cries and watchwords of their respective parties, whose hands uplifted the banners which waved above the conflict as the guide-stars of the current of war, walked about with all the coolness of the peripatetic school, to which they unquestionably belong. It was something truly cheering to those who wish for the banishment of the angry passions from the human breast, to witness the philosophical air of abstraction which these sages exhibited ; they were *in* politics, but not *of* them ; like the *Public Ledger*, they were open to all parties, but influenced by none ; and evidently being of opinion, with Swift, that party is the madness of the many for the gain of the few, suffered not their minds to be disheartened by any such insanity, meditated upon their own gains, and thought only on their *shilling a day and their board*.

Interesting race ! We here consign one of the fraternity to wood. What to him was Lee ? no more than Governor Le of Canton ; and, as for the eminent chairman, Mr. Mee, our running friend would willingly have quoted Virgil,

had he happened to have known him ; and exclaiming to the police, 'MEE, MEE—in MEE convertite telum,' left the National Convention to its fate, with the sole regret that he did not insist on his shillings *before* operations commenced.

A. BUNN

[June 1, 1833.]



A. BUNN

1

WHAT gallant cavalier is seen
So dainty set before the queen,
Between a pair of candles ?

Who looks as smiling and as bright,
 As oily, and as full of light,
 As is the wax he handles ?

2

Dressed out as gorgeous as a lord,
 Stuck to his side a shining sword,
 A-murmuring loyal speeches,
 The gentleman who's coming on
 Is Mr. Manager A. Bunn,
 All in his velvet breeches.

3

He moves, our gracious queen to greet,
 And guide her to her proper seat,
 (A bag-wigged cicerone).
 O Adelaide ! you will not see,
 'Mong all the German com-pa-ny
 A figure half so droll as he,
 Or half so worth your money.

LOVE IN FETTERS

A TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD DITTY

*Showing how dangerous it is for a Gentleman to fall in
 love with an ' Officer's Daughter '*

AN OWER TRUE TALE

[June 8, 1833.]

1

I FELL in love, three days ago,
 With a fair maid as bright as snow,
 Whose cheeks would beat the rose ;
 The raven tresses of her hair
 In blackness could with night compare,
 Like Venus's her nose :
 Her eyes, of lustre passing rare,
 Bright as the diamond glowed,

If you would know, you may go see,
If you won't go, pray credit me ;
 'Twas at the back
 Of the Tabernác
In Tottenham Court Road.

2

The street in which my beauty shone
Is named in compliment to John ;
 Her house is nigh to where
A massy hand all gilt with gold,
A thundering hammer doth uphold,
 High lifted in the air :
What house it is you shall be told
 Before I end my ode.



LOVE IN FETTERS

If you would know, go there and see,
If you won't go, then credit me ;
 'Twas at the back
 Of the Tabernác
In Tottenham Court Road.



3

Smitten with love, at once I wrote
A neat triangular tender note,
All full of darts and flame ;
Said I, ' Sweet star,'—but you may guess
How lovingly I did express
My passion for the dame ;
I signed my name and true address,
But she served me like a toad.
If you would know, pray come and see,
If you won't come, then credit me ;
'Twas at the back
Of the Tabernacle
In Tottenham Court Road.

4

Next morn, 'tis true, an answer came,
I started when I heard my name,
As I in bed did lie ;
Says a soft voice, ' Are you the cove
Wot wrote a letter full of love ?'
' Yes, yes,' I cried, ' 'tis I' ;
' An answer's sent,' said he—O Jove !
What a sad note he showed.
If you would know, pray come and see,
If you will not, then credit me ;
'Twas at the back
Of the Tabernacle
In Tottenham Court Road.

5

By a parchment slip I could discern
That by me stood a bailiff stern,
My Rosamunda's sire !
I served the daughter with verse and wit,
And the father served me with a writ,
An exchange I don't admire :
So here in iron bars I sit
In quod securely stowed,

Being captivated by a she,
 Whose papa captivated me ;
 All at the back
 Of the Tabernacle
 In Tottenham Court Road

WOMAN : THE ANGEL OF LIFE

[June 15, 1833]

Woman : the Angel of Life. A Poem. By Robert Montgomery, Author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'The Messiah,' etc. 12mo. pp. 198. London: 1833. Turrill.

THERE is one decidedly pleasant line in this book : it is, 'Frederick Shoberl, jun., 4, Leicester Street, Leicester Square.' It sounds like softest music in attending ears, after having gone through 183 pages of Montgomery's rhyme, flanked by some fifteen pages of Montgomery's prose. We never had any notion that the name of Shoberl would have sounded so harmoniously in our ears, until we found it to be the term and conclusion of the work called 'Woman,' set up as the last milestone, to show that our wearisome pilgrimage was at an end.

And yet we are unjust in calling it wearisome, for the poem is of the most soothing kind. 'Not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of this world,' can compare with the gentle narcotic here afforded us by Turrill. Many have been the trades of that eminent person. He was a knife-grinder and a haberdasher, a stationer and fancy penman, a Windsor soap vendor, and a commissioner for the sale of Hunt's roasted corn and Godbold's vegetable balsam. He then went into the publishing line, and he now appears as a vendor of opiates. In the most desperate case of want of sleep, an application of Woman—we mean Turrill and Montgomery's Woman—is a never failing specific. Well may they sing, with *Macheath*,

When the heart of a man is oppressed with cares,
 The mist is dispelled when Bob's woman appears,
 Like the syrup of poppies she gently, gently,
 Closes the eyelids, and seals the ears.
 Page after page will induce a doze,
 Drawing soft melody from the nose.

He who, as Dr. Johnson says, would not snore over Montgomery's 'Woman,' must be more or less than human.—*Rambler*, vol. i. p. 186. Ed. 1763.

Therefore do we speak of it with respect, and recommend it to the favourable notice of the Apothecaries' Company, for insertion in their next Pharmacopoeia. Montgomery's former works were absurd. You could not help being jolly with 'Satan'; he created a laugh beneath the ribs of 'Death.' 'Oxford' was droll to a *degree*; and so forth: but here, in 'Woman,' everything is dead. Page after page there is the same sound, somnolent, sonorous snore. It is not enough to say that the book is *dull*—it is *dullness*; the embodied appearance of 'the mighty Mother' herself. On the honour of critics, we shall open the book at random. Here then we pounce on page 80; and it is a description of Dante. Dante and Bob Montgomery!

Powers

Eternal! Such names blended!

Read it, dear reader, if you can.

' With paleness on his awful brow,
Who riseth like a spectre now
From darkness, where his fancy dared
To wander with an eye unscared,
And gaze on visions, such as roll
Around that blighted Angel's soul,
Who baffles in his dread domain
An immortality of pain?—
'Tis Dante!—whose terrific flight,
Through caverns of Cimmerian night,
Imagination vainly tries
To track with unappalled eyes!
Severe, august, and sternly great,
The gloom of his remorseless fate
Around him hung that dismal air
That broodeth o'er intense despair;
Till frenzy half began to raise
A wildness in his fearful gaze,
As roaming over crag and wood,
He battled with bleak solitude!—
But sooner might the maniac roar
Of ocean cease to awe the shore,
When starlight comes with fairy gleam,
Than pity lull his tortured dream.
Oh! 'tis not in the poet's art
To paint the earthquake of his heart,

The storm of feeling's ghastly strife,
 When she, who form'd his life of life,
 Had vanish'd like a twilight ray
 Too delicate on earth to stay :—
 For love had heated blood and brain,
 A fire in each electric vein,—
 A passion, whose exceeding power
 Was heaven or hell to each wild hour.'

It is well for Montgomery that Dante is dead, else he would have doomed him to Caina for this. It is, however, about the best passage in the poem.

But we must quote something about woman ; and our partiality for our native charmers induces us to take the following :

' But where is woman most array'd
 With all that mind would see display'd ?—
 O England ! round thy chainless isle
 How fondly doth the Godhead smile,
 And crowd within thy little spot
 A universe of glorious lot !
 But never till the wind-rock'd sea
 Have borne us far from home and thee,
 The patriotic fervours rise,
 To hallow thy forsaken skies !
 Though Nature with sublimer stress,
 Hath stamp'd her seal of loveliness
 On climes of more colossal mould—
 How much that travell'd eyes behold
 Would sated wonder throw away,
 To take one look where England lay !—
 To wander down some hawthorn lane,
 And drink the lark's delightful strain ;
 Or, floating from a pastured dell
 To hear the sheep's romantic bell,
 While valeward as the hills retire
 Peeps greyly forth the hamlet spire !
 And all around it breathes a sense
 Of weal, and worth, and competence.
 But far beyond all other dowers,
 Thy daughters seem Earth's human flowers !—
 The charm of young Castilian eyes,
 When lovingly their lashes rise,
 And, blended into one rich glance,
 The lightnings of the soul advance !—
 Wild hearts may into wonder melt,
 And make expression's magic felt ;
 Or, girded by the dream of old,

In Sappho's Lesbian isle, behold
 A shadow of primeval grace
 Yet floating o'er some classic face :
 But where, in what imperial land,
 Hath nature with more faultless hand
 Embodied all that beauty shows—
 Than round us daily lives and glows ?
 Here mingled with the outward might
 Of charms that coolest gaze invite,
 Th' enamel of the mind appears,
 Undimm'd by woe, unsoil'd by years !—
 To wedded hearts, devoid of strife,
 Here home becomes the heaven of life ;
 And household virtues spring to birth
 Beside the love-frequented hearth,
 While feelings, soft as angels know,
 Around them freshly twine and grow !
*And so and so, and so and so,
 Does Bob Montgomery onward go,
 In snuffling, snoring, slumbry verse,
 Smooth as the motion of a hearse ;
 A swell of sound inducing sleep,
 But not a thought in all the heap.
 A spinning Jenny would compose
 A hundred thousand lines like those,
 From rising until setting sun,
 And after all no business done.*

The conclusion of the whole poem, we admit, is pretty ;
 and therefore we extract it.

' Angel of Life !—that home is thine
 Till human hearts become divine ;
 To feelings in their fond repose,
 And Love his godhead can disclose,
 Where nature most reveals its worth ;
 And if there be a home on earth
 To charm the clouds of time away.
 Born of her magic, blend their sway.
 Domestic hours elysium call,
 The glory and the might of all ;
 And self from out the selfish take,
 The hopes that keep the heart awake ;
 Of what our softer moods bestow
 The grace, the lustre, and the glow.'

These are nice verses. On examination, we find that the compositor, by some queer blunder, has printed them backwards ; but, as it does not seem to spoil the sense,

we shall not give him the trouble of setting them up again. They are just as good one way as the other ; and, indeed, the same might be said of the whole book.

DRAMA—COVENT GARDEN

By a Friend

[June 15, 1833.]

ONE night last week we stretched ourselves along three empty benches in Covent Garden Theatre, to hear the horrid parody—the disgusting burlesque, which goes under the name of ‘Zauberflötte.’ We must do justice to Messrs. Dobler and Hertz, as well as to Madame Schröder, by saying that they sustained their parts most ably ; but for the rest—for the company of the hideous screech-owls, which Bunn, or some other gentleman of equally good taste, has collected at Covent Garden—the quaverings of a cracked ballad-singer, the screams of Miss Pearson herself, are melody to the howls of these high-Dutch monsters.

After an overture, tolerably ill played, the curtain rose, and Herr Haitzinger, wrapped in a red table-cloth, came rushing over the stage, flying from a serpent or dragon, or some such thing, which wriggled and writhed on a most manifest rope, with felonious intent to frighten and devour Prince Tamino, enacted by Haitzinger aforesaid. Prince Haitzinger, fatigued by his running, squeaked out a melancholy recitative, and sank on a grassy plank, prepared to receive him. Scarcely was he silent, when three women—monsters in black bombazeen, each holding a tin spear, and representing the maiden attendants of the Queen of Night, entered and gave vent to a series of strains, such as—— but comparison is out of the question : we never heard such before, and devoutly hope we never may again. The opening chorus of the ‘Zauberflötte’ the most divine music of the divine Mozart, was mangled—burked—murdered, in such a manner by these German impostors, that the three men who, with ourselves, were in the pit, very nearly fainted ; however, as we were on duty, we made a point of not indulging our feelings, and resolutely listened on. Speaking with all deference to Bunn’s

elegant and well-known taste, and with the most tender and compassionate feeling for the fair sex, we had no idea that mothers could have conceived three such beings as these German Graces ; the first, with a licentious giggle,—with a chin, moreover, as long as her mouth, and a mouth as long as the three-foot spear which she waved, made herself especially conspicuous by the freedom of her manners, the undeviating suavity of her smile, and the enormous thickness of her Allemannian ankles. The music was murder ; the spirit of Mozart was desecrated ; the audience was made to eat dirt, as Hajji Baba says : only, luckily, there were not many sufferers.



After these ladies had concluded their manœuvres, Madame Stoll Böhm appeared : she went through a variety of musical evolutions impossible to describe (reader, be thankful you did not hear them !) : among other feats, she executed a shake of a quarter of an hour's length, at which the solitary man in the gallery gave a faint and hollow clap, which sadly reverberated through the almost empty house.

For the drama, it is utterly indescribable. The *new* scenery has appeared in half-a-dozen Easter pieces. The *new* dresses have figured in the *Israelites in Egypt*. The

whole opera was mangled, garbled, and distorted, agreeing in this with the music.

Papageno omitted his songs (for which we were sorry, for he sang and acted very well) : would to heaven Papagena had done the same ! Madame Meissinger is a nuisance so intolerable, that positively she ought to be indicted. She is not, however, paid above fifty pounds a week, so that we have not much reason to complain. The three boys, who advise and instruct, and lead Tamino in his wanderings, and who, whenever he is in doubt or fear, inspire him by their presence, and console him with their sweet minstrelsy, were enacted by a round-faced old woman and two Jewesses—Behold their likenesses !

They stuttered under their songs, and staggered under the weight of their enormous palm-branches, vying in discord with the ‘attendants of the Queen of Night.’ For the rest, the house was nearly empty ; and if, as was the fact, the discord was horrible, there were very few to be affected by it.

GAMMA.

The above criticism has been sent us by a gentleman whose opinion we asked with regard to the opera. Having attended ourselves at Covent Garden, we are compelled to say that we fully agree with our correspondent, though we should not have spoken quite so freely regarding the personal defects of the ladies of the chorus. Bunn ‘Maximus’ must resort to some other method of filling his benches and his treasury.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

[June 29, 1833.]

PARIS, Saturday, June 22.

THIS is a most unfavourable moment for commencing a Parisian correspondence. All the world is gone into the country, with the exception of the deputies, who are occupied in voting supplies ; an occupation necessary, but not romantic, and uninteresting to the half million of Englishmen who peruse the ‘National Standard.’ However, in all this dearth of political and literary news, the people

of France are always rich enough in absurdities to occupy and amuse an English looker-on. I had intended, after crossing the Channel to Boulogne, to have stayed there for a while, and to have made some profound remarks on the natives of that town, but of these, I believe, few exist ; they have been driven out by the English settlers, one of whom I had the good fortune to see. He did not speak much, but swore loudly ; he was dressed in a jacket and a pair of maritime inexpressibles, which showed off his lower man to much advantage. This animal, on being questioned, informed me that the town was d—— pretty, the society d—— pleasant, balls delightful, and cookery excellent. On this hint, having become famished during a long and stormy voyage, I requested the waiter of the hotel to procure some of the delicacies mentioned by the settler. In an hour he returned with breakfast : the coffee was thin, the butter bad, the bread sour, the delicacies mutton-chops. This was too much for human patience. I bad adieu to the settler, and set off for Paris forthwith.

I was surprised and delighted with the great progress made by the Parisians since last year. Talk of the ' march of mind ' in England, *La jeune France* completely distances us : all creeds, political, literary, and religious, have undergone equal revolutions, and met with equal contempt. Churches, theatres, painters, booksellers, kings, and poets, have all bowed before this awful spirit of improvement, this tremendous ' zeitgeist.' In poetry and works of fiction, this change is most remarkable. I have collected one or two specimens, which I assure you are taken from works universally read and admired. I have, however, been obliged to confine ourselves to the terrific ; the tender parts are much too tender for English readers. In England it was scarcely permitted in former days to speak of such a book as the *Memoirs of the celebrated M. de Faublas* ; in France it was only ' a book of the boudoir,' taken in private by ladies, like their cherry-brandy ; now the book is public property. It is read by the children, and acted at the theatres ; and for Faublas himself, he is an absolute Joseph compared to the Satanico-Byronico heroes of the present school of romance. As for murders, etc., mere Newgate-Calendar crimes, they are absolute drugs in the literary market. Young France requires something infinitely more piquant than an ordinary hanging matter,

or a commonplace *crim. con.* To succeed, to gain a reputation, and to satisfy La jeune France, you must accurately represent all the anatomical peculiarities attending the murder, or crime in question: you must dilate on the clotted blood, rejoice over the scattered brains, particularize the sores and bruises, the quivering muscles, and the gaping wounds; the more faithful, the more natural; the more natural, the more creditable to the author, and the more agreeable to La jeune France.

I have before me a pleasing work with the following delectable title—‘Champavert: Immoral Tales. By Petrus Borel the Lycanthrope!’ After having perused this pretty little book, I give the following summary of it, for the benefit of English readers.

Tale 1, ‘M. de l’Argentière,’ contains a rape, a murder, an execution.

Tale 2, ‘Jacques Barraon,’ concludes thus:

‘Immediately he seized him by the throat—the blood gushed out, and Juan screamed aloud, falling on one knee and seizing Barraon by the thigh; who, in turn, fastened on his hair, and struck him on the loins, while, with a back stroke, *il lui étripe le ventre*. (The manoeuvre is extraordinary, and the language utterly untranslatable.) They rolled on the ground: now Juan is uppermost, now Jaquez—they roar and writhe!

‘Juan lifted his arm, and broke his dagger against the wall. Jaquez nailed his in Juan’s throat! Covered with wounds and blood, uttering horrid screams, they seemed a mere mass of blood flowing and curdling! Thousands of obscene flies and beetles might be seen hovering round their mouths and nostrils, and buzzing round the sores of their wounds.

‘Towards night a man stumbled over the corpses. “They are only negroes,” said he; and went his way.’

It is, as the reader will see, quite impossible to translate properly this elegant passage; it displays a force, originality, and good taste, which can never be transferred to our language.

Tale 3, ‘Andrea Vesalius.’ Three adulteries, four murders. The victims are a wife and her three lovers, murdered first, and dissected afterwards, by Andrea Vesalius.

Tale 4, 'Three-fingered Jack.' Contains only one suicide, and the death of Jack in fair fight.

Tale 5, 'Dina.' One rape, one murder, one suicide.

Tale 6, 'Passereau.' Two murders, and some intrigues—very prettily described.

Tale 7, 'Champavert.' This is the history of the Lycanthrope himself. He was an extraordinary and



melancholy young man, remarkable for a strong poetical genius and a long beard, both of which he had manifested from the age of seventeen. This history contains a couple of seductions, a child murder, and two suicides. Whether Champavert were a fictitious or real personage, I know not ; there is, however, a long, circumstantial account of his suicide here given ; and I trust, for the honour of France,

that the Lycanthrope actually lived and died in the manner described in the book.

My dear young ladies, who are partial to Lord Byron, and read Don Juan slyly in the evening ; who admire French fashions, and dishes, and romances,—it is for your profit and amusement that this summary has been made. You will see by it how far this great nation excels us in genius and imagination, even though Bulwer and Disraeli still live and write.

The costume of Jeune France is as extraordinary as its literature. I have sent a specimen, which I discovered the other day in the Tuileries. It had just been reading the *Tribune*, and was leaning poetically against a tree ; it had on a red neck-cloth and a black flowing mane ; a stick or club, intended for ornament as well as use ; and a pair of large though innocent spurs, which had never injured anything except the pantaloons of the individual who wore them. Near it was sitting an old gentleman, who is generally to be seen of a sunny day in the Tuileries, reading his Crebillon or his prayer-book : a living illustration of times past—a strange contrast with times present !

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

[July 6, 1833.]

PARIS, Saturday, June 29.

THERE is no doubt that the ‘National Standard,’ though the best conducted Journal in the world, has a most senseless, impotent, and unmeaning title : National Standard ; what does it signify ? It may be a newspaper, or a measure for brandy ; a banner for King William, or a flag for King Cobbett : you should take advice by the papers of this country, and fix on a name more striking. These observations have been inspired by the title of a journal which is about to appear here, ‘Le Necrologe : Journal des Morts’ ; a pretty, romantic, and melancholy title, printed on a sentimental paper, handsomely edged with black, and bearing an urn for a frontispiece. O death ! O life ! O *jeune France*, what a triumph of art and taste is here ! Fancy the *Mourning Advertiser* ; the *Sexton’s Miscellany* ; the *Raw Head and Bloody Bones* ; the *Undertaker’s Manual* ;

the Pickaxe, or Gravedigger's Vade Vecum, published every morning for breakfast, and treating of all the most fashionable deaths, murders, suicides, and executions in Europe. What a pleasing study for melancholy young men and tender young ladies ! Then one has the advantage of swallowing sentiment and history at the same time, and (as *Figaro* says), while living, one is a subscriber to it ; when dead, an article. The November suicides in England used to be a staple article of French satire ; they used to think that London Bridge was built for the mere convenience of throwing one's self from it into the Thames, and that our lamp-posts were only cast-iron substitutes for gibbets : in regard to lamp-posts, however, we borrowed our learning from them ; and, as to suicides, the advantage is now decidedly on the French side. Half-a-dozen fellows 'asphyxient' themselves every morning, and servant-maids with low spirits and wages generally adopt this means of retirement, as one easy, expeditious, and certain. I heard just now of a young gentleman, who had arrived at the mature age of sixteen, and of another more venerable by a couple of years, who some time ago brought their lives to a conclusion in charcoal. They had, together, written a drama, which was represented at the Porte St. Martin, and succeeded ; it procured for them, no doubt, a few dozen francs, and an eternity of half-a-dozen nights, which seemed entirely to answer their hopes and satisfy their ambition. Their enjoyment was complete, their cup of fame was full ; and they determined, like young sages as they were, to retire from the world before their happiness should fade, or their glory tarnish, thinking no doubt that their death, their last and noblest action, would establish beyond all question their spiritual immortality.

So they purchased the means of their death (it is very cheap, twopenny-worth will kill half a thousand young poets), they retired to their *sixième*, they shut out the world, and closed up the windows ; and when, some hours after, the door of their apartment was forced open, their spirits and the charcoal-smoke flew out together, leaving only the two corpses to be admired by the public, and buried by the same. In France they dropped tears on their bodies ; they would have employed stakes, instead of tears, in our less romantic country. However, peace be to their ashes ! they are now, no doubt, comfortably

situated in that heaven where they will find Cato and Addison, and Eustace Budgell, and all the suicidal philosophers ; and, some day or other, Liston, Talma, and all the great tragedians.

I asked my informer the names of these young unfortunates, and the title of their tragedy. He had forgotten both ! So much for their reputation.

The theatres are in a flourishing condition : they have all at this moment some piece of peculiar attraction. At the *Ambigu Comique* is an edifying representation of 'Belshazzar's Feast.' The second act discovers a number of melancholy Israelites sitting round the walls of Babylon, with their harps on the willows ! A Babylonian says to the leader of the chorus, 'Sing us one of the songs of Zion' ; the chorus answers, 'How can we sing in a strange land ?' and so on : the whole piece is a scandalous parody of the Scripture, made up with French sentiment and French decency. A large family of children were behind me, looking, with much interest and edification, at the Queen rising from her bath ! This piece concludes with a superb imitation of Martin's picture of Belshazzar. Another piece at the Porte St. Martin, called 'Bergami,' vivifies Hayter's picture of the House of Lords, at Queen Caroline's trial. There was a report this morning that a courier had arrived from England, for the express purpose of forbidding this piece ; and supposing, from that circumstance, that it must contain something very terrible, I called at the Porte St. Martin to see it ; but I was sadly disappointed, for there was nothing in it but a little Platonic dialogue between Bergami, who is an angel, and the queen, who is an injured woman. Bergami appears first in the character of a post-boy, and makes such delightful remarks on the weather, the scenery, and Italian politics, that the warm-hearted queen is subdued at once, and makes him forthwith her equerry. The first act ends, and the queen gets into a carriage. In the second, she gets into a packet (that unlucky packet !) ; in the third, she gets into a balcony ; in the fourth, she gets into a passion, as well she may, since Bergami is assassinated by Lord Ashley (on which fact we beg to congratulate his lordship) ; and, accordingly, she goes to the House of Lords to make her complaint against him for this act of unpoliteness : here the scene is very animated (it is taken from the picture).

Sir Brougham makes a speech about injured women, patriotism, and so forth ; *Lord Eldon* replies, the Ministerial bench cheers, the Opposition jeers, and the queen comes in majestically, bowing right and left, and uttering the noblest sentiments. Presently a row is heard in the streets : the mob is in arms for the queen ! *Lord Eldon*



motions the Minister of War ; he rushes out to quell the disturbance, the queen follows him, but the attempts of both are ineffectual ; windows are broken, stones are flung, *Lord Eldon* disappears, *Sir Brougham* bolts, and *Lord Liverpool* (a stout man in a white waistcoat, with a large tin star), falls to the earth, struck violently in the stomach

with a leather brick-bat, and the curtain, of course, drops with the Prime Minister. The French nation was exalted by this exhibition to a pitch of immoderate enthusiasm, and called stoutly for the *Marseillaise*. I did not see the fifth act, in which the queen is poisoned (Lord Ashley again!), but returned home to give an account of this strange tragedy. There is a third play, of much more importance than the two former, of which I had wished to give some account, 'Les Enfants d'Edouard,' by M. Casimir Delavigne, one of the best acted tragedies I had ever the good fortune to see; but I have made this letter so long, that I must reserve this for some future day. I could not, however, refrain from sending a little sketch of Ligier, who performs the part of *Richard*, in this play, in a manner, I think, which Kean never equalled.

Beside Ligier is the admirable Mademoiselle Mars, and that most charming, gay, graceful, *naïve* actress, Madame Anais Aubert. It would be worth an English actor's while to come to Paris, and study the excellent manner of the French comedians; even Cooper might profit by it, and Diddear go away from the study a wiser and better man. Here is too much about theatres, you will say; but, after all, is not this subject as serious as any other?

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

[July 20, 1833.]

PARIS July 13.

THE figure below is a copy of the statue which shortly is to decorate the column in the Place Vendôme. It is, as everybody knows, to be elevated about the 29th of the month; but his majesty the king of the French, being averse to *émeutes d'épenses* of all kinds, has determined that it shall be erected privily in the night season, and shall have no needless extravagance or unnecessary publicity to accompany its elevation.

The statue has been cast of bronze, or brass made of Austrian cannon (the victories of Napoleon are, luckily, not all used up), and represents, as the reader beholds, the little corporal in his habit of war. The column, up to 1814, was surmounted with a representation of the



Emperor Napoleon, with robes and sceptre imperial ; it bore on its base the following sonorous inscription :

NEAPOLIO. IMP. AUG.
 MONUMENTUM BELLI GERMANICI
 ANNO. MDCCCV.
 TRIMESTRE SPATIO PROFLIGATI
 EX AERE CAPTO
 GLORIAE EXERCITUS MAXIMI DICAUIT.

In 1814 the inscription was removed, the statue torn down, and a dirty white flag replaced it. It seemed a lame and impotent conclusion to the series of victories which are carved on the column itself, and wind from the base to the summit, as if these battles had been fought and won for the sole purpose of re-establishing the white flag aforesaid.

Next week, however, Napoleon will make his second appearance on the column. He certainly ought to make a short speech on the occasion, which, we think, would run something in this manner.

The emperor, after having raised his bronzed spyglass to his brazen eye, and regarded the multitude who are waiting to hear his oration, begins

‘Ladies and gentlemen! (Tremendous applause.)

‘Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, and overpowered by feelings of the deepest and tenderest nature, you may readily fancy my inability to address you with the eloquence demanded by your presence, and by this occasion.

‘Ladies and gentlemen: This is the proudest moment of my life! (Bravo, and cheers.)

‘I thank you for having placed me in a situation so safe, so commanding, and so salubrious: from this elevation I can look on most parts of your city. I see the churches empty, the prisons crowded, the gambling-houses overflowing: who, with such sights before him as these, gentlemen, and *you*, would not be proud of the name of Frenchman? (Great cheers.)

‘The tricolor waves over the Tuileries as it used in my time. It must be satisfactory to Frenchmen to have re-established their glorious standard, and to have banished for ever the old white flag; and, though I confess myself that I cannot perceive any other benefit you have wrought by your resistance to a late family, you of course can. (Applause, mingled with some unseemly groans from the police.)

‘I apprehend that the fat man¹ with the umbrella, whom I see walking in the gardens of the Tuileries, is the present proprietor. May I ask what he has done to deserve such a reward from you? Does he found his claim on his own merits, or on those of his father? (A tremendous row in the crowd: the police proceed to *empoigner* several hundred

¹ Napoleon here makes an irreverent and personal allusion to King Louis Philippe. His stoutness and his umbrella were depicted some two months ago, in our Paper [see p. 13].

individuals.) Go your ways (said the statue, who was what is vulgarly called a dab at an impromptu); go your ways, happy Frenchmen! You have fought, you have struggled, you have conquered: for whom? for the fat man with the umbrella!

'I need not explain what were my intentions and prospects, if I had had the good fortune to remain amongst you. You were yourselves pleased to receive them with some favour. The rest of Europe, however, did not look on them in the same light, and expressed its opinion so strongly, that we, out of mere politeness, were obliged to give up our own.

'I confess myself that I was somewhat arbitrary and tyrannical: but what is our fat friend below? Is it not better to be awed by a hero than to be subdued by a money-lender? to be conquered by a sword than to be knocked down by an umbrella? (Here there was an immense cry of 'A bas les Parapluies!') Some further arrests took place.)

'Perhaps, if it be not a bore (Go on), you will allow me to say a word concerning those persons who so strongly voted my own removal, and the re-establishment of the white cloth, now folded up for ever.

'The Russians are occupied in strangling, murdering, and banishing; I could not possibly have chosen for them a better occupation.

'The English, with their £800,000,000 of debt, have destroyed their old institutions, and have as yet fixed on no new ones. (Here a further crowd were marched off by the police.) I congratulate you. Gentlemen, *they*, too, have policemen.¹

'The Portuguese are fighting about two brothers, both of whom they detest. Heaven preserve the right, whichever he may be.

'From Italy there are delightful accounts of revolts, and deaths thereon consequent.

'The Germans are arresting students for want of a better employment. The Spaniards are amusing themselves with sham fights; what a pity they cannot be indulged with real ones!

'And the family! for whom about five hundred thousand lives were sacrificed,—where are they? The king is doting,

¹ This struck us as rather a vulgar allusion on the part of the statue.

and the dauphin is mad in a château in Germany ; and the duchess must divide her attentions between her son and her daughter !

‘ And yourselves, gentlemen, you have freedom of the press,—but your papers are seized every morning, as in my time. You have a republic, but beware how you speak of the king ! as in my time also. You are free ; but you have seventeen forts to keep you in order. I don’t recollect anything of the sort in my time.

‘ Altogether, there is a most satisfactory quantity of bullying, banishing, murdering, taxing, and hanging throughout Europe. I perceive by your silence——’ Here the emperor stopped : the fact was, there was not a single person left in the Place Vendôme ; they had all been carried off by the police !

OUR LEADER

[November 30, 1833.]

1

A REPORT to our ears most astounding has wandered,
That we are about to be done with our *Standard* :
‘Pon our lives, in our lives we were never more slandered :
Which nobody can deny,
Deny,
Which nobody can deny.

2

At a time when we most are entitled to brag,
Should our *Standard*, d’ye think, be commencing to *flag*,
When we’re praised all alike by sage and by wag ?
Which nobody can deny,
Deny,
Which nobody can deny.

3

When loved and admired in all parts of the town,
Good fame and good fortune both surely our own,
Absurd it would be if our *Standard* went down :
Which nobody can deny,
Deny,
Which nobody can deny.

4

Such stories, of course, all our readers will vote
As nonsense, all wholly unworthy of note,
And they'll see that our *Standard* right gaily will float :
Which nobody can deny,
Deny,
Which nobody can deny.

To descend, however, to plain prose, for our Pegasus is getting tired of this ambling canter, we have only to say, that we have been most credibly and upon good authority informed, that a report has been most sedulously sent abroad that the *National Standard* was about to be given up : nay, to such an extent was the story carried in some quarters, that it was positively alleged that it was given up ;—and that we were dead, defunct, extinct. We confess that we do haunt a churchyard, and so far there may be a *prima facie* case to justify the calumny ; but, except that circumstance, there is nothing else to affect our vitality. We are not only alive, but likely to live ; not merely breathing the breath of life, but hale, active, healthy, full of spirits and pugnacity.

How or why the rumour got abroad concerning us we do not know, and shall take no pains to inquire ; but certain it is, that during the last week we have been as much pestered by inquiries after our death as ever was *Partridge* the astrologer. We were nearly killed by our exertions in answering the demands made about our life, and shortened our breath considerably in perpetual bawlings to show that it was prolonged. We hope, however, that now, when an incredulous public beholds us appearing as usual at our accustomed hour, they will relax their want of faith, and confess that those who have gulled them by the reports of our total extinction calculated too sanguinely upon that extent of credulity, which has for some centuries been a distinctive mark of the inhabitants of this our too-favoured island,—to say nothing of its amiable metropolis.

No, good readers, we are not dead : we are, on the contrary, active and energetic in making all sorts of new arrangements for opening the new campaign with redoubled strength and quintupled resources. Those, therefore, who were rejoicing over our demise should put on mourning for our still continuing to walk the earth—in

sheets, we admit, and attended by devils—but still in as flesh-and-blood a fashion as ever characterized a being made of paper. But, on reflection, we cannot even conjecture who it could be to whom our extinction would prove a matter of joy. Even those rivals of ours in the periodical world, whom we have no doubt somewhat annoyed by our success,—even they, in the handsomest manner, expressed their grief at the prospect of our premature departure : and we have no doubt that, if we had not made our appearance in due course this morning, the *Literary Gazette* and the *Athenaeum* would be in sable attire. As it is, we are confident that their readers have already observed that the one is dull, and the other dismal ; which, no doubt, they have attributed to the true cause. As for the public in general, our departure would be a calamity so hard to be borne by that excellent body, and in its results so disastrous, that we avert our eyes from the consideration, and shall not stop to examine what is too hideous even for thought.

Enough of this. Most seriously, then,—a report has been spread, with the utmost sedulousness, in all quarters where it was supposed it could have had the greatest effect, that the *National Standard* was about to be forthwith given up. That report, as this publication will of itself prove, is untrue. We have no notion of giving up the paper ; and we assure our advertising friends in particular that they have been most grossly imposed upon.

ADDRESS

[December 28, 1833.]

As this is the last day of our publishing year, it may be considered necessary that we should address our readers in a farewell speech from our throne critical, explaining all that we have done, and promising all that we intend to do. But, we suppose that what we *have* done is already sufficiently appreciated, without further comment ; and we have found, even from our own brief experience, to say nothing of our reflections on the proceedings of others, that the making of promises is so easy a matter that all persons of adequate knowledge of the world are inclined to look upon them as nothing better than the sure precursors to non-performance.

We are the youngest brother of the literary brood, and we therefore make our last appeal for the year, most appropriately, upon Innocents' Day. We trust that none of our readers will be of a disposition so Herodian as to vote for our immediate demolition; but we know that it has been often announced that our life was destined to be short. Certain of the *stamina* which we enjoy, we ventured to doubt the correctness of such anticipations; and, like the man in Islington, we have lived on, if for no other purpose than that of showing 'the rogues they lied.' We are now about to commence a new year, and with the change of figure, to make other changes—we hope for the better. One, which we think we ought first to announce, is that we are going to rise a step in the pence-table. It is with reluctance that we give up our old motto, 'ALL FOR TWOPENCE'; but, yielding, as the poet says, to the advice of friends, we are about to change it to *Threepence*. What the reasons for the advice so tendered to us by our worthy and friendly counsellors may be, we leave to the ingenuity of our readers to determine. We shall still continue to be the cheapest of the literary Journals; and we think there will be no fear that, with our present aids and appliances, and the additional steam which we intend to put on, we shall make way with the best among them.

The additional penny which we beg can be of no great importance to the individual subscriber, but is, as he may suppose, very material to us: it will enable us to effect many improvements, which, from the extreme lowness of the price, were hitherto impracticable; and will procure more amusement, more variety, and more profit for the reader, and we need not say for ourselves.

Among those proposed improvements will be, a series of Original Tales, by the most popular English authors, and of Translations from the best French and German stories: the first of these stories will appear next week, and will be entitled 'King Odo's Wedding,' from the German of Count Platen. A series of papers under the title of 'The Traveller,' with *engravings*, illustrative of scenery and costume: the first of the series will be entitled 'The Rhine and its Legends'; this will appear on the 10th of January. Careful notices of the most interesting foreign works in all languages; for a regular supply of which, arrangements have been made with Mr. Schloss, of the Strand.

And now, having explained our intentions for the future, we cannot better conclude than by thanking the kind reader for his favours to us during the past year. Many long hours and weary nights have we laboured through, to cater for his Saturday's feast. We have, at no great cost to him, and at small profit to ourselves, made him acquainted with *some hundreds* of books, pleasant and dull : we have praised, with him, when we found genius or merit ; and laughed, with him, at dullness and pretension. May these our weekly meetings long continue ! and though we can neither boast of the aid of puffing, or the condescending patronage of publishers, we desire no other praise but what the public may award us, and no other patronage than that which we may merit at their hands.

FATHER GAHAGAN'S EXHORTATION

[January 18, 1834.]

' Now there ye are, all of yez, gathered together to hear what I've got to say, an' forward enough ye are all, big an' little, in comin' round me for a mouthful of advice. But, by my conscience, it's backward enough ye are in comin' forward when the money is to be paid to support your clargy. There is not one of yez cares a pin's point where I am to get a mouthful, an' ye drinkin' the whisky, an' makin' bastes of yerselves—Och ! my shame on yez ! Now then, listen to what I'm goin' to say to yez, an' that's this, that the divil a thing myself will have to say or do wid yez, for yer misdoins. I wash my hands out o' yez altogether ; only jist mind one thing—you'll all die, every mother's sowl of yez will die, big an' little, an' then ye'll come to the day of judgement, and I'll be there, an' St. Patrick, an' all the saints will be there too ; an' St. Patrick will say to me, " Father Gahagan," sis he, he'll say, " Father Gahagan, I say, what kind of a congregation is this you've brought us here, at-all at-all ? "

' An' then he'll say, " Father Gahagan," sis he, he'll say, " was there much drinkin', an' swearin', among 'em ? " " Why, no, sir," sis I, I'll say, " not a great dale of that neither, barrin' of a Sunday or a holy day, or so, when the likes is in a manner allowable," I'll say. " But, Father Gahagan," he'll say, " Father Gahagan, did they pay

you your *chapple* dues regularly ?” And, och, bad luck to yez, ye graceless set of thieves, what will I be able to say for yez thin, at-all at-all ? (After a pause.) So that, ye wicked graceless witches, bad as ye are, ye had better not reduce me to this dilemmy anyhow, if it was only to avoid bringin’ disgrace upon poor ould Ireland, an’ that, too, in the presence of St. Patrick himself. An’ now that ye’ve all heard what I have got to say, ye know yer rimedy.’

DRAMA—PLAYS AND PLAY-BILLS

[January 25, 1834.]

Il eut l’emploi qui certes n’est pas mince
Et qu’à la cour, ou tout se peint en beau,
On appelloit être l’ami du prince ;
Mais qu’a la ville, et surtout en province,
Les gens grossiers ont nommé maquereau.

WE could not refrain from quoting the above lines after reading the manifestoes which Mr. Yates, or the literary gentleman who composes the play-bills for the Adelphi Theatre, has published this week.

Every wall in London bears the following elegant inscriptions :

IMMENSE SUCCESS !
ADELPHI AMAZONS !
SPLENDID WOMEN !

The other is to this effect :

ADELPHI.
LURLINE.
WOMEN BATHING AND SPORTING !

Mr. Yates’s faithful performance of the French black-guard in *Victorine* established for him and his theatre a reputation, on which he appears to have lived for two years past : for, since the production of that excellent play,

we do not recollect to have seen a piece at the Adelphi which would bear a second attendance.

He has therefore acted with much acute discretion in producing a new species of dramatic entertainment, having justly perceived that the ancient order of plays was no longer grateful to the public. Suiting himself philosophically to the spirit of the age, he has treated us, in the first place, with the amorous intrigues of the interesting *Faublas*; and now with *Lurline* and the 'Splendid Women Bathing and Sporting!' What a keen invention!—what a satire on the age and the drama!—what a delicate inducement for a gentleman to go to the theatre!

We saw *Lurline*, and spoke of it with some praise in our last number: unluckily, we were not aware of the peculiar and decent excitement which the piece is supposed to awaken. We might have suggested one or two improvements for the next posting-bills: thus, for instance, '*Lurline* :—Splendid Women—for fuller information inquire at the box-office.' Or, 'Women Bathing and Sporting.—The private door is in Maiden Lane.' However, all these points must already have been seen by the Management, and will no doubt be remedied before a week is over.

As the Christmas holidays are drawing to an end, we would recommend all parents who have young girls to instruct, or little boys to amuse, to send instantly for boxes (which are very scarce). The *Rake and his Pupil* will much remove the ignorant innocence of the daughters, and 'The Women Bathing and Sporting' highly interest the ripening and expanding sensibilities of the sons.

ÉTUDE SUR MIRABEAU PAR VICTOR HUGO

[February 1, 1834.]

WE have translated from a French paper the following fragments of an essay, by Victor Hugo, on the character and life of Mirabeau. The Editor of the journal speaks of M. Hugo's performance as one of the finest specimens of French writing: our readers may judge for themselves of the thoughts at least, if not of the style, of the author of '*Nôtre Dame de Paris*.'

‘Mirabeau the writer is something far less than Mirabeau, whether he be occupied in demonstrating to the young American Republic the absurdity of its proposed Order of Cincinnatus, and the inconsistency of a chivalry of labourers ;—whether he torture the philosophic Joseph II, Voltaire’s Titus, Madame de Pompadour’s Roman and Imperial model ;—whether he ferret out, from the false bottoms of the cabinets of Berlin, that history which caused so much indignation in France, that it was publicly burnt (a foolish blunder, by the way, for of these books, burnt by the hangman’s hands, some fiery sparks and particles escape, and, as the wind blows, either settle on the gilded roofs of the European aristocracy, or the coverings of royal palaces, or the heads of hot and angry men) ;—whether he abuse in their passage that cartful of quacks which clattered so loudly on the pavement of the eighteenth century, Necker, Beaumarchais, Lavater, Calonne, Cagliostro ;—in fact, whatever may be the work he writes, his thoughts are always sufficient for the subject, but his style is never sufficient for his thoughts. His idea is constantly grand and noble, but, before it can escape from his mind, it seems to bend and diminish under his manner of expression, which seems as if it were a door too narrow for his great thoughts to pass under. Except in his eloquent letters to Madame de Monnier, where he is all himself, where he seems to speak rather than to write, and which are as much harangues of love as his discourses at the Constituent Assembly were harangues of revolution ;—except, we say, in this instance, the style which he found at his writing-table is, in general, mean, heavy, ill-pointed, low in epithets, poor in images, or only offering, and that very rarely, a few fanciful mosaics of metaphors, possessing no connexion with each other. One feels that the ideas of this man are not, like the ideas of the great men born prose-writers, made of that pliable material which bends itself to all the delicacies of expression,—which insinuates itself, burning and liquid, into all the corners of the mould prepared for it by the writer, and then fixes—first lava, afterwards granite. One feels, in reading him, how many things one would fain know are still in the head of the writer ; one knows that one has before one only a “nearly,”—that genius like his is not formed for expressing itself completely in a book,—that

a pen is not the best possible conductor for the fluids gathered in that head of thunder !'

Bravo ! Was there ever such a collection of metaphors, such a mixture of sublimity and absurdity, affectation and nature ! Here is a column or more of most ingenious similes ; and all to prove that Mirabeau's writing was not by any means so good as his speaking. When Mr. Moore reads the above, he will go raving mad. What a waste of valuable materials ! Why, on every one of these similes he could have made a poem, and for every one of his poems he would have received a ten-pound note : it is a clear waste of means, a most riotous and reckless outlay of a hundred pounds at least. In Persia, when the Shah is particularly pleased with a poet, he stuffs his mouth with sugar-candy : here the poet seems to be performing the same office by the public ; and, to tell the truth, one is almost choked with the sweet food.

But our readers must delay yet a little while, and read the following graphic and fantastic description of Mirabeau the orator :

'Mirabeau the speaker is Mirabeau. Mirabeau the speaker is the water that flows, or the fire that burns, or the bird which flies ; it is a thing which makes its own proper sound, a nature which accomplishes its law, a sight ever sweet and sublime !

'Mirabeau at the tribune is himself,—himself entire, himself all-powerful ! There, there is no desk or table, no solitary cabinet, or silent meditation ; but a marble which he may strike, and a stair which he may scale. A tribune is a kind of cage for a wild beast, where he may move at will, where he may pause and breathe, may raise his hand or fold his arms, may point his words with his actions, or illuminate his thoughts by the glance of his eye !

.

'At the tribune everything in Mirabeau was powerful : his gesture, fierce and abrupt, was full of empire ; his colossal shoulders moved heavily like the back of an elephant, with its tower armed for war ; his voice, when he uttered but a word from his seat, was like the roar of a lion in a menagerie ; his hair, when he moved his head, like its mane ; his brow, like that of Jupiter,—*cuncta*

supercilio movens,—seemed to awe everything ; his hands seemed sometimes as if they would knead the marble ; his head was endowed with a magnificent hideousness which at moments was electric and terrible. At first, when nothing was decided as to the fate of royalty,—when the monarchical party as yet seemed the stronger of the two, it happened sometimes that, having obtained some seeming advantage over the ill-guarded and ill-armed republicans,—when royalists were pushing the assault, and crying victory, the monstrous head of Mirabeau appeared at the breach, and petrified the assailants. The genius of the Revolution had forged an aegis with the amalgamated doctrines of Voltaire, Helvetius, Bayle, Diderot, Locke, and Montesquieu, and had placed the Gorgon head of Mirabeau in the middle of the shield !

Here our readers have him,—a lion, an elephant, a god, and a gorgon ! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen ; walk up, and see this wonderful animal ! Surely such a beast was never before stirred by the poetic pole of so intellectual a showman !

Will our readers follow us through Victor Hugo's opinions on France, its present state, and its future prospects ? They will laugh, rather, at his political belief, which is altogether French, absurd, and unnatural, but which has a dash of sublimity about it that makes it fully worth the reading. The first proposition is delightful.

‘Mirabeaus are no longer necessary, therefore they are no longer possible. God does not create such persons when they are useless ; He does not throw corn like this to the wind.’

Of course, we are to take M. Hugo's word for it that Mirabeaus are no longer necessary : besides, the argument is backed by a simile, and nothing therefore can be more satisfactory.

‘In fact,’ continues the bard, ‘what would be the use of a Mirabeau at present ? A Mirabeau is a thunderbolt : who is there to destroy ? Where, in the political world, are those eminences which may call and attract the thunder ? We are not now as in 1789, when in the social system there were so manifest disproportions.

‘At present the soil is levelled ; everything is flat, settled, united.’ The whole thing is as clear as the Pons Asinorum : Mirabeau is a thunderbolt ; there is no need of thunder at

present, therefore there is no need of Mirabeau ; that is, he is not necessary, therefore he is impossible. Any one who will swallow the premises can have no possible difficulty in bolting the conclusion.

‘ We do not mean to say that, because we are no longer in need of Mirabeau, we are not in want of great men. For, on the contrary, much still remains to do ; everything is pulled down, nothing is built again.

‘ There are at present two classes : the men of the revolution, and the men of the progress. The men of the revolution are employed to dig up the old political ground, to form the furrows, and cast the seed ; but the men of the progress must watch the seasons in their slow advance, must guard the crop, and gather it : the duty and the hope for these men must now begin.

‘ We shall find them. France has, in the civilization of the globe, an initiative too important ever to fear a want of special men for special purposes ; she is the majestic mother of all ideas amongst all people. One may say, that for two centuries France has nourished the world with the milk of her breast ; she is noble in blood, and fruitful of womb ; her genius is inexhaustible ; her bosom supplies her with all the intelligences of which she hath need ; she has men who are always of a measure with events ; in her occasion, she neither wanted Mirabeau to commence revolutions, or Napoleon to end them !’

This is a grand piece of oratory, which will apply, however, equally well to Germany, Wapping, or any other country.

‘ Providence will certainly not refuse to us the great social man, nor the mere political character, whom at present we need.

‘ In waiting his arrival, however, the men who make the history of the present time are petty indeed. It is true that it is a pity that the great bodies of statesmen at present possess neither general sympathies or enlarged ideas,—that the time which should be devoted to constructing the great constitutional edifice is merely given to trifling,—that men will not remark that general intelligence can be the only cause of general equality,—that the beautiful beginnings of 1789 have only brought with them certain corollaries, such as are the fish’s tail to the fair head of the siren, and that the French Revolution has had but bungling

doctors to assist it in its labours. But nothing that has as yet been done is irreparable ; no essential principle has been smothered in its birth ; all the ideas that were born in 1788 were strong and healthy, and are each day attaining more strength and growth.'

‘ The present period is open to all kinds of criticism, but it demands at least a benevolent judge.’

‘ We do not doubt that the epoch in which we live is stormy and troublesome. Our statesmen, for the most part, know not what they do : they labour blindly at night, and in the morning, when they wake, they will be surprised at the fruits of their labour,—perhaps pleased, perhaps frightened,—who knows ? On no subject have we a definite law ; the press, so powerful, and so useful formerly, is nothing now but a series of negations. We have no ascertained formula for civilization, no calculated progression for improvement ; and yet we have firm confidence and firm hope !

‘ Who does not feel that, in this tumult and tempest,—in this combat of systems and ambitions, which raises so much cloud and dust around us,—behind this curtain which still hides from sight the great, social, uncompleted statue,—under this cloud of passions, and theories, and chimeras,—in the midst of this Babel of human tongues, which speak all languages by all mouths,—beneath this whirlwind of things, of men, and ideas, which men call the nineteenth century, some mighty work is in progress ?

‘ But God is calm, and finisheth His work !’

We do not know whether we have succeeded in laying before our readers the vein of misty sublimity, and true poetry, which runs through M. Hugo’s bombastic claptrap ; if not, the fault must be in our crude and careless translation ; and we must refer those who are curious about Mirabeau, or incredulous concerning Victor Hugo, to the *Journal des Débats* of last week, from which we have extracted the fragments given above.

FLORE ET ZÉPHYR

[1836]

FLORÉ ET ZEPHYR
Ballet Mythologique
DEDIE
À



par

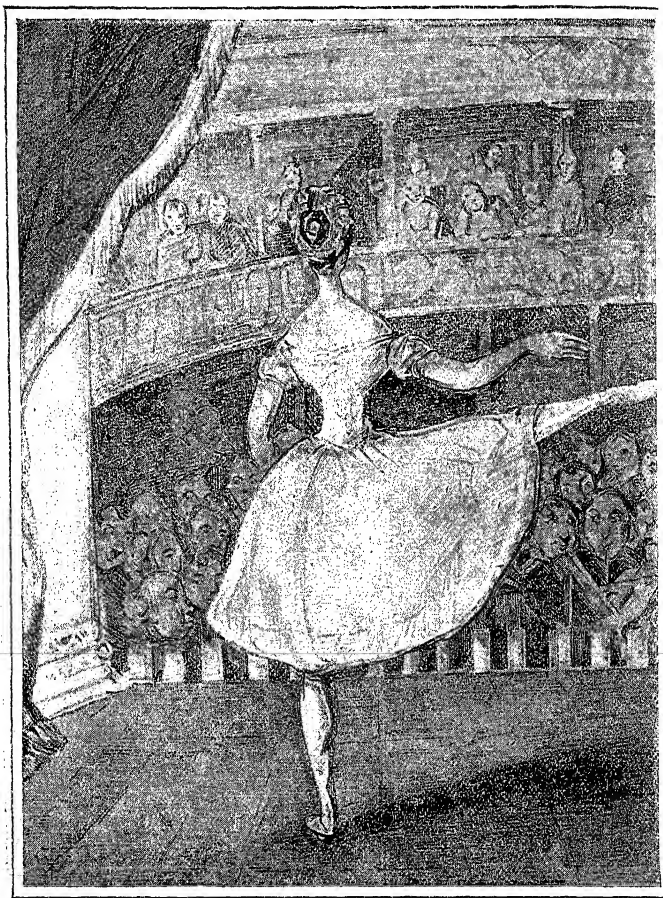
Theophile Wagstaffe



LA DANSE FAIT SES OFFRANDES SUR L'AUTEL DE L'HARMONIE



JEUX INNOCENS DE ZÉPHYR ET FLORE



FLORE DÉPLORE L'ABSENCE DE ZÉPHYR



DANS UN PAS-SEUL IL EXPRIME SON EXTRÊME DESESPOIR



TRISTE ET ABATTU,
LES SÉDUCTIONS DES NYMPHES LE TENTENT EN VAIN



RÉCONCILIATION DE FLORE ET ZÉPHYR



LA RETRAITE DE FLORE



LES DÉLASSEMENTS DE ZÉPHYR

REVIEWS FROM *THE TIMES*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.¹

[August 3 1837.]

SINCE the appearance of this work, within the last two months, it has raised among the critics and the reading public a strange storm of applause and discontent. To hear one party you would fancy that the author was but a dull madman, indulging in wild vagaries of language and dispensing with common sense and reason, while, according to another, his opinions are little short of inspiration, and his eloquence unbounded as his genius. We confess that in reading the first few pages we were not a little inclined to adopt the former opinion, and yet, after perusing the whole of this extraordinary work, we can allow, almost to their fullest extent, the high qualities with which Mr. Carlyle's idolaters endow him.

But never did a book sin so grievously from outward appearance, or a man's style so mar his subject and dim his genius. It is stiff, short, and rugged, it abounds with Germanisms and Latinisms, strange epithets, and choking double words, astonishing to the admirers of simple Addisonian English, to those who love history as it gracefully runs in Hume, or struts pompously in Gibbon—no such style is Mr. Carlyle's. A man, at the first onset, must take breath at the end of a sentence, or, worse still, go to sleep in the midst of it. But these hardships become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road, and he speedily learns to admire and sympathize; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images on door and buttress.

¹ *The French Revolution* By T. Carlyle. 3 vols., Fraser 1837.

There are, however, a happy few of Mr. Carlyle's critics and readers to whom these very obscurities and mysticisms of style are welcome and almost intelligible ; the initiated in metaphysics, the sages who have passed the veil of Kantian philosophy, and discovered that the 'critique of pure reason' is really that which it purports to be, and not the critique of pure nonsense, as it seems to worldly men : to these the present book has charms unknown to us, who can merely receive it as a history of a stirring time, and a skilful record of men's worldly thoughts and doings. Even through these dim spectacles a man may read and profit much from Mr. Carlyle's volumes.

He is not a party historian like Scott, who could not, in his benevolent respect for rank and royalty, see duly the faults of either : he is as impartial as Thiers, but with a far loftier and nobler impartiality.

No man can have read the admirable history of the French ex-Minister who has not been struck with this equal justice which he bestows on all the parties or heroes of his book. He has completely mastered the active part of the history : he has no more partiality for court than for regicide—scarcely a movement of intriguing king or republican which is unknown to him or undescribed. He sees with equal eyes Madame Roland or Marie Antoinette—bullying Brunswick on the frontier, or Marat at his butcher's work or in his cellar—he metes to each of them justice, and no more, finding good even in Butcher Marat or bullying Brunswick, and recording what he finds. What a pity that one gains such a contempt for the author of all this cleverness ! Only a rogue could be so impartial, for Thiers but views this awful series of circumstances in their very meanest and basest light, like a petty, clever statesman as he is, watching with wonderful accuracy all the moves of the great game, but looking for no more, never drawing a single moral from it, or seeking to tell aught beyond it.

Mr. Carlyle, as we have said, is as impartial as the illustrious academician and minister ; but with what different eyes he looks upon the men and the doings of this strange time ! To the one the whole story is but a bustling for places—a list of battles and intrigues—of kings and governments rising and falling ; to the other, the little actors of this great drama are striving but towards

a great end and moral. It is better to view it loftily from afar, like our mystic poetic Mr. Carlyle, than too nearly with sharp-sighted and prosaic Thiers. Thiers is the *valet de chambre* of this history, he is too familiar with its deshabille and offscourings : it can never be a hero to him.

It is difficult to convey to the reader a fair notion of Mr. Carlyle's powers or his philosophy, for the reader has not grown familiar with the strange style of this book, and may laugh perhaps at the grotesqueness of his teacher : in this some honest critics of the present day have preceded him, who have formed their awful judgements after scanning half a dozen lines, and damned poor Mr. Carlyle's because they chanced to be lazy. Here, at hazard, however, we fall upon the story of the Bastille capture ; the people are thundering at the gates, but Delaunay will receive no terms, raises his drawbridge, and gives fire. Now, cries Mr. Carlyle with an uncouth Orson-like shout :—

Bursts forth Insurrection, at sight of its own blood . . . into endless rolling explosion of musketry, distraction, execration ;—and over head, from the Fortress, let one great gun . . . go booming, to show what we *could* do. The Bastille is besieged !

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies ! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty ; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit ; for it is the hour ! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old-soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné ; smite at that Outer Drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee ! Never, over nave or fellow, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man ; down with it to Orcus : let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up for ever ! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some ' on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him : the chain yields, breaks ; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering (*avec fracas*). Glorious : and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact ;—Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced ; the inner Drawbridge with its *back* towards us : the Bastille is still to take !

Did ' Savage Rosa ' ever ' dash ' a more spirited battle sketch ? The two principal figures of the piece, placed in skilful relief, the raging multitude and sombre fortress admirably laid down ! In the midst of this writhing and wrestling ' the line too labours (Mr. Carlyle's line labours perhaps too often), and the words move slow.' The whole

story of the fall of the fortress and its defenders is told in a style similarly picturesque and real.

The poor Invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets : they have made a white flag of napkins ; go beating the *chamade*, or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the Portcullis look weary of firing ; disheartened in the fire-deluge : a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man ! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stone Ditch ; plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of Patriots,—he hovers perilous : such a Dove towards such an Ark ! Deftly, thou shifty Usher : one man already fell ; and lies smashed, far down there, against the masonry ! Usher Maillard falls not ; deftly, unerring he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through his porthole ; the shifty Usher snatches it, and returns. Terms of surrender : Pardon, immunity to all ! Are they accepted ?—‘ *Foi d’officier*, On the word of an officer,’ answers half-pay Hulin,—or half-pay Elie, for men do not agree on it, ‘they are.’ Sinks the drawbridge, —Usher Maillard bolting it when down ; rushes-in the living deluge : the Bastille is fallen ! *Victoire ! La Bastille est prise !*

This is prose run mad—no doubt of it—according to our notions of the sober gait and avocations of homely prose ; but is there not method in it, and could sober prose have described the incident in briefer words, more emphatically, or more sensibly ? And this passage, which succeeds the picture of storm and slaughter, opens (grotesque though it be) not in prose but in noble poetry ; the author describes the rest of France during the acting of this Paris tragedy—and by this peaceful image admirably heightens the gloom and storm of his first description :—

O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields ; on old women spinning in cottages ; on ships far out in the silent main ; on Balls at the Orangerie of Versailles, where high-rouged Dames of the Palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar-Officers ;—and also on this roaring Hell-porch of a Hôtel-de-Ville ! . . . One forest of distracted steel bristles, endless, in front of an Electoral Committee ; points itself, in horrid radii, against this and the other accused breast. It was the Titans warring with Olympus ; and they, scarcely crediting it, have *conquered !*

The reader will smile at the double-jackets and rouge, which never would be allowed entrance into a polite modern epic, but, familiar though they be, they complete the picture, and give it reality, that gloomy, rough,

Rembrandt-kind of reality which is Mr. Carlyle's style of historic painting.

In this same style Mr. Carlyle dashes off the portraits of his various characters as they rise in the course of the history. Take, for instance, this grotesque portrait of vapouring Tonneau Mirabeau, his life and death ; it follows a solemn, almost awful picture of the demise of his great brother :—

Here then the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our History ; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone, the flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred ; which seems as if in him, with one last effort, it had done its best, and then expired, and sunk down to the undistinguished level. Crabbed old Marquis Mirabeau, the Friend of Men, sleeps sound. . . . Barrel-Mirabeau already gone across the Rhine, his Regiment of Emigrants will drive nigh desperate. ' Barrel-Mirabeau,' says a biographer of his, ' went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments. But as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain Captain or Subaltern demanded admittance on business. Such Captain is refused ; he again demands, with refusal ; and then again ; till Colonel Viscount Barrel-Mirabeau, blazing up into a mere brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles out on this *canaille* of an intruder,—alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point, who had drawn with swift dexterity ; and dies, and the Newspapers name it *apoplexy* and *alarming accident*.' So die the Mirabeaus.

Mr. Carlyle gives this passage to ' a biographer,' but he himself must be the author of this History of a Tub ; the grim humour and style belong only to him. In a graver strain he speaks of Gabriel :—

New Mirabeaus one hears not of : the wild kindred, as we said, is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do ; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all the qualities they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted ; after whom they rest as if exhausted ; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen Last of the Mirabeaus is gone ; the chosen man of France is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis ; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man ! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks : much swims on the waste waters, far from help.

Here is a picture of *the* heroine of the Revolution :—

Radiant with enthusiasm are those dark eyes, is that strong Minerva-face, looking dignity and earnest joy ; joyfulest she where

all are joyful. . . . Reader, mark that queenlike burgher-woman : beautiful, Amazonian-graceful to the eye ; more so to the mind. Unconscious of her worth (as all worth is), of her greatness, of her crystal clearness ; genuine, the creature of Sincerity and Nature, in an age of Artificiality, Pollution and Cant ; there, in her still completeness, in her still invincibility, *she*, if thou knew it, is the noblest of all living Frenchwomen,—and will be seen, one day.

The reader, we think, will not fail to observe the real beauty which lurks among all these odd words and twisted sentences, living, as it were, in spite of the weeds ; but we repeat, that no mere extracts can do justice to the book ; it requires time and study. A first acquaintance with it is very unprepossessing, only familiarity knows its great merits, and values it accordingly.

We would gladly extract a complete chapter or episode from the work—the flight to Varennes, for instance, the huge coach bearing away the sleepy, dawdling, milk-sop royalty of France ; fiery Bouillé spreading abroad his scouts and Hussars, ‘ his electric thunder-chain of military outposts,’ as Mr. Carlyle calls them with one of his great similes. Paris in tremendous commotion, the country up and armed, to prevent the King’s egress, the chance of escape glimmering bright until the last moment, and only extinguished by bewildered Louis himself, too pious and too out-of-breath, too hungry and sleepy, to make one charge at the head of those gallant dragoons—one single blow to win crown and kingdom and liberty again ! We never read this hundred-times told tale with such a breathless interest as Mr. Carlyle has managed to instil into it. The whole of the sad story is equally touching and vivid, from the mean ignominious return down to the fatal 10th of August, when the sections beleaguered the King’s palace, and King Louis, with arms, artillery, and 2,000 true and gallant men, flung open the Tuileries gates and said ‘ *Marchons ! marchons !* ’ whither ? Not with *vive le Roi*, and roaring guns, and bright bayonets, sheer through the rabble who barred the gate, swift through the broad Champs Elysées, and the near barrier,—not to conquer or fall like a King and gentleman, but to the reporters’ box in the National Assembly, to be cooped and fattened until killing time ; to die trussed and tranquil like a fat capon. What a son for St. Louis ! What a husband for brave Antoinette !

Let us, however, follow Mr. Carlyle to the last volume, and passing over the time, when, in Danton's awful image, 'coalized Kings made war upon France, and France, as a gage of battle, flung the head of a King at their feet,' quote two of the last scenes of that awful tragedy, the deaths of bold Danton and 'seagreen' Robespierre, as Carlyle delights to call him.

On the night of the 30th of March Juryman Pâris came rushing in; haste looking through his eyes: A clerk of the *Salut* Committee had told him Danton's warrant was made out, he is to be arrested this very night! Entreaties there are and trepidation, of poor Wife, of Pâris and Friends: Danton sat silent for a while; then answered, '*Ils n'oseraient*, They dare not'; and would take no measures. Murmuring 'They dare not,' he goes to sleep as usual.

And yet, on the morrow morning, strange rumour spreads over Paris City: Danton, Camille, Phélippeaux, Lacroix have been arrested overnight! It is verily so: the corridors of the Luxembourg were all crowded, Prisoners crowding forth to see this giant of the Revolution enter among them. 'Messieurs,' said Danton politely, 'I hoped soon to have got you all out of this: but here I am myself; and one sees not where it will end.'—Rumour may spread over Paris: the Convention clusters itself into groups; wide-eyed, whispering, 'Danton arrested!' Who then is safe? Legendre, mounting the Tribune, utters, at his own peril, a feeble word for him; moving that he be heard at that Bar before indictment; but Robespierre frowns him down: 'Did you hear Chabot, or Bazire? Would you have two weights and measures?' Legendre cowers low: Danton, like the others, must take his doom.

Danton's Prison-thoughts were curious to have; but are not given in any quantity: indeed few such remarkable men have been left so obscure to us as this Titan of the Revolution. He was heard to ejaculate: 'This time twelvemonth, I was moving the creation of that same Revolutionary Tribunal. I crave pardon for it of God and man. They are all Brothers Cain; Brissot would have had me guillotined as Robespierre now will. I leave the whole business in a frightful welter (*gâchis épouvantable*): not one of them understands anything of government. Robespierre will follow me; I drag down Robespierre. O, it were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with governing of men.'—Camille's young beautiful Wife, who had made him rich not in money alone, hovers round the Luxembourg, like a disembodied spirit, day and night. Camille's stolen letters to her still exist; stained with the mark of his tears. 'I carry my head like a Saint-Sacrament?' so Saint-Just was heard to mutter: 'perhaps he will carry his like a Saint-Denis.'

Unhappy Danton, thou still unhappier light Camille, once light *Procureur de la Lanterne*, ye also have arrived, then, at the Bourne of Creation, where, like Ulysses Polytlas at the limit and utmost Gades of his voyage, gazing into that dim Waste beyond Creation,

a man does see *the Shade of his Mother*, pale, ineffectual ;—and days when his Mother nursed and wrapped him are all too sternly contrasted with this day ! Danton, Camille, Héroult, Westermann, and the others, very strangely massed up with Bazires, Swindler Chabots, Fabre d'Eglantines, Banker Freys, a most motley Batch, 'Fournée' as such things will be called, stand ranked at the Bar of Tinville. It is the 2nd of April 1794. Danton has had but three days to lie in Prison ; for the time presses.

'What is your name ? place of abode ?' and the like, Fouquier asks ; according to formality. 'My name is Danton,' answers he ; 'a name tolerably known in the Revolution : my abode will soon be Annihilation (*dans le Néant*) ; but I shall live in the Pantheon of History.' A man will endeavour to say something forcible, be it by nature or not ! Héroult mentions epigrammatically that he 'sat in this Hall, and was detested of Parlementeers.' Camille makes answer, 'My age is that of the *bon Sansculotte Jésus* ; an age fatal to Revolutionists.' O Camille, Camille ! And yet in that Divine Transaction, let us say, there did lie, among other things, the fatalest Reproof ever uttered here below to Worldly Right-honourableness ; 'the highest fact,' so devout Novalis calls it, 'in the Rights of Man.' Camille's real age, it would seem, is thirty-four. Danton is one year older.

Some five months ago, the trial of the Twenty-two Girondins was the greatest that Fouquier had then done. But here is a still greater to do ; a thing which tasks the whole faculty of Fouquier ; which makes the very heart of him waver. For it is the voice of Danton that reverberates now from these domes ; in passionate words, piercing with their wild sincerity, winged with wrath. Your best Witnesses he shivers into ruin at one stroke. He demands that the Committee-men themselves come as Witnesses, as Accusers ; he 'will cover them with ignominy.' He raises his huge stature, he shakes his huge black head, fire flashes from the eyes of him,—piercing to all Republican hearts : so that the very Galleries, though we filled them by ticket, murmur sympathy ; and are like to burst down, and raise the People, and deliver him ! He complains loudly that he is classed with Chabots, with swindling Stockjobbers ; that his Indictment is a list of platitudes and horrors. 'Danton hidden on the Tenth of August ?' reverberates he, with the roar of a lion in the toils : 'Where are the men that had to press Danton to show himself, that day ? Where are these high-gifted souls of whom he borrowed energy ? Let them appear, these Accusers of mine : I have all the clearness of my self-possession when I demand them. I will unmask the three shallow scoundrels,' *les trois plats coquins*, Saint-Just, Couthon, Lebas, 'who fawn on Robespierre, and lead him towards his destruction. Let them produce themselves here ; I will plunge them into Nothingness, out of which they ought never to have risen.' The agitated President agitates his bell ; enjoins calmness, in a vehement manner : 'What is it to thee how I defend myself ?' cries the other : 'the right of dooming me is thine always. The voice of a man speaking for his honour and his life may well

drown the jingling of thy bell !' Thus Danton, higher and higher ; till the lion-voice of him 'dies away in his throat' : speech will not utter what is in that man. The Galleries murmur ominously ; the first day's Session is over.

Danton carried a high look in the Death-cart. Not so Camille : it is but one week, and all is so topsyturvierd ; angel Wife left weeping ; love, riches, Revolutionary fame, left all at the Prison-gate ; carnivorous Rabble now howling round. Palpable, and yet incredible ; like a madman's dream ! Camille struggles and writhes ; his shoulders shuffle the loose coat off them, which hangs knotted, the hands tied : 'Calm, my friend,' said Danton ; 'heed not that vile canaille (*laissez là cette vile canaille*).' At the foot of the Scaffold, Danton was heard to ejaculate : 'O my Wife, my well-beloved, I shall never see thee more, then !'—but, interrupting himself : 'Danton, no weakness !' He said to Héroult Séchelles stepping forward to embrace him : 'Our heads will meet *there*,' in the Headsman's sack. His last words were to Samson the Headsman himself : 'Thou wilt show my head to the people ; it is worth showing.'

So passes, like a gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood, this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube ; born of 'good farmer-people' there. He had many sins ; but one worst sin he had not, that of Cant. No hollow Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this ; but a very Man : with all his dross he was a Man ; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick ; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.

This noble passage requires no comment, nor does that in which the poor wretched Robespierre shrieks his last shriek, and dies his pitiful and cowardly death. Tallien has drawn his theatrical dagger, and made his speech, trembling Robespierre has fled to the Hôtel de Ville, and Henriot, of the National Guard, clatters through the city, summoning the sections to the aid of the people's friend.

About three in the morning, the dissident Armed Forces have met. Henriot's Armed Force stood ranked in the Place de Grève ; and now Barras's, which he has recruited, arrives there ; and they front each other, cannon bristling against cannon. Citoyens ! cries the voice of Discretion loudly enough, Before coming to bloodshed, to endless civil-war, hear the Convention Decree read : 'Robespierre and all rebels Out of Law !'—Out of Law ? There is terror in the sound. Unarmed Citoyens disperse rapidly home. Municipal Cannoneers . . . range themselves on the Convention side, with shouting. At which shout, Henriot descends from his upper room, far gone in drink as some say ; finds his Place de Grève empty ; the

cannons' mouth turned *towards* him; and on the whole,—that it is now the catastrophe!

Stumbling in again, the wretched drunk-sobered Henriot announces: 'All is lost!' '*Misérable*, it is thou that hast lost it,' cry they; and fling him, or else he flings himself, out of window: far enough down; into masonwork and horror of cesspool; not into death but worse. Augustin Robespierre follows him; with the like fate. Saint-Just . . . called on Lebas to kill him; who would not. Couthon crept under a table; attempting to kill himself; not doing it.—On entering that Sanhedrim of Insurrection, we find all as good as extinct; undone, ready for seizure. Robespierre was sitting on a chair, with pistol-shot blown through not his head but his under-jaw; the suicidal hand had failed. With prompt zeal, not without trouble, we gather these wrecked Conspirators; fish up even Henriot and Augustin, bleeding and foul; pack them all, rudely enough, into carts; and shall, before sunrise, have them safe under lock and key. Amid shoutings and embracings.

Robespierre lay in an anteroom of the Convention Hall, while his Prison-escort was getting ready; the mangled jaw bound up rudely with bloody linen, a spectacle to men. He lies stretched on a table, a deal-box his pillow; the sheath of the pistol is still clenched convulsively in his hand. Men bully him, insult him: his eyes still indicate intelligence; he speaks no word. 'He had on the sky-blue coat he had got made for the feast of the *Être Suprême*.'—O Reader, can thy hard heart hold out against that? His trousers were nankeen; the stockings had fallen down over the ankles. He spake no word more in this world.

The Death-tumbrils, with their motley Batch of Outlaws, some Twenty-three or so, from Maximilien to Mayor Fleuriot and Simon the Cordwainer, roll on. All eyes are on Robespierre's Tumbril, where he, his jaw bound in dirty linen, with his half-dead Brother, and half-dead Henriot, lie shattered; their 'seventeen hours' of agony about to end. The Gendarmes point their swords at him, to show the people which is he. A woman springs on the Tumbril, clutching the side of it with one hand, waving the other Sibyl-like; and exclaims: 'The death of thee gladdens my very heart, *m'enivre de joie*;' Robespierre opened his eyes; '*Scélérat*, go down to Hell, with the curses of all wives and mothers!'—At the foot of the scaffold, they stretched him on the ground till his turn came. Lifted aloft, his eyes again opened; caught the bloody axe. Samson wrenched the coat off him; wrenched the dirty linen from his jaw: the jaw fell powerless, there burst from him a cry;—hideous to hear and see. Samson, thou canst not be too quick!

Samson's work done, there bursts forth shout on shout of applause. Shout, which prolongs itself not only over Paris, but over France, but over Europe, and down to this generation. Deservedly, and also undeservedly. O unhappiest Advocate of Arras, wert thou

worse than other Advocates? Stricter man, according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age. A man fitted, in some luckier settled age, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons. His poor landlord, the Cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint-Honoré, loved him; his Brother died for him. May God be merciful to him, and to us!

The reader will see in the above extracts most of the faults, and a few of the merits, of this book. He need not be told that it is written in an eccentric prose, here and there disfigured by grotesque conceits and images; but, for all this, it betrays most extraordinary powers—learning, observation, and humour. Above all, it has no CANT. It teems with sound, hearty philosophy (besides certain transcendentalisms which we do not pretend to understand), it possesses genius, if any book ever did. It wanted no more for keen critics to cry fie upon it! Clever critics who have such an eye for genius, that when Mr. Bulwer published his forgotten book concerning Athens, they discovered that no historian was like to him; that he, on his Athenian hobby, had quite out-trotted stately Mr. Gibbon; and with the same creditable unanimity they cried down Mr. Carlyle's history, opening upon it a hundred little piddling sluices of small wit, destined to wash the book sheer away; and lo! the book remains, it is only the poor wit which has run dry.

We need scarcely recommend this book and its timely appearance, now that some of the questions solved in it seem almost likely to be battled over again. The hottest Radical in England may learn by it that there is something more necessary for him even than his mad liberty—the authority, namely, by which he retains his head on his shoulders and his money in his pocket, which privileges that by-word 'liberty' is often unable to secure for him. It teaches (by as strong examples as ever taught anything) to rulers and to ruled alike moderation, and yet there are many who would react the same dire tragedy, and repeat the experiment tried in France so fatally. 'No Peers—no Bishops—no property qualification—no restriction of suffrage.' Mr. Leader bellows it out at Westminster, and Mr. Roebuck croaks it at Bath. Pert quacks at public meetings joke about hereditary legislators, journalists gibe at them, and moody starving labourers,

who do not know how to jest, but can hate lustily, are told to curse crowns and coronets as the origin of their woes and their poverty, and so did the clever French spouters and journalists gibe at royalty, until royalty fell poisoned under their satire; and so did the screaming hungry French mob curse royalty until they overthrew it: and to what end? To bring tyranny and leave starvation, battering down bastilles to erect guillotines, and murdering kings to set up emperors in their stead.

We do not say that in our own country similar excesses are to be expected or feared; the cause of complaint has never been so great, the wrong has never been so crying on the part of the rulers, as to bring down such fearful retaliation from the governed. Mr. Roebuck is not Robespierre, and Mr. Attwood, with his threatened legion of fiery Marseillois, is at best but a Brummagem Barbaroux. But men alter with circumstances; six months before the kingly *déchéance*, the bitter and bilious advocate of Arras spake with tears in his eyes about good King Louis, and the sweets and merits of constitutional monarchy and hereditary representation: and so he spoke until his own turn came, and his own delectable guillotining system had its hour. God forbid that we should pursue the simile with regard to Mr. Roebuck so far as this; God forbid, too, that he ever should have the trial.

True; but we have no right, it is said, to compare the Republicanism of England with that of France, no right to suppose that such crimes would be perpetrated in a country so enlightened as ours. Why is there peace and liberty and a republic in America? No guillotining, no ruthless Yankee tribunes retaliating for bygone tyranny by double oppression? Surely the reason is obvious—because there was no hunger in America; because there were easier ways of livelihood than those offered by ambition. Banish Queen, and Bishops, and Lords, seize the lands, open the ports, or shut them (according to the fancy of your trades' unions and democratic clubs, who have each their freaks and hobbies), and are you a whit richer in a month, are your poor Spitalfields men vending their silks, or your poor Irishmen reaping their harvests at home? Strong interest keeps Americans quiet, not Government; here there is always a party which is interested in rebellion. People America like England, and the poor

weak rickety republic is jostled to death in the crowd. Give us this republic to-morrow, and it would share no better fate ; have not all of us the power, and many of us the interest, to destroy it ?

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE ¹

[January 6, 1838.]

THE dignity of history sadly diminishes as we grow better acquainted with the materials which compose it. In our orthodox history-books the characters move on as a gaudy playhouse procession, a glittering pageant of kings and warriors, and stately ladies, majestically appearing and passing away. Only he who sits very near to the stage can discover of what stuff the spectacle is made. The kings are poor creatures, taken from the dregs of the company ; the noble knights are dirty dwarfs in tin foil ; the fair ladies are painted hags with cracked feathers and soiled trains. One wonders how gas and distance could ever have rendered them so bewitching.

The perusal of letters like these produces a very similar disenchantment ; and the great historical figures dwindle down into the common proportions as we come to view them so closely. Kings, Ministers and Generals form the principal *dramatis personae* ; and if we may pursue the stage comparison a little further, eye never lighted upon a troop more contemptible. Mighty political changes had been worked in the country, others threatened it equally great. Great questions were agitated—whether the Protestant religion should be the dominant creed of the State, and the Elector of Hanover a King, or whether Papacy should be restored, and James III placed on the throne—whether the continental despotism aimed at by Louis should be established, or the war continued, to maintain the balance of power in Europe, or at least to assure the ascendancy of England,—on these points our letter-

¹ *The Private Correspondence of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Illustrative of the Court and Times of Queen Anne, with her Sketches and Opinions of her Contemporaries and the Select Correspondence of her Husband, John, Duke of Marlborough.* In two volumes. London : Colburn, 1838.

writers hardly deign to say a word. The political question seems only to be used as an engine for the abuse of the opposite party. The main point is whether Harley shall be in, or Godolphin; how Mrs. Masham, the chambermaid, can be checked or won over; how the Duchess of Marlborough can regain her lost influence over the Queen; or whether the Duke is strong enough to do without it, can force his Captain-Generalcy for life, and compel the Queen to insure to his daughters the pensions and places of their mother.

The volumes are compiled from the materials which Archdeacon Coxe had heaped together before he wrote his voluminous panegyric upon the Duke of Marlborough; and though some of the letters have already been printed in Coxe's work, they are far more interesting and lively in their present natural state than when dressed and garbled with the long explanations of that respectable historian. The first volume contains a number of letters from the Duke of Marlborough to his Duchess during the last five years of his command and victories in Flanders—namely, from 1706 to 1710; a long and interesting series of Maynwaring's letters to the latter, and some few from Hare, Halifax, Walpole, Sunderland, and Godolphin.

We have, moreover, at the commencement of the collection, one or two letters from Queen Anne, who had not altogether broken the ties which bound her to her old friend, and still addressed her with the silly and sentimental nickname which she had adopted in their early correspondence. The Duchess, who piqued herself (and with much justice) upon her freedom of speech, addressed the Queen as her affectionate Freeman, and that tender and maudlin sovereign was wont to sign herself in reply 'her sweet Mrs. Freeman's poor faithful Morley.'

Her sweet Mrs. Freeman's advice and remonstrances, her wayward humours, her restless jealousy, her captious, quarrelsome, 'honest' affection, were borne by poor dear Morley for long years with exemplary forbearance. The Queen was too lazy to seek for another favourite, the Duchess too fiery and jealous to permit another to share her affection. Anne's letters to her before she ascended the throne, and for a short time afterwards, are like those of a sentimental schoolgirl to her teacher—Freeman in all things correcting and advising, Morley following with all

possible respect and duty. And sternly honest as she avowed herself to be, it must be confessed that our brave Duchess had managed to secure a moderate portion of the world's goods for herself and her kin. She herself and her children afterwards received marriage portions from the Princess; her poor dear Morley offered her *de ses propres deniers* £5,000 a year, which, after incredible struggles, faithful Freeman was induced actually to accept; and to crown all, when the latter, by the death of King William, came into her full estate, Mrs. Freeman had the very best and largest and richest employments under her; the worthy Mr. Freeman likewise coming in for such a share of the honours and splendour as fell to the lot of no other subject of the Queen. It may be as well to see what was his previous conduct in the reign of her father and her predecessor.

Disgusted with the conduct of King William, Marlborough and his great ally, Godolphin, determined to desert that monarch, as they had done King James before. Godolphin, in an agony of repentance, offered to give up his post, and move heaven and earth for a restoration of James. Marlborough, who, as is shown by the enthusiastic Archdeacon Coxe, had forgotten friendship, gratitude, and loyalty, for the sake of religion¹ (*tantum religio potuit suadere*), all of a sudden forgot his attachment to the Thirty-nine Articles, and swore he would sacrifice everything, up to his wife and children, for King James. He promised to bring over his Flanders army, and induced the King's daughter and son-in-law, who had, like himself, deserted their father and benefactor, to write repentant epistles, and earnestly to pray for his return. What was the cause of the penitent Earl's conversion? The Princess Anne, who was then tied to the apron-strings of her dear Mrs. Freeman, had been refused her pension; the Whigs were favourites with the King, and Anne and her party detestable to him; and more, King Louis was uttering awful threats from Versailles, and preparing mighty armaments to replace the exiled monarch. The future

¹ He writes to the Prince of Orange: 'I thought it my duty to your Highness and the Princess Royal by this opportunity of M. Dykvell, to give you assurances, under my own hand, that my places and the King's favour I set at nought in comparison of being true to my religion.'—COXE, i. 34.

conqueror of Blenheim was doing that which the victor of Waterloo did not—he was securing a retreat for himself. If William was worsted, he had his private correspondence with James, and his solemn oaths to desert,¹ or in any other way to sacrifice wife and family, should his imposed Sovereign so command—if James were vanquished, he had but to deny his correspondence, to curse the Papist traitor who had forged his immaculate name, and to swear again by the blessed Thirty-nine Articles, as on a former occasion. Storming redoubts with Monmouth² or Eugene,³ crushing Villeroi at Ramillies, or Villars at Malplaquet, Marlborough was a MAN,⁴ cool, modest, daring, intrepid—there is no English general (save one) who can compare with him. Cringing for place, or retailing pitiful court scandal, in favour or out, flattering James or William, or deserting either, his great rival of latter days, Mrs. Masham (whom Maynwaring, in one of his clever mean letters, calls the ‘stinking chambermaid’), was his superior in intellect and his equal in honesty.

The power of satire hardly ever displayed itself in so mean and disgusting a form as in Swift’s character of the Duke and his lady. The father of lies himself could not have invented sneers more diabolical.

‘I shall say nothing,’ says the veracious Dean, ‘of his military accomplishments, which the opposite reports of his friends and enemies have rendered problematical; but if he be among those who delight in war, it is agreed not to be for the reasons common with other generals. Those maligners *who deny him personal valour* seem not to consider that this accusation is charged at a venture, since the person of a wise general is too seldom exposed to form any judgement in the matter; and that fear which is said to have sometimes disconcerted him before an action, might probably be more for his army than himself. He was bred in the height of what is called the Tory principle, and continued with a strong bias that way until the other party had bid for him more than his friends were disposed to give. We are not to take the height of his ambition from his soliciting to be made General for life. I am persuaded his chief motive was the pay and perquisites by continuing the war; and that he had *then* no intention of settling the crown on his family, his only son having been dead some years before. That

¹ Macpherson.

² Campaign with Turenne, 1672.

³ Blenheim, 1704.

⁴ The reader remembers the Duke’s exclamation, on seeing, in his old age, his portrait as a youth—‘That was once a man!’

liberality which nature has denied him with respect to money, he makes up by a great profusion of promises ; but this perfection, so necessary in courts, is not very successful in camps, among soldiers, who are not refined enough to understand or to relish it.

‘ His wife, the Duchess, may justly challenge her place in this list. It is to her that the Duke is chiefly indebted for his greatness and his fall. For above twenty years she possessed without a rival the favours of the most indulgent mistress in the world, nor ever missed one single opportunity that fell in her way of improving it to her own advantage. She has preserved a tolerable Court reputation with respect to love and gallantry ; but three furies raged in her breast, the most mortal enemies of all softer passions, which were sordid avarice, disdainful pride, and ungovernable rage ; by the last of these, often breaking out in sallies of the most unpardonable kind, she had long alienated her Sovereign’s mind before it appeared to the world. This lady is not without some degree of wit, and has in her time affected the character of it by the usual method of arguing against religion, and proving the doctrines of Christianity to be impossible and absurd. Imagine what such a spirit, irritated by the loss of power, favour, and employment, is capable of acting or attempting, and I have then said enough.’

We have given Swift’s sentiments as more curious than authentic ; for they show how bitterly party spirit was carried in this political war, and how the partisans of Harley were disposed to judge of the services and intrigues of Marlborough and his friends. The Duke and his party of course judge their enemies with no less severity. The Dean’s strictures, however, are scandalously mean, and what adds to their baseness is the fact, manifested in many places of Swift’s diaries, that he entertained the highest admiration of Marlborough. Swift does not, indeed, in this passage, swear that Marlborough, the hero of fifty battles, was incompetent or a coward, but with marvellous ingenuity, he hints both. He shows him to be a trimmer in politics (and on this point the Dean ought certainly to have some knowledge from his own private experience) ; he pretends that he was conspiring for no less than the crown, and declares that his sole wish to keep the command over the army was occasioned by his love for the salary received and the vast plunder to be won. With regard to the first charge, it is sheer folly and knavery to urge it. *Le bel Anglais*, who had received the thanks of Louis XIV, and had fought under Turenne, was not likely to forget the gallantry which he had shown in his early years. That he was not prodigal of his person in the numerous

sanguinary battles which were fought under his command, we can readily believe. He was not the man, like crack-brained Peterborough, to covet danger for danger's sake, and esteeming courage at precisely its right value, never exposed himself except when necessity called upon him to do so. The same stupid accusation of shyness was laid against Napoleon, and in the early part of his career against the Duke of Wellington, and with the same feeling of malignant party spirit.

Another accusation against the Duke—‘that he loved the war for the profits it brought him’—bears perhaps a better foundation, nor is Swift the only person who made it. The Tory party in their address to the Queen in 1711 say, ‘That they have much reason to expect that what was intended to shorten the war has proved the very cause of its long continuance, for those to whom the profits of it have accrued have been disposed not easily to forgo them. And your Majesty will hence discern *why so many have delighted in a war which brought in so rich a harvest yearly from Great Britain.*’

In spite of all the bright achievements recorded in the reign of Anne, there is not, we think, a meaner page in our *past* history; the party who make this accusation against Marlborough are not a whit more honest than he. We have a hero leading his soldiers to a thousand extraordinary victories, and squeezing a percentage out of their miserable pay, and a profit from their scanty black bread. Walpole is detected taking bribes at the War Office, and Cardonnell is dismissed for similar knavery. Oxford is intriguing with Mrs. Masham, and Bolingbroke against Oxford, and the Queen with the Pretender. The Whigs delay the peace, and the Tories ruin it. But to remain in place, no crime is too great, and no meanness too small. And whether sneaking into preferment under the petticoats of Mrs. Masham, or degrading the country and betraying it (by that disgraceful peace, which lost to us all the benefits of the struggle commenced by the brave and prudent King William), Oxford seems to have but one single aim in view—himself namely. He will throw over the Queen, the Pretender, the Elector, he will cringe to Marlborough or betray anything, so that he may keep the white staff and be my Lord Treasurer still.

We might follow up the tale with the treason and

humiliation of Bolingbroke, at once the accomplished profligate and the plausible and unprincipled statesman ; but we are outstepping the limits of this history, which do not extend quite so far as the period of the Duke of Marlborough's disgrace, the catastrophe of Denain, the shameless peace of Utrecht, the death of Anne, and the battle of parties over her corpse.

The Duke's letters are written in the midst of his campaigns, and serve to show some of the most favourable points of his character. We may gather from some of his replies, that the Duchess, true to herself, was in the habit of addressing him in that querulous and violent strain which she used to her dear Mrs. Morley and all the world beside. The Duke answers with most admirable meekness : in the very midst of the heat of battle he is thinking of her and home, and sighing for quiet. We should fancy from the honest Duchess's character, that Woodstock or St. Albans was not exactly the place to find repose ; but her husband's good-humour is imperturbable : he loves her as much after five-and-thirty years as when pretty Sarah Jennings was courted by the gay young Colonel Churchill.

The following is his letter from Ramillies,—one might fancy Sir Charles Grandison, in his best wig, writing it to Miss Byron :—

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE DUCHESS OF
MARLBOROUGH.

RAMILLIES, Monday, May 24, 11 o'clock, 1706.

I did not tell my dearest soul the design I had of engaging the enemy if possible to a battle, fearing the concern she has for me might make her uneasy. But I can now give her the satisfaction of letting her know that on Sunday last we fought, and that God Almighty has been pleased to give us a victory. I must leave the particulars to this bearer, Colonel Richards, for having been on horseback all Sunday, and after the battle marching all night, my head aches to that degree that it is very uneasy to me to write. Poor Bingfield, holding my stirrup for me, and helping me on horseback, was killed. I am told that he leaves his wife and mother in a poor condition. I can't write to any of my children, so you will let them know I am well, and that I desire they will thank God for preserving me ; and pray give my duty to the Queen, and let her know the truth of my heart, that the greatest pleasure I have in this success is, that it may be a great service to her affairs, for I am sincerely sensible of all her goodness to me and mine. Pray believe me when I assure you that I love you more than I can express.

There is something very touching in the kind-hearted simplicity of the great conqueror, who thinks of 'poor Bingfield's wife and mother,' and his own wife and children, in the midst of all the hurry and triumph of a great victory. The following extract shows him in an equally amiable light ; it is evident that the brave old Duchess has been in one of her tantrums :—

I have received yours of the 6th this morning. Could you be thoroughly sensible of the uneasiness I have had for the last six weeks, and still lie under, you would not have used so hard an expression to Mr. Freeman, by saying he was as cautious in his writing as if he writ to a spy. I do assure you that he would with pleasure always let you know his heart and soul ; and, besides that he has not time for the present business, he has said on several occasions so much on the obstinate perseverance of the Queen, that I wish Mrs. Freeman could see that the Queen is not capable of being changed by reason ; so that you shall be quiet till the time comes when she must change. As to what you say of the offer of King Charles to me, my thought is the same with yours. I had rather live a quiet life with your love and kindness, than with the most ambitious employment any Prince can give.

A quiet life, Heaven help him !—in the midst of some of the storms of Marlborough House he must have sighed for the repose of Ramillies, and the quiet cannonading of Malplaquet. His letter upon that victory is very curious and interesting :—

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE DUCHESS OF
MARLBOROUGH.

I am obliged to you for the account you give me of the building of Blenheim in yours of the 21st, and the further account you intend me after the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury have seen what is done. You will see by my former letters, as well as by this, that I can take pleasure in nothing as long as you continue uneasy and think me unkind. I do assure you, upon my honour and salvation, that the only reason why I did not write was, that I am very sure it would have had no other effect than that of being shown to Mrs. Masham, by which she would have had an opportunity of turning it as she pleased, so that when I shall speak to the Queen of their harsh behaviour to you, they would have been prepared. I beg you to be assured, that if ever I see the Queen, I shall speak to them as you would have me, and that all the actions of my life shall make the Queen, as well as all the world, sensible that you are dearer to me than life, for I am fonder of

happiness than I am of my own life, which I cannot enjoy unless you are kind. Having written thus far, I received intelligence that the French were on their march to attack us. We immediately got ourselves ready, and marched to a post some distance from our camp. We came in presence yesterday at between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, but as there are several . . . between us, we only cannonaded each other. They have last night intrenched their camp, by which they show plainly that they have changed their mind, and will not attack us, so that we must take our measures in seeing which way we can be most troublesome to them.

This afternoon the brigade which made the siege of Tournay will join us, and then we shall have all the troops we can expect; for those we have left for the blocking up of Mons must continue where they are. I do not yet know whether I shall have an opportunity of sending this letter to-night; if not, I shall add to it what may pass to-morrow. In the meantime, I can't hinder saying to you, that, though the fate of Europe, if these armies engage, may depend upon the good or bad success, yet your uneasiness gives me much greater trouble.

I am so tired that I have but strength enough to tell you that we have had this day a very bloody battle; the first part of the day we beat their foot, and afterwards their horse. God Almighty be praised, it is now in our power to have what peace we please, and I may be pretty well assured of [never] being in another battle; but nothing in this world can make me happy if you are not kind.

The latter part of this letter shows the noblest qualities of the Duke. Nothing can be more modest, more tender, or more manly. We see a hero before us in this man on the field of battle; his brilliancy fades elsewhere and sinks into the very commonest light of common day.

The reader need not be told that this was Marlborough's last great victory. Two years afterwards he was dismissed from his command, and between his own faults and those of his successors, the fruits of his long victories were cast away. Louis's commissioners, humbled and powerless, were willing to accept almost any terms of peace; but those proposed by the Duke were so outrageous (demanding that Louis should send an army to dethrone his own grandson in Spain), that the French Ambassador refused at once to treat. The Duke's recall speedily followed, and the heart and spirit of the mighty British army went with him. Louis rallied: with inconceivable folly, the Tories separated the British troops from their allies, and made a separate peace. It was a noble conclusion to this great war! The only advantage which Great Britain gained by all its

glories, sacrifices, and triumphs, was a privilege *to supply the Spanish colonies with negroes!*

We propose on another day to look at the letters in these volumes which more concern the Duchess, her quarrels, her friends, and intrigues.

EROS AND ANTEROS; OR, 'LOVE'¹

BY LADY CHARLOTTE BURY

AND A DIARY RELATIVE TO GEORGE IV AND QUEEN CAROLINE²

[January 11, 1838.]

CUPID ought to have reviewed the first of these books—*Love*,—but his Lordship was engaged with some of his *other* foreign affairs, and therefore it has been done by divers hands. We propose merely to describe it.

The plot of her Ladyship's novel, or rather the text on which she writes her sermon on love, runs thus:—

A most beautiful and innocent person, Lady Herbert by name, marries, at the commencement of the first volume, Lord Herbert, one of the handsomest men in the three kingdoms, to whom she brings an immense fortune and a heart redundant with the tenderest feelings.

After they have been married about three weeks (and are residing at Moreton Park, the country seat of the happy couple), Lord Herbert discovers that the attractions of the honeymoon are not sufficient for him; seeks acquaintance among his neighbours—with one Sir Something Gregory especially; courses, hunts, shoots, gets tipsy with Sir Gregory, and insults his wife in the grossest way.

He comes to Herbert House, in London; a daughter is born to him; she grows up in the course of a few chapters to fourteen or fifteen years of age. Lord Herbert becomes acquainted with a Sir Charles Lennard; gambles, deserts his home, and goes, to use a common phrase, 'to the deuce.'

¹ *Love*. By the authoress of *Flirtation*. In three volumes. London: Colburn. 1837.

² *Diary relative to the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with Original Letters from the late Queen Caroline, and from various other Distinguished Persons*. London: Colburn. 1838.

He then forms an intimacy with a Signora Lanti, an Italian singer ; he steals or forces from his wife her Ladyship's family jewels, and makes them a present to the Lanti. Nay more, this fashionable and exclusive husband, after cheating Lady Herbert out of her trinkets, insists upon bringing the Lanti to Herbert House, *introduces her to his wife and daughter*, and she (Lanti) appears in Lady Herbert's jewels ! Hereabouts a charming episode is introduced in the work. Lady Herbert, walking to a race ball, is insulted by the mob—my Lord rescues her—swears at her because her dress is *trop décolletée*, and makes her appear at the window and courtesy to the populace which had used her so ill. Tired and indignant, my Lady retires to rest ; my Lord, who has been drinking at the race-dinner, speedily joins her, *kicks her out of bed on to the floor*, and then proceeds to belabour her as she lies on the ground. She flies to a female friend on the second story, and lies on *her floor* all night, in an agony of tears, bruises, and mortification.

His Lordship, waking in the morning, repents of the 'eccentricities' of the previous night, and begs Lady Herbert's pardon ; that loving creature forgives him all, and they are as good friends as ever.

A little time afterwards, Sir Charles Lennard, attracted by her beauty, makes to her the most passionate and immoral declarations. She informs her excellent husband. He swears it is folly to quarrel about such trifles, *and bids her receive the honourable baronet as before*. His tender wife says nothing, but does as she is bid.

Lady Herbert has adopted into her family an orphan girl, one Miss Clermont ; the grateful young lady, seeing Lord Herbert's weaknesses, adopts all sorts of methods to entice him. Knowing that he is attached to gambling, she learns in secret the art of billiards, she gains large sums of money for the noble lord, and thereby wins his heart. She runs away to Brighton ; he follows her : they then decamp to Dieppe. Lady Herbert writes to her husband (after she has been made aware of the fact), and says, that for her daughter's sake she will pardon all, if her dear Francis will but come back.

At Dieppe, where the guilty couple are staying at the 'hostelrie' of the *Aigle Noir*, Lieutenant Clermont, R.N. (Miss's brother), finds them out by accident, calls out my

Lord, shoots him, and leaves him dangerously ill. Lady and Miss Herbert arrive to comfort him. Miss Clermont goes mad. His Lordship dies in great agonies, and his wife forgives him as usual.

This is but the end of the second volume ; shall we confess that we have not read the third ? If this is exclusive love, it should be a lesson to all men never to marry a woman beyond the rank of a milkmaid, and *vice versa*. But may we venture humbly to ask, are exclusives, fashionables, lords, or whatever they are called, so continually drunk ? Do they allow men to make declarations to their wives, and encourage them afterwards ? Do they kick their ladies out of bed ? Do they, after having so ejected them, proceed to flog them as they lie on the floor ?

The next volume of the novel turns (as we are told, for we have not read a line of it) upon the love which Lady Herbert and Miss Herbert have *for somebody else*. The mother and daughter are rivals—a sweet subject, involving much complicated interest, and eliciting, doubtless, a great deal of moral disquisition.

We quote a very few brief extracts from *Love*, as specimens of the style of that work.

Miss Clermont *loquitur*. She debates about the propriety of accepting Captain Danesford, and giving up her wicked intentions with regard to my Lord H.

‘ Very likely, Captain Danesford, I may repent of having refused your offer ; you will live to see Anna Clermont humbled in the dust. But still I could not—no, I would not—marry Captain Danesford, *that rough, ugly man*. Oh no. And in the meantime I am free to weave a web of doubtful tissue—a mixture of hues of dazzling brightness, and of darkest gloom.’

Miss Clermont plays at billiards. After leading her antagonist a deuce of a game, she says—

‘ Come, I will not pocket the red ball this time, but I will lay you so close to the cushion that you shall make nothing of the advantage.’

There is a general dismay—her adversary can do nothing with the red ball, and Miss Clermont wins the game. All the company admire, except one—Lord de Montmorenci.

Lord Herbert, already nourishing his profligate designs, says fiercely to Lord M——

‘ Those who do not feel happy when I have obtained success, are not my friends, and to cast a puritanical reproach upon the person—

a woman too—who has done me such a signal service as Miss Clermont has done, *is not interested in my welfare.*'

It is thus that men, even in the very highest society, when agitated by their passions, forget their grammar.

Another similar :—

' *Looks !* Miss Clermont,' and he added with a peculiar emphasis as he spoke, ' many *look* good, you know, *wh- are* bad ; the fairest fruit is often most rotten at the core.'

' A woman's *looks* is often not the mirror of her soul.'

No more they *is*, and no mistake. The next sentence is quite as remarkable. The tempter Lennard tries to inveigle Lord Herbert from his wife.

' *La petite Annette* (Miss Clermont) would establish herself near you, and all would go on *in good taste.*'

' Why, to say truth, I am half inclined, Lennard, only—Mabel !'

' Oh ! hang that old lady's name ; she is certainly a witch, you are so afraid of her.'

How that word *old* disenchants a man ; but witch—he could not swallow his wife *being called a witch.*

The passage is elegant, though borrowed. ' Why,' says an ancient though polite writer, ' Why witch ? Mr. Wilds, why witch ?'

We have but one more little extract, and we have done. After flying to Dieppe, to the ' *hostelrie* ' of the *Aigle Noir* (as we have already had the honour to remark), the miserable pair of runaways are left to their own society, and the stings of their own conscience.

A note was brought in to Lord Herbert ; he knew from whom it was, and its contents, before he opened it. Frederick Clermont appointed a meeting that night, at a lonely part of the shore to the left of the town, and desired him to bring a friend with him.

Miss Clermont insisted on seeing the paper.

Lord Herbert tore it.

Suddenly the former assumed a composure, which, however, did not deceive her companion ; but glad of any change for the time which gave him liberty to collect his thoughts, he appeared likewise to be deceived, *and those two miserable beings sat down opposite to each other, and looked as if they were formed to be mutual scourges !*

We shall not comment upon this ' apposite ' simile. Heaven forbid that any reader of this paper should be *tête-à-tête*, or (more correctly speaking) *dos-à-dos*, under any such circumstances ; to be so situated with a *mutual scourge* would be punishment terrific indeed. If, indeed,

a man having been drunk in the honeymoon, has kicked his wife out of bed—if he has encouraged her to receive the attentions of a friend, such an infliction might, perhaps, be necessary and deserved. But, thank Heaven, the world (unless in the most exclusive circles) does not do this. Drunken Irish hodmen may occasionally indulge in such frolics, but not lords and gentlemen, as we humbly suppose. Ladies may be neglected in genteel society, but they are not often *thrashed*. Husbands may be unfaithful, but they do not introduce mistresses to their wives and daughters; and ladies must be loving silly fools indeed, if they allow such indignities to be practised on them, and yet love on.

'Tis against this particular doctrine of Lady Charlotte Bury's that we cry out. We are not anxious to show that the details of her Ladyship's novels are dull, and the morals faulty; the reader can draw his conclusion for himself. We only beg humbly to offer the opinion, that a lady when she is kicked by her husband, is not in duty bound to live with him; and that when she is betrayed and insulted by him, she is worse than a fool to respect or to love him. In fact, the passion in such a case is not love, but a base, degrading, prurient imbecility.

It is impossible, however, to say how all this may be in exclusive society, but we may whisper that any member of such society who betrays its mode of life (if such be its mode of life) is a very silly and ridiculous person.

DIARY OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE IV

We have another work of Lady Charlotte Bury's before us; for though there is an attempt to mystify the reader as to the sex, and no mention of the name of the author, anybody who has read the book (or, like ourselves, has had the advantage to peruse also the delectable novel of which we have just been writing) must at once see that the romance called *Love*, and the publication entitled a *Diary of the Reign of George IV*, are the work of the same pen.

With regard to *Love*, when we wrote the above paragraph concerning it, out of respect for the sex, and perhaps for the rank of the authoress, we were unwilling to deal hardly with her work. It would have been easy to do more than simply laugh at the novel of *Love*, and show that that silly

book was a wicked one likewise, which we were grieved and angry to see published under her Ladyship's name ; but *Love* was too dull to be dangerous, and too entirely vapid and insignificant to be efficiently immoral.

In speaking of the present work, it is neither our wish nor our duty to be so guarded. We never met with a book more pernicious or more mean. It possesses that interest which the scandalous chronicles of Brantôme, and Rabutin and the ingenious Mrs. Harriette Wilson have excited before, and is precisely of a similar class. It does worse than chronicle the small beer of a Court—the materials of this book are infinitely more base, the foul tittle-tattle of the sweepings of the Princess of Wales's bed-chamber or dressing-room, her table or ante-room, the reminiscences of industrious eaves-dropping, the careful records of her unguarded moments, and the publication of her confidential correspondence, are the chief foundations for this choice work. Add to this scandal of the Prince of Wales, sneering small-talk about the Princess Charlotte, a few old women's tales of families moving in what is called high life. and paw-paw stories of their domestic infidelities and peccadilloes, and we have an accurate catalogue of the diary.

There was no need surely of any fresh records of this poor Princess's eccentricities or errors : her grotesque fits of anger or love, her vulgar frolics with her confidential toadies, her tipsy indecencies in concerts and ball-rooms, have been amply described already through the agency of a person whose hatred was as insatiable as his vanity, who first insulted her, and then debased and exposed her. The Princess's character and conduct are, unfortunately, matters of history. There is no spot, however remote, which gave her refuge, scarcely an action of her life, however secret, that has not been spied out and recorded, and may be known to all. Thanks to the supernatural malignity which pursued her, we may follow this poor woman in every hour of her life—stare, if we please, into her bedroom or her carriage, her cabin or her bath. Those may who will, but we will not insult the reader by supposing that *he* would, or that he has any mind to enter upon a subject at once so painful or so mean. Was there, we ask, any need of fresh information as to the Princess's life and follies ? Was it modest or decorous that a woman should

record them ?—a woman, too, who has eaten at her table, and dipped into her purse, shared in her wild revels, and doubtless flattered her and cringed to her in her time ?

As for the authorship of the book, both the work and the subject are so utterly contemptible that it is hardly necessary to go through the trouble of detection. We mentioned the other day how, in the novel as well as the *Diary*, the exquisite grammarian who wrote both or either had chosen to call a daughter the *prototype* of her mother. We have further proofs, now, if Lady Charlotte Bury did not write this book, it was her *shadow*. When Lady Charlotte was in attendance on the Princess, the shadow was at her Royal Highness's side ; when the authoress was not in service, Lady Charlotte was likewise released. We have letters from Nice, where Lady Charlotte is, letters from Genoa, from Rome, where her Ladyship and the author likewise appear side by side. She is introduced to the Pope, and of course Lady Charlotte too ;¹ the whole attempt at disguise is as feeble and awkward as can be. To be sure, it is scarcely worth while to pull off the mask, or show the countenance it covers.

We are puzzled where to extract from this *Diary*, and shall content ourselves with a very few quotations from the second volume. They show, in a charming light, the author's feelings and morals. In a note she tells the old story of the Princess Pauline :—

This lady, so famous, and it might be said, so infamous, has made sufficient noise in the world to render all description of her person and character almost superfluous ; yet at mention of her name, it is impossible not to pause and look back upon her brief and black career. She was of middle stature ; and, it is said, so faultlessly formed, that she sat to Canova as a Venus. It is related that when some one asked her if she did not feel it unpleasant to have sat unclothed for her statue, she replied, ' Oh no ! the room was perfectly well warmed, and I felt no inconvenience whatever.' Yet this fair Laïs not only turned the heads of the Englishmen who travelled in Italy, but, strange to say, was equally courted by the women. And those of the highest rank and purest character did not disdain to sit at her feet and caress them with their hands ; it has been even said, embrace them ! Princess Borghese was doubtless very beautiful, but her manners were those of a *petite maitresse*, giving herself the airs of a crowned head. Many were the really great ladies who

¹ Since this was written, Mr. Colburn's letter has settled the question that the *Diary* is the work of a woman.

waited in her drawing-rooms, and did not blush to be subservient to her caprices. What will not circumstances effect? '*Ce grand mot de circonstance*' which Madame de Stael said, rules the world.

The reader will see, in the above delicate story, an example of the chief merits of the *Diary*—a delightful mixture of morality, namely, with indelicacy, a pretty veil of fine words to wrap up the nudities of the tale. Pauline sat *unclothed* for her statue—it would be indecent to say naked—ladies caressed her feet and *embraced* them, not kissed them, of course; it would be immoral to say kiss. Here is a passage regarding another Princess—the young and beautiful Princess Charlotte, of whom our authoress discourses as follows:—

Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance—a play of features and a force of muscle rarely seen with soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful, but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's. In short, it is the very picture of her, and not in miniature. I could not help analyzing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them even than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young Princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person set in *the shade of circumstances and of years*? It is that youth and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed to interested calculations, what effect must the same causes produce on the generality of mankind? In the course of the conversation, Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum de dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done in *isinglass* and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency.

TUM-TE-DY! what a graceful, courtly, delicate, lady-like word! The Princess talked *tum-te-dy*, did she? and of course the lady of honour did not breathe a syllable. The Princess 'edged in a good deal of it,' and would have 'gone on with it,' if the lady had 'entered into the thing'—not she. Her Ladyship would not for the world utter anything so wicked as *tum-de-dy*. Her morals are as pure, depend upon it, as her style. Oh! my lady, my lady, what is this book from beginning to end, and what is '*Love*' and '*Flirtation*' but a weak sprinkling of windy morality in a most atrocious quantity of *tum-de-dy*?

Let us give a very few extracts more :—

Mr. R—— dined afterwards. During the evening he was not of course allowed to talk with me, but was called to the sofa, and forced to amuse the Princess. He was made for this laudable purpose to relate a story *the most horrid*, not fit for the *lowest* or most immoral society. Lady C. C. and Lady G. E. did not know which way to look, and their distress made us all look grave, which displeased the Princess, and her countenance was immediately overspread with a scowl, which is always very painful to witness. I cannot conceive how any man of taste and feeling could be persuaded by any Royalty to utter such things in the hearing of any woman ; and I doubt if the ladies should not have risen and left the room.

Why is this story told ? Is it to show the superior morality of the authoress, who doubts if she *ought* not to have left the room ? or to vilify the poor crack-brained Princess, whom we read of just before as giving a thousand ducats to Lady C. C., and treating her with the utmost kindness ? or is it to let the public know how fashionable men and women employ their time, and Princes and Princesses converse ?

Lady C. C., who is a great coward on the water, was frightened, and unfortunately said, 'Well, Madam, I do for your Royal Highness what I would not for any relation. It is a sacrifice I would not make for them, to come out in an open boat in such a wind !' She was angry and said, 'Then you should never travel, Lady Charlotte.' We were much amused by the latter pinching me and Dr. H. (between whom her Ladyship was sitting) from fright. I think Lady C. C. is a little smitten with the handsome Algernon Percy. She said to me, 'His voice and looks are supremely interesting,' and she talked to him the whole night.

According to our authoress, Lady C. Campbell (who is so attached to the Princess that she would do for her more than for her own family) has a heart extraordinarily susceptible ; a little way on we read :—

This fortnight the Pope came to the Princess ; her Royal Highness received him on the steps of the palace, and after he had sat with her for about an hour, Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte Campbell *had time to fall in love with the almoner*. The good old Pontiff went away blessing all whom he passed. The scullions and cooks came out in a crowd to kiss his toe, which they did most audibly. The Princess followed the Pope downstairs, and when he descended the grass-plots to his carriage, his Holiness turned round, and *made the most graceful bow I ever saw !*

A little more love :—

Major Andreossi sang like an angel. I never heard anything sung so well, not even by the Chanticleer, in point of taste. He is, *besides, a handsome man*, highly considered by Lord William Bentinck, and reckoned an excellent officer. I heard every word he pronounced, and he sang with so much feeling, and so much nature, *that I have had him in my head all night*. What a ridiculous way of expressing myself! Shame on such slip-slop language! I ought rather to say that the sound of Major Andreossi's voice is still in my ears, and his sentiment and feeling have touched my heart, and left an impression on it which will never, I think, be utterly lost.

We are glad to be able, at any rate, to quote something good from this book. It is not the author's own, as we need not say :—

SONNET

BY LORD MOIRA

What splendid vision o'er my fancy flies,
And with long dormant heat my bosom warms,
Banners and barbed steeds, and loud alarms,
And listed fields, and love the mighty prize;
Bewitching to my thought the years arise
When chivalry refined the pride of arms:
Then valour sought its meed from female charms,
And fierceness melted at the fair one's eyes.
O days, congenial to the noble soul!
Then love was dignity; then falsehood shame;
Then conscious truth a generous boast allowed.
Now under fashion's frivolous control,
'Tis ridicule to bear a towering name,
Or hold a post distinguished from the crowd.

We may read this diary, and say it is indeed a ridicule to bear a towering name, or to pretend to the old virtue which characterized it, or the honour which formerly belonged to it. It is ridicule indeed to come of a noble race, and uphold the well-known honour of an ancient line. What matters it if you can read in your family record the history of a thousand years of loyalty and courage, of all that is noble in sentiment, honest and brave in action?—the pride of ancestors is a faded superstition—the emulation of them a needless folly. There is no need now to be loyal to your Prince, or tender of his memory. Take his bounty while living, share his purse and his table, gain his

confidence, and learn his secrets, flatter him, cringe to him, vow to him an unbounded fidelity—and when he is dead, *write a diary and betray him !*

MEMOIRS OF HOLT, THE IRISH REBEL ¹

[January 31, 1838.]

THIS book, though somewhat too long, possesses considerable interest, and gives some very curious pictures of human life and manners. Holt, although a general of the Irish rebels in 1798, does not pretend to give much information regarding the general history of that insurrection ; but he has a number of personal adventures to relate, and paints in a very lively manner the dangers, defeats and victories of the people under his command. The son of a respectable Protestant farmer, Holt, born in 1756, married a wife at six-and-twenty, and was, according to his own story, a thriving and peaceable man, until the commencement of the revolutionary troubles in 1797.

He was at this time employed as a superintendent of roads, and had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the chief road inspector, by pressing rather unceremoniously for a sum of money which Holt had paid for the forwarding of the works, and which the worthy inspector, although he had received a sum to discharge this claim, was quite unwilling to pay. Holt describes how at last he procured the money, and how the overseer swore revenge upon him.

The troubles commenced ; the country was placed under martial law, and the overseer appeared among the most loyal subjects of the King. We read, with some doubt however, how this exemplary loyalist applied to a tenant for rent, and upon the tenant refusing, he shot him through the head ; at the same time wittily remarking to the man's wife, ' that he had saved her the trouble of stripping the corpse ' ; for this unlucky wretch, to welcome his landlord, had issued out of bed, and was slaughtered in his shirt.

Poor Holt was to be the next victim of this gentleman's loyal indignation ; accordingly one day his house was

¹ *Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798.* Edited from the original manuscript in the possession of Sir William Betham . . . by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. In two volumes. London. Colburn. 1838.

visited, and he was warned to fly ; he did so, and on the next morning a second domiciliary visit was paid to his cottage, and the poor fellow from his lurking-place saw the sky red, and his cottage in flames, and knew that his children and wife were houseless, and himself a doomed man. What was he to do ? If he returned, his friend, the overseer, was ready to administer to him the justice which he had dealt out to the poor tenant, and Holt had nothing for it but to fly, and take the oath as an United Irishman.

The oath once taken, he speedily found an opportunity to distinguish himself among his companions, for strength, prudence, and courage, and became the leader of a small band of rebels. He then describes the adventures of himself and his troop—now so small as to be reduced to four-and-twenty men, now so considerable as to swell into an army. According to his own account (for, like other great men, Holt professes a great reverence for himself), he was the only man among the leaders who possessed heart or head. He organized the bands which had formerly been in an utter state of indiscipline ; he taught them that in their close engagements with the military they possessed a far better weapon than that in the hands of the regular soldier—the pike namely ; and he led his people against the King's troops always with great courage on his own part, once or twice with considerable success. His description of the ' Battle of Ballyellis ' is very lively and picturesque ; he lured on a body of the Royal Cavalry (a corps especially hated by the Irish, and called the Ancient Britons), and lining the road through which they were to pass with pike and musket men, barricaded one end of it with carts, and when the troops had entered this defile, dispatched a body of stout fellows to attack them in the rear, so that the Ancient Britons were completely vanquished—nay, cut to pieces, all save one, whose horse, goaded by one of the rebel pikes, took the barricade, cleared it, and bore the rider away. ' This I called,' says the conqueror with a naïve exultation, ' the Battle of Ballyellis.' According to Holt, three hundred and seventy was the number of Ancient Britons slain on this day, and we only wonder at the inaccuracy of other historians, who have rated the number of slaughtered at fifty-five.

' A black trumpeter,' says the Ballyellis Caesar, recording with a grim humour the events of that victorious day, and

a ferocity not unworthy of the overseer, 'was most tenacious of life ; he took more piking than five white men. Before he expired a fellow cut off his ears, for the sake of the gold rings, and put them in his pocket !

'I saw a young boy from one of the dikes pass his pike into the side of a soldier, and could not extract it again ; the soldier fell dead. The boy took from his pocket a purse with thirty-five guineas in it, some of the plunder he had made the day before. One of the boy's comrades instantly seized the purse, and tried to take the money from him. He cried out to me, and I caused his well-earned prize to be restored : he presented me with it. I kept it for him, till I gave it to his father, one Gough, who lived near Clone, the residence of Charles Coates, Esq.'

We may learn admirably to understand the character of this war by details such as these, which are told by honest Holt, in the simplicity of his heart, as things of quite common occurrence. The next story is one, however, of a nobler character, and will be perused with interest, as giving a very favourable view of Holt's natural kindness and generosity :—

I remained in the camp till the Sunday following, as I expected a visit from my brother, William Holt, a builder by trade, and ordered out twenty-four of my best cavalry to go to meet him. We set out very early, and crossed over Ballymanus, towards Redena-bridge, where we perceived eight soldiers and a sergeant, with some baggage, proceeding towards Aughrim. I said, 'Boys ! here is some game for us.'

We bore down upon them, and on getting near them they soon found out who we were. I rode in front, and perceiving there were but nine of them, I ordered my men to halt, and reversed my fire-arms, to let the sergeant know I did not intend to fire on them. The small party of soldiers stood conscious of being overpowered by numbers, and as I approached the sergeant he presented me with his sword, which I refused to take. On turning round to the cars, I saw a well-looking woman and five children ; they were much terrified. I asked the sergeant if it was his wife. He said, 'Yes, Sir.' I then went over to her and took her by the hand, saying, 'Madam, do not fear, I will do no harm either to you or your husband.' She still wept bitterly, and the poor children cried out, 'Oh, Sir, do not kill daddy.' These poor innocents made me think of my own. I then ordered the soldiers to drive in the cars to Aughrim, and, turning to the sergeant's wife, I said, for I had learned her name by asking that of her husband, 'Mrs. Jones, did you ever hear of the man they call General Holt ?'

‘Yes, Sir,’ she replied, ‘but surely you are not him? I am told he is a terrible man.’

‘Madam,’ said I, ‘the Devil is not as black as he is painted. I certainly am that person you so much dread.’

We then proceeded to the town, and halted at Michael Bolan’s, where I ordered a gallon of ale to be given to the soldiers, and brought Sergeant Jones, his wife, and children, into the house, and had bread, butter, and cheese given to them, with ale and punch, and made them comfortable. The poor woman could not keep her eyes off me; she was incredulous, and could only believe that I showed so much mercy merely to be the more cruel at last.

I told Sergeant Jones I should search his baggage, and if I found flints, powder, ball-cartridge, or fire-arms in it, I should be very angry. He assured me there was nothing of the kind, or he would have honestly told me, and if I found any I might shoot him immediately. I then asked him if his regiment was to meet eight of my men in the same situation, did he think they would have put them to death? Both the sergeant and his wife said they would certainly have done so. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘I will set a good example, and give my compliments to General Jones,¹ and tell him, I hope it will not be thrown away.’ I then called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following order:—

‘I command all and every United Irishman to let the bearer, William Jones, and company, pass from Aughrim to Rathdrum unmolested, and any person acting contrary to this requisition shall be punished in the severest manner. Given under my hand, at Mr. Bolan’s, Aughrim, Sunday evening.

GENERAL JOSEPH HOLT.’

I sent twelve of my own guard with them as far as Whaley’s Abbey, fearing, if they were attacked, they might be killed before they could produce my pass. They proceeded unmolested, and my men returned with my brother. He had but two miles to come to me from his own house. I placed my pickets, and sat down and drank punch with him till about 2 o’clock in the morning, when he set off on his return home. We had much conversation respecting my affairs, and I instructed him as to my wishes and intentions.

On his way back he was unfortunately intercepted by a supplemental corps called, in derision, the ‘Bondmen of Cronebane,’ a poor set of rascals, without valour, honour, or honesty, and a disgrace to His Majesty’s uniform; they seized and made him prisoner, dragged him to Rathdrum, and told him he would be hanged the next day, for going to see that villain, his brother.

And Holt’s good-natured action here met with its reward, for he says:—

Had I glutted my revenge, and imbrued my hands in the innocent blood of Sergeant Jones and his eight comrades, my brother would

¹ Quaere, St. John?

have fallen a victim to his affection in visiting me, which, by the law of the period, was punishable with death. When that grateful and worthy man, Sergeant Jones, heard that a prisoner of the name of Holt had been lodged in the guard-house, he instantly went to see him, and finding that he was my brother, the kind-hearted and brave fellow, with tears of joy in his eyes, shook him by the hand, saying, 'Fear not, Mr. Holt, your brother saved the lives of myself, my wife, my children, and my eight comrades yesterday, and treated us with every civility; I will do my best to save your life to-day, and prove my gratitude to that humane and much-sandalized and misrepresented man.' He then left my brother, and went to General Jones (Quaere, St. John ?) and related to him how he had been taken and treated by me.

The General, at first, would scarcely credit the sergeant's statement, believing, from the common report of my enemies, that I was a fierce and cruel monster, guilty of all the atrocities laid to my charge, and committed by some of those under my command. But the sergeant produced my pass, and called the men of his party to vouch for the truth of his story, whom the General examined separately, and finding them all to agree in every particular, he said it was a shame to give such a character as he had heard of me to a man of so much good feeling and humanity. Sergeant Jones then told the General there was a brother of mine in the guard-house, charged with being in company with me and the rebels the day before. Upon which, the General immediately ordered him to go to the officer of the guard, and desire him to bring the prisoner before him, which being done, my brother was questioned as follows :—

'What is your name ?'

'William Holt.'

'Are you a brother to the robber chief ?'

'I am.'

'Were you on a visit to him yesterday ?'

'I was. I had not seen my brother for a long time, and receiving an intimation from him that I might see him at a certain place, I have transgressed so far as to go and see him. I wish sincerely he could safely leave the business he is now engaged in, which he never would have joined but from necessity, to save his life; which was unjustly threatened, and his house burnt. I have never joined in the rebellion, or interfered in any way; but I know, by going to my brother, my life is forfeited, and I cannot help it. God's will be done.'

The General looked at him for some time without speaking, overpowered by his generous feelings. At length he recovered himself, and said—'No, Holt, your life is not, shall not be forfeited. It is much to be regretted that so fine a fellow as your brother should die the death which, I fear, eventually awaits him. He mercifully saved the lives of nine of His Majesty's soldiers yesterday, and sent them in safety to this place. He gave them a pass for their security, and I will do the same to you. I believe your story

of your brother's misfortunes, and I hope some opportunity will occur by which his life may be saved.'

I am inclined to think that this brave and generous officer did not let this affair remain unknown, as I have good reasons for knowing he interested himself for me with General Moore, and I am sure it served me much in the time of my adversity, which was arduous. My brother got his pass of safety, and did not abuse the kindness of the General.

We have not space to follow Holt through his other dangers and escapes; they are very interesting, and the rough style in which they are told renders them doubly impressive. He has that degree of superstition which is remarkable in almost every one who leads his bandit life, and relates how on three occasions he was saved from the enemy by dreams. It is pleasing to read in his simple language the many instances of kindness and fidelity shown to him—of shelter and bread given to the flying rebel, whose betrayal would have made the fortune of his host.

At length, however, Holt's band dwindled away at the close of '98, and he found himself at the head of but a few men, tracked daily by the military, flying for life from place to place, and quite unable to make any permanent resistance to the overwhelming forces of the King. He determined to disband his few remaining men, and to give himself up a prisoner. His wife had a relative, a servant in the Powerscourt family, and her good-natured mistress made interest that Holt's life at least should be spared if he yielded. He describes thus his farewell of his comrades; it is, we think, a very touching picture:—

I would not surrender myself without first communicating to my men my intention of doing so; although that act involved me in no small danger as well as pain, but I considered myself bound to do so, and I proceeded towards them for that purpose. I found them at Brady's of Ballinalough, and I called them together; when they were assembled I said—

'Men and friends, any hope of our succeeding in our enterprise is now out of the question, as you all know: the report of the French coming to our assistance is all unfounded; our situation is one of extreme distress and peril; cold, hunger, and misery is our present fate, and it is growing worse and worse every day; the approach of winter will expose you to still greater dangers, and bring you into the power of your enemies; you may individually escape by returning to your homes; but a price is set on my head; I cannot escape, hundreds are looking out for me to secure the blood-money. I have therefore determined to surrender to Lord Powerscourt, and give

you my last, my best advice, which is to return to your homes and employments. When I have surrendered, the patrolling of these hills by the cavalry will cease, and the traveller may pass without notice or annoyance. I have only to add, that none of you need fear that I will give information injurious to any of you ; that part of my oath is still binding on me. I now entreat the Omnipotent God to protect and guide you all to safety and quiet, which shall be the prayer of your unfortunate but faithful commander, when he will be probably wandering over the wilds of some foreign country. So, farewell for ever, my dear fellows, and may God bless you all !'

I then shook hands with them all, one by one, while the tears stood in their eyes, and my own eyes were not dry. I felt very acutely that I could not see them all in safety before I left them.

Before I finally left them, I again addressed them.

'Above all things, my dear fellows, the best, the truest, the honestest, and the most faithful of my followers, if you value your happiness in this world, or the hopes of happiness in the next, avoid Hacket and his thieving company, who will all be sooner or later brought to the gallows.'

The poor fellows all kneeled down and offered up their prayers to God for my peace, happiness, and future welfare. I bade them a last farewell, and left them. While I remained in sight, they put their hats on their fire-locks, waving them backwards and forwards to let me know that they still had their eyes upon me. Thus was I gratified by the only proof of affection those poor fellows were able to show me.

I proceeded across the side of Ballybracka mountain, through Kippure, and ascended Douse mountain, and so on to the corner of Lord Powerscourt's demesne wall, where I sat down, and looked about to see if any one observed me, and then I went to the house of an old friend, William Kelgan ; he was at home and received me cordially, and here I met my wife. My worthy host brought me some refreshment, after partaking of which we set out together to Lord Powerscourt's, where we arrived about 7 o'clock in the evening, on the 10th day of November.

A droll description follows of a 'sumptuous repast' at Lord Powerscourt's, whence Holt was carried the next day to Dublin, and afterwards dispatched to New South Wales. The second volume of the book contains his adventures in that colony ; but Joseph Holt the convict is by no means so interesting a character as General Holt the rebel, and we must here bid him farewell.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. SOUTHEY,
COLLECTED BY HIMSELF¹

[April 17, 1838.]

SIX volumes of the ten which are to form the complete collection of Dr. Southey's *Poetical Works* have appeared already. We have been somewhat remiss in noticing their publication, but their popularity has been established long since, and the reader needs no laboured notice at the present day to be able to appreciate and admire them. *Madoc*, *Thalaba*, and *Joan of Arc*, the much-abused *Wat Tyler*, the odes, and the admirable ballads (the most generally pleasing, perhaps, of all Mr. Southey's poetical compositions) form the contents of the volumes before us. *Roderick*, *Kehama*, and the remaining pieces will complete the series. The critic has but little to do in such a case but to point out the existence of the work, the beauty of the type and embellishments, and the cheapness of the cost; the public has long ago acknowledged its merit, and established its reputation.

A short and very interesting preface gives us the history of these works, and of the poetical education of their author. 'At the age of sixty-three,' says Mr. Southey, 'I have undertaken to collect and edit my poetical works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow on them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes, and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste and fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed.' In this solemn way does Mr. Southey address himself to the world; he says 'hail' and 'farewell' at the same breath, and proclaiming (with perhaps a just self-satisfaction) the '*exegi monumentum*,' he takes leave of his work, and sets it in order ere he part from it to return no more.

'When I add,' continues Mr. Southey, 'what has been

¹ *The Poetical Works of Robert Southey. Collected by Himself. In 10 volumes. London: Longman. 1837-1838.*

the greatest of all my advantages—that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than man, constantly and unweariedly engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said everything necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, if any there be.

‘It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that in which a person in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of the world is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of all the smaller pieces there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But, serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and by the blessing of God looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope.’

Were we disposed to examine or account for Mr. Southey’s peculiarities as a poet, we could find no better means of explaining them than are here given by himself. A small and amiable coterie of partial friends, continued solitude, a long habit of self-contemplation, are what Mr. Southey calls the greatest of all his advantages, and what another person would declare to be amongst his greatest drawbacks. A timid man of genius cannot be other than a vain one, and the continued study of the *ego*, thus encouraged by temperament, situation, and unceasing praise of friends, cannot surely conduce to the healthy development of the poetical character. Such a man may examine himself a vast deal too much; in the pursuit of this study (and a

very fascinating study it is) he forsakes others fully as noble, and quite as requisite to complete his education as a poet. Surely the period of solitude and contemplation should not commence too early, for repose, which is so wholesome after action, is only enervating without it, and a strong genius, just like a powerful body shut out from the world and the fresh air, grows indolent and flaccid without exercise, or, what is worse, morbid. So ne particular quality of the mind or body (especially where there is an original tendency to disease) becomes unduly developed and inflamed. In a poet, we may venture to say that the disease (fatally aggravated by seclusion) is self-approbation. It is a vital part of his mental constitution, but it requires careful exercise, diet, medicine, else it inflames to such an extent as to choke up all the other functions, and colours everything with its own sickly hue. A poet in such a condition becomes like a bilious millionaire from India—his wealth and all the world are nothing to him—he can only muse and moan over his unhappy liver. We do not mean to hint that Mr. Southey is in any such condition (there may be, perhaps, in the passage we have quoted, beautiful and simple as it is, a very slight tinge of the complaint), but we would only say that he retired too early from the world, where he might have found a healthier and even a higher school of poetry than in his quiet study, by his lonely Cumberland lake. A man may be an exquisite painter like Gerard Dow, for instance, and give us a complete and delightful picture of an interior, let us suppose, with a single figure studying—it was Dow's general subject; but a *great* artist has the whole world for his subject, and makes it his task to portray it.

But though, if a study and genius so various and profound are requisite for the construction of an epic poem, *Joan of Arc* or *Madoc* can hardly be the highest rank in their number. There is no English reader to whom the two poems are not familiar and welcome, who has not followed the course of *Madoc* over the sea, where

Fair blew the winds, and safely did the waves
 Bear that beloved charge. It were a tale
 Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
 Making him long to be a mariner,
 That he might rove the main, if I should tell

How pleasantly for many a sunny day
 Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,
 Prince Madoc sailed, and of the happy isles
 Which he had seen.

Or of Joan in her battles and victories for France. Who
 has not read of Roderick, his fall, and his repentance ? and
 his last combat, when he was

Laying on the Moors with his good sword, and smote
 And overthrew, and scattered, and destroyed,
 And trampled down ; and still at every blow
 Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth,
 ‘ Roderick the Goth ! Roderick and victory !
 Roderick and vengeance ! ’

Or the ‘ wild and wondrous ’ song of Thalaba ; and
 Kehama’s fearful curse ?

From sickness I charm thee,
 And time shall not harm thee,
 But earth, which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;
 And water shall hear thee,
 And know thee, and fly thee ;
 And the winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee,
 And the dews shall not wet thee
 When they fall nigh thee,
 And thou shalt seek death
 To relieve thee in vain ;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain,
 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart
 And a fire in thy brain,
 And sleep shall obey me
 And visit thee never,
 And the curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.

If these are not great epic poems, at least they contain
 noble poetry, and the wreath, in Mr. Southey’s own words,
 although

With many an unripe blossom garlanded,
 And many a weed, is mingled with some flower
 Which will not wither.

Of the ballads and lyrical pieces it is not necessary to
 speak in any such terms of qualified praise. They are

among the very best of that species of composition in our language. The reader has no need to be reminded of *Blenheim* and the awful *King of the Crocodiles*, and knows the beautiful moral of the *Holly-Tree* :

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I, day by day,
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
 Less bright than they ;
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly-tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem among the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly-tree.

There is another song in this (the second) volume, fully as beautiful as the above. We have spoken of some of the poet's characteristics, and identified him in some degree with his works. It were hard to pay any man a greater compliment than to identify him with the following stanzas. One may read far before one will meet with a passage containing a sublimer philosophy or showing a piety more fervent and humble :—

My days among the dead are past ;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old ;
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe,
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead—with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their passions seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead, anon
My place with them will be ;
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity.
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That shall not perish in the dust.

Surely, no. The author of the *Life of Nelson* must live as long as our history and language endure. There is no man to whom the latter owes a greater obligation—no man who has done more for literature, by his genius, his labours, and his life.

THE PROFESSOR

A TALE OF SENTIMENT

[*Bentley's Miscellany*, July, 1837; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841]

‘Why, then, the World’s mine oyster.’

CHAPTER I

I HAVE often remarked that, among other ornaments and curiosities, Hackney contains more ladies’ schools than are to be found in almost any other village, or indeed city, in Europe. In every green rustic lane, to every tall, old-fashioned house there is an iron gate, an ensign of blue and gold, and a large brass plate, proclaiming that a ladies’ seminary is established upon the premises. On one of these plates is written—(or rather was,—for the pathetic occurrence which I have to relate took place many years ago)—on one of these plates, I say, was engraven the following inscription :—

‘BULGARIA HOUSE.

‘Seminary for Young Ladies from three to twenty.

‘BY THE MISSES PIDGE.

‘(Please wipe your shoes.)’

The Misses Pidge took a limited number of young ladies (as limited, in fact, or as large as the public chose), and instructed them in those branches of elegant and useful learning which make the British female so superior to all other shes. The younger ones learned the principles of back-stitch, cross-stitch, bob-stitch, Doctor Watts’s Hymns, and ‘In my Cottage near a Wood.’ The elder pupils diverged at once from stitching and samplers : they played like Thalberg, and pirouetted like Taglioni ; they learned geography, geology, mythology, entomology, modern history, and simple equations (Miss Z. Pidge) ; they obtained

a complete knowledge of the French, German, and Italian tongues, not including English, taught by Miss Pidge; Poonah painting and tambour (Miss E. Pidge); Brice's questions and elocution (Miss F. Pidge); and, to crown all, dancing and gymnastics (which had a very flourishing look in the Pidge prospectus, and were printed in German text), DANCING and GYMNASTICS, we say, by Professor DANDOLO. The names of other professors and assistants followed in modester type.

Although the signor's name was decidedly foreign, so English was his appearance, and so entirely did he disguise his accent, that it was impossible to tell of what place he was a native, if not of London, and of the very heart of it; for he had caught completely the peculiarities which distinguish the so-called cockney part of the City, and obliterated his *h*'s and doubled his *v*'s, as if he had been for all his life in the neighbourhood of Bow bells. Signor Dandolo was a stout gentleman of five feet nine, with amazing expanse of mouth, chest, and whiskers, which latter were of a red hue.

I cannot tell how this individual first received an introduction to the academy of the Misses Pidge, and established himself there. Rumours say that Miss Zela Pidge at a Hackney ball first met him, and thus the intimacy arose: but, since the circumstances took place which I am about to relate, that young lady declares that *she* was not the person who brought him to Bulgaria House,—nothing but the infatuation and entreaties of Mrs. Alderman Grampus could ever have induced her to receive him. The reader will gather from this, that Dandolo's after-conduct at Miss Pidge's was not satisfactory,—nor was it; and may every mistress of such an establishment remember that confidence can be sometimes misplaced; that friendship is frequently but another name for villainy.

But to our story. The stalwart and active Dandolo delighted for some time the young ladies of Miss Pidge's by the agility which he displayed in the dance, as well as the strength and manliness of his form, as exhibited in the new amusement which he taught. In a very short time, Miss Binx, a stout young lady of seventeen, who had never until his appearance walked half a mile without puffing like an apoplectic Lord Mayor, could dance the cachuca, swarm up a pole with the agility of a cat, and hold out a chair for

three minutes without winking. Miss Jacobs could very nearly climb through a ladder (Jacob's ladder, he profanely called it) ; and Miss Bole ring such changes upon the dumb-bells as might have been heard at Edmonton, if the bells could have spoken. But the most promising pupil of Professor Dandolo, as indeed the fairest young creature in the establishment of Bulgaria House, was Miss Adeliza Grampus, daughter of the alderman whose name we have mentioned. The pride of her mother, the idol of her opulent father, Adeliza Grampus was in her nineteenth year. Eyes have often been described ; but it would require bluer ink than ours to depict the orbs of Adeliza. The snow when it first falls in Cheapside is not whiter than her neck ;—when it has been for some days upon the ground, trampled by dustmen and jarvies, trodden down by sweeps and gentlemen going to business, not blacker than her hair. Slim as the Monument on Fish Street Hill, her form was slender and tall ; but it is needless to recapitulate her charms, and difficult indeed to describe them. Let the reader think of his first love, and fancy Adeliza. Dandolo, who was employed to instruct her, saw her, and fancied her too, as many a fellow of his inflammable temperament would have done in his place.

There are few situations in life which can be so improved by an enterprising mind as that of a dancing-master,—I mean in a tender or amatory point of view. The dancing-master has over the back, the hands, the feet and shoulders of his pupils an absolute command ; and, being by nature endowed with so much authority, can speedily spread his way from the limbs to the rest of the body, and to the mind inclusive. '*Toes a little more out, Miss Adeliza,*' cries he, with the tenderest air in the world : '*back a little more straight,*' and he gently seizes her hand, he raises it considerably above the level of her ear, he places the tips of his left-hand fingers gently upon the young lady's spine, and in this seducing attitude gazes tenderly into her eyes ! I say that no woman at any age can stand this attitude and this look, especially when darted from such eyes as those of Dandolo. On the two first occasions when the adventurer attempted this audacious manœuvre, his victim blushed only, and trembled ; on the third, she dropped her full eyelids and turned ghastly pale. '*A glass of water,*' cried Adeliza, '*or I faint.*' The dancing-master hastened eagerly

away to procure the desired beverage, and, as he put it to her lips, whispered thrillingly in her ear, 'Thine, thine for ever, Adeliza!'

Miss Grampus sank back in the arms of Miss Binx, but not before her raptured lover saw her eyes turning towards the ceiling, and her clammy lips whispering the name of 'Dandolo.'

When Madame Schröder, in the opera of *Fidelio*, cries, 'Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan,' it is as nothing compared to the tenderness with which Miss Grampus uttered that soft name.

'Dandolo!' would she repeat to her confidante, Miss Binx; 'the name was beautiful and glorious in the olden days; five hundred years since, a myriad of voices shouted it in Venice, when one who bore it came forward to wed the sea—the doge's bride! the blue Adriatic! the boundless and eternal main! The frightened Turk shrank palsied at the sound: it was louder than the loudest of the cannon, or the stormy screaming of the tempest! Dandolo! How many brave hearts beat to hear that name! how many bright swords flashed forth at that resistless war-cry! Oh, Binx!' would Adeliza continue, fondly pressing the arm of that young lady, 'is it not passing strange that one of that mighty ducal race should have lived to this day, and lived to love *me*? But I, too,' Adeliza would add, archly, 'am, as you know, a daughter of the sea.'

The fact was, that the father of Miss Adeliza Grampus was a shellfish-monger, which induced the young lady to describe herself as a daughter of Ocean. She received her romantic name from her mother, after reading Miss Swipes's celebrated novel of *Toby of Warsaw*; and had been fed from her youth upwards with so much similar literary ware, that her little mind had gone distracted. Her father had sent her from home at fifteen, because she had fallen in love with the young man who opened natives in the shop, and had vowed to slay herself with the oyster-knife. At Miss Pidge's her sentiment had not deserted her; she knew all Miss Landon by heart, had a lock of Mr. Thomas Moore's hair or wig, and read more novels and poetry than ever. And thus the red-haired dancing-master became in her eyes a Venetian nobleman, with whom it was her pride and pleasure to fall in love.

Being a parlour-boarder at Miss Pidge's seminary (a

privilege which was acquired by paying five annual guineas extra), Miss Grampus was permitted certain liberties which were not accorded to scholars of the ordinary description. She and Miss Binx occasionally strolled into the village by themselves; they visited the library unattended; they went upon little messages for the Misses Pidge; they walked to church alone, either before or after the long row of young virgins who streamed out on every sabbath day from between the filigree iron railings of Bulgaria House. It is my painful duty to state, that on several of these exclusive walks they were followed, or met, by the insidious and attentive teacher of gymnastics.

Soon Miss Binx would lag behind, and—shall I own it?—would make up for the lost society of her female friend by the company of a man, a friend of the professor, mysterious and agreeable as himself. May the mistresses of all the establishments for young ladies in this kingdom, or queen-dom rather, peruse this, and reflect how dangerous it is for young ladies of any age,—aye, even for parlour-boarders,—to go out alone! In the present instance, Miss Grampus enjoyed a more than ordinary liberty, it is true: when the elder Miss Pidge would remonstrate, Miss Zela would anxiously yield to her request; and why?—the reason may be gathered from the following conversation which passed between the infatuated girl and the wily *maître-de-danse*.

‘How, Roderick,’ would Adeliza say, ‘how, in the days of our first acquaintance, did it chance that you always addressed yourself to that odious Zela Pidge, and never deigned to breathe a syllable to me?’

‘My lips didn’t speak to you, Addly’ (for to such a pitch of familiarity had they arrived), ‘but my heyes did.’

Adeliza was not astonished by the peculiarity of his pronunciation, for, to say truth, it was that commonly adopted in her native home and circle. ‘And mine,’ said she, tenderly, ‘they followed when yours were not fixed upon them, for *then* I dared not look upwards. And though all on account of Miss Pidge you could not hear the accents of my voice, you might have heard the beatings of my heart!’

‘I did, I did,’ gasped Roderick; ‘I eard them haudibly. I never spoke to you then, for I feared to waken that foul friend sispicion. I wished to henter your seminary, to be

continually near you, to make you love me ; therefore I wooed the easy and foolish Miss Pidge, therefore I took upon me the disguise of—ha ! ha !—of a dancing-master.’ (And the young man’s countenance assumed a grim and demoniac smile.) ‘ Yes ; I degraded my name and my birthright,—I wore these ignoble trappings, and all for the love of thee, my Adeliza !’ Here Signor Dandolo would have knelt down, but the road was muddy ; and, his trousers being of nankeen, his gallant purpose was frustrated.

But the story must out, for the conversation above narrated has betrayed to the intelligent reader a considerable part of it. The fact is, as we have said, that Miss Zela Pidge, dancing at the Hackney assembly, was introduced to this man ; that he had no profession,—no means even of subsistence ; that he saw enough of this lady to be aware that he could make her useful to his purpose ; and he who had been, we believe it in our conscience, no better than a travelling mountebank or harlequin, appeared at Bulgaria House in the character of a professor of gymnastics. The governess, in the first instance, entertained for him just such a *penchant* as the pupil afterwards felt : the latter discovered the weakness of her mistress, and hence arose Miss Pidge’s indulgence, and Miss Grampus’s fatal passion.

‘ Mysterious being !’ continued Adeliza, resuming the conversation which has been broken by the above explanatory hints, ‘ how did I learn to love thee ? Who art thou ?—what dire fate has brought thee hither in this lowly guise to win the heart of Adeliza ?’

‘ Hadeliza,’ cried he, ‘ you say well ; *I am not what I seem*. I cannot tell thee what I am ; a tale of horror, of crime, forbids the dreadful confession ! But dark as I am, and wretched, nay, wicked and desperate, I love thee, Hadeliza,—love thee with the rapturous devotion of purer days—the tenderness of happier times ! I am sad now, and fallen, lady ; suffice it that I once was happy, aye, respectable.’

Adeliza’s cheek grew deadly pale, her step faltered, and she would have fallen to the ground, had she not been restrained by the strong arm of her lover. ‘ I know not,’ said she, as she clung timidly to his neck,—

“ I know not, I hark not, if guilt’s in that art,
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.” ”

'Gilt in my heart,' said Dandolo, 'gilt in the heart of Roderick? No, never!' and he drew her towards him, and on her bonnet, her veil, her gloves, nay, on her very cheeks, he imprinted a thousand maddening kisses. 'But say, my sweet one,' continued he, 'who art *thou*? I know you as yet only by your lovely baptismal name, and your other name of Grampus.'

Adeliza looked down and blushed. 'My parents are lowly,' she said.

'But how, then, came you at such a seminary?' said he: 'twenty pound a quarter, extras and washing not included.'

'They are humble, but wealthy.'

'Ha! who is your father?'

'An alderman of yon metropolis.'

'An alderman! and what is his profession?'

'I blush to tell: he is—an *oystermonger*.'

'AN OYSTERMONGER!' screamed Roderick, in the largest capitals. 'Ha! ha! ha! this is too much!' and he dropped Adeliza's hand, and never spoke to her during the rest of her walk. They moved moodily on for some time, Miss Binx and the other young man marching astonished in the rear. At length they came within sight of the seminary. 'Here is Bulgaria House,' cried the maiden, steadily; 'Roderick, we must part!' The effort was too much for her; she flung herself hysterically into his arms.

But, oh, horror! a scream was heard from Miss Binx, who was seen scuttling at double-quick time towards the schoolhouse. Her young man had bolted completely; and close at the side of the lovely, though imprudent couple, stood the angry—and justly angry—Miss Zela Pidge.

'Oh, Ferdinand,' said she, 'is it thus you deceive me? Did I bring you to Bulgaria House for this?—did I give you money to buy clothes for this, that you should go by false names, and make love to that saucy, slammerkin, sentimental Miss Grampus? Ferdinand, Ferdinand,' cried she, 'is this true? can I credit my eyes?'

'D—— your eyes!' said the signor, angrily, as he darted at her a withering look, and retired down the street. His curses might be heard long after he had passed. He never appeared more at Bulgaria House, for he received his dismissal the next day.

That night all the front windows of the Miss Pidges' seminary were smashed to shivers.

On the following Thursday, *two* places were taken in the coach to town. On the back seat sate the usher ; on the front, the wasted and miserable Adeliza Grampus.

CHAPTER II

BUT the matter did not end here. Miss Grampus's departure elicited from her a disclosure of several circumstances which, we must say, in no degree increased the reputation of Miss Zela Pidge. The discoveries which she made were so awkward, the tale of crime and licentiousness revealed by her so deeply injurious to the character of the establishment, that the pupils emigrated from it in scores. Miss Binx retired to her friends at Wandsworth, Miss Jacobs to her relations in Houndsditch, and other young ladies, not mentioned in this history, to other and more moral schools ; so that absolutely, at the end of a single half year, such had been the scandal of the story, the Misses Pidge were left with only two pupils,—Miss Dibble, the article young lady, and Miss Bole, the grocer's daughter, who came in exchange for tea, candles, and other requisites supplied to the establishment by her father.

'I knew it ! I knew it !' cried Zela, passionately, as she trod the echoing and melancholy schoolroom ; ' he told me that none ever prospered who loved him,—that every flower was blighted upon which he shone ! Ferdinand, Ferdinand, you have caused ruin there !' (pointing to the empty cupboards and forms) ; ' but what is that to the blacker ruin *here* ?' and the poor creature slapped her heart, and the big tears rolled down her chin, and so into her tucker.

A very, very few weeks after this, the plate on Bulgaria House was removed for ever. That mansion is now designated 'Moscow Hall, by Mr. Swishtail and assistants':—the bankrupt and fugitive Misses Pidge have fled, Heaven knows whither ! for the steamers to Boulogne cost more than five shillings in those days.

Alderman Grampus, as may be imagined, did not receive his daughter with any extraordinary degree of courtesy.

‘He was as grumpy,’ Mrs. G. remarked, ‘on the occasion as a sow with the measles.’ But had he not reason? A lovely daughter who had neglected her education, forgotten her morals for the second time, and fallen almost a prey to villains! Miss Grampus for some months was kept in close confinement, nor ever suffered to stir, except occasionally to Bunhill Row for air, and to church for devotion. Still, though she knew him to be false,—though she knew that under a different, perhaps a prettier name, he had offered the same vows to another,—she could not but think of Roderick.

That *Professor* (as well—too well—he may be called!) knew too well her father’s name and reputation to experience any difficulty in finding his abode. It was, as every City man knows, in Cheapside; and thither Dandolo constantly bent his steps: but though he marched unceasingly about the mansion, he never (mysteriously) would pass it. He watched Adeliza walking, he followed her to church; and many and many a time as she jostled out at the gate of the Artillery-ground, or the beadle-flanked portal of Bow, a tender hand would meet hers, an active foot would press upon hers, a billet discreetly delivered was as adroitly seized, to hide in the recesses of her pocket-handkerchief, or to nestle in the fragrance of her bosom! Love! Love! how ingenious thou art! thou canst make a ladder of a silken thread, or a weapon of a straw; thou peerest like sunlight into a dungeon; thou scalest, like forlorn hope, a castle wall; the keep is taken!—the foeman has fled!—the banner of love floats triumphantly over the corpses of the slain!¹

Thus, though denied the comfort of personal intercourse, Adeliza and her lover maintained a frequent and tender correspondence. Nine times at least in a week, she, by bribing her maid-servant, managed to convey letters to the Professor, to which he at rarer intervals, though with equal warmth, replied.

‘Why,’ said the young lady in the course of this correspondence, ‘why, when I cast my eyes upon my Roderick, do I see him so woefully changed in outward guise? He wears not the dress which formerly adorned him. Is he

¹ We cannot explain this last passage; but it is so beautiful that the reader will pardon the omission of sense, which the author certainly could have put in if he liked.

poor ?—is he in disguise ?—do debts oppress him, or traitors track him for his blood ? Oh that my arms might shield him !—Oh that my purse might aid him ! It is the fondest wish of
ADELIZA G.

' P.S.—Aware of your fondness for shell-fish, Susan will leave a barrel of oysters at the Swan with Two Necks, directed to you, as per desire.
AD. G.

' P.S.—Are you partial to kippered salmon ? The girl brings three pounds of it wrapped in a silken handkerchief. 'Tis marked with the hair of
ADELIZA.

' P.S.—I break open my note to say that you will find in it a small pot of anchovy paste : may it prove acceptable. Heigho ! I would that I could accompany it. A. G.'

It may be imagined, from the text of this note, that Adeliza had profited not a little by the perusal of Miss Swipes's novels ; and it also gives a pretty clear notion of the condition of her lover. When that gentleman was a professor at Bulgaria House, his costume had strictly accorded with his pretensions. He wore a black German coat loaded with frogs and silk trimming, a white broad-brimmed beaver, hessians, and nankeen tights. His costume at present was singularly changed for the worse : a rough brown frock-coat dangled down to the calves of his brawny legs, where likewise ended a pair of greasy shepherd's-plaid trousers ; a dubious red waistcoat, a blue or bird's eye neckerchief, and bluchers (or half-boots), remarkable for thickness and for mud, completed his attire. But he looked superior to his fortune ; he wore his grey hat very much on one ear ; he incessantly tugged at his smoky shirt-collar, and walked jingling the halfpence (when he had any) in his pocket. He was, in fact, no better than an adventurer, and the innocent Adeliza was his prey.

Though the Professor read the first part of this letter with hope and pleasure, it may be supposed that the three postscripts were still more welcome to him,—in fact, he literally did what is often done in novels, he *devoured* them ; and Adeliza, on receiving a note from him the next day, after she had eagerly broken the seal, and with panting bosom and flashing eye glanced over the contents—Adeliza, we say, was not altogether pleased when she read the following :

'Your goodness, dearest, passes belief; but never did poor fellow need it more than your miserable, faithful Roderick. Yes! *I am* poor,—*I am* tracked by hell-hounds,—*I am* changed in looks, and dress, and happiness,—in all but love for thee!

'Hear my tale! I come of a noble Italian family—the noblest, aye, in Venice. We were free once, and rich, and happy; but the Prussian autograph has planted his banner on our towers,—the talents of his haughty heagle have seized our wealth, and consigned most of our race to dungeons. I am not a prisoner, only an exile. A mother. a bed-ridden grandmother, and five darling sisters, escaped with me from Venice, and now share my poverty and my home. But I have wrestled with misfortune in vain; I have struggled with want, till want has overcome me. Adeliza, I WANT BREAD!

'The kippered salmon was very good, the anchovies admirable. But, oh, my love! how thirsty they make those who have no means of slaking thirst! My poor grandmother lies delirious in her bed, and cries in vain for drink. Alas! our water is cut off; I have none to give her. The oysters was capital. Bless thee, bless thee! angel of bounty! Have you any more sich, and a few shrimps? My sisters are *very* fond of them.

'Half-a-crown would oblige. But thou art too good to me already, and I blush to ask thee for more. Adieu, Adeliza.—The wretched but faithful,

RODERICK FERDINAND
(38th Count of Dandolo).

'BELL-YARD, June —.'

A shade of dissatisfaction, we say, clouded Adeliza's fair features as she perused this note; and yet there was nothing in it which the tenderest lover might not write. But the shrimps, the half-crown, the horrid picture of squalid poverty presented by the count, sickened her young heart; the innate delicacy of the woman revolted at the thought of all this misery.

But better thoughts succeeded: her breast heaved as she read and re-read the singular passage concerning the Prussian autograph, who had planted his standard at Venice. 'I knew it!' she cried, 'I knew it!—he is of noble race! O Roderick, I will perish, but I will help thee!'

Alas ! she was not well enough acquainted with history to perceive that the Prussian autograph had nothing to do with Venice, and had forgotten altogether that she herself had coined the story which this adventurer returned to her.

But a difficulty presented itself to Adeliza's mind. Her lover asked for money,—where was she to find it ? The next day the till of the shop was empty, and a weeping apprentice dragged before the Lord Mayor. It is true that no signs of the money were found upon him ; it is true that he protested his innocence ; but he was dismissed the alderman's service, and passed a month at Bridewell, because Adcliza Grampus had a needy lover !

'Dearest,' she wrote, 'will three-and-twenty and sevenpence suffice ? 'Tis all I have : take it, and with it the fondest wishes of your Adeliza.

'A sudden thought ! Our apprentice is dismissed. My father dines abroad ; I shall be in the retail establishment all the night, *alone*.
A. G.'

No sooner had the Professor received this note than his mind was made up. 'I will see her,' he said ; 'I will enter that accursed shop.' He did, and to *his ruin*.

That night Mrs. Grampus and her daughter took possession of the bar or counter, in the place which Adeliza called the retail establishment, and which is commonly denominated the shop. Mrs. Grampus herself operated with the oyster knife, and served the Milton morsels to the customers. Age had not diminished her skill, nor had wealth rendered her too proud to resume at need a profession which she had followed in early days. Adeliza flew gracefully to and fro with the rolls, the vinegar-bottle with perforated cork, and the little pats of butter. A little boy ran backwards and forwards to the Blue Lion over the way, for the pots of porter, or for the brandy and water, which some gentlemen take after the play.

Midnight arrived. Miss Grampus was looking through the window, and contrasting the gleaming gas which shone upon the ruby lobsters, with the calm moon which lightened up the Poultry, and threw a halo round the Royal Exchange. She was lost in maiden meditation, when her eye fell upon a pane of glass in her own window : squeezed against this, flat and white, was the nose of a man !—that

man was Roderick Dandolo ! He seemed to be gazing at the lobsters more intently than at Adeliza ; he had his hands in his pockets, and was whistling ' Jim Crow.'¹

Miss Grampus felt sick with joy ; she staggered to the counter, and almost fainted. The Professor concluded his melody, and entered at once into the shop. He pretended to have no knowledge of Miss Grampus, but *aborted* the two ladies with easy elegance and irresistible good-humour.

' Good evening, ma'am,' said he, bowing profoundly to the *elder* lady. ' What a precious hot evening, *to be sure !*—hot, ma'am, and hungry, as they say. I could not resist them lobsters, 'specially when I saw the lady behind 'em.'

At this gallant speech Mrs. Grampus blushed, or looked as if she would blush, and said,

' Law, sir !'

' Law, indeed, ma'am,' playfully continued the Professor ; ' you're a precious deal better than law,—you're *divinity*, ma'am ; and this, I presume, is your sister ?'

He pointed to Adeliza as he spoke, who, pale and mute, stood fainting against a heap of ginger-beer bottles. The old lady was quite won by this stale compliment.

' My daughter, sir,' she said. ' Addly, lay a cloth for the gentleman. Do you take hoysters, sir, hor lobsters ? Both is very fine.'

' Why, ma'am,' said he, ' to say truth, I have come forty miles since dinner, and don't care if I have a little of both. I'll begin, if you please, with that there (Lord bless its claws, they're as red as your lips !), and we'll astonish a few of the natives afterwards, *by* your leave.'

Mrs. Grampus was delighted with the manners and the appetite of the stranger. She proceeded forthwith to bisect the lobster, while the Professor, in a *déagé* manner, his cane over his shoulder, and a cheerful whistle upon his lips, entered the little parlour, and took possession of a box and a table.

He was no sooner seated than, from a scuffle, a giggle, and a smack, Mrs. Grampus was induced to suspect that something went wrong in the oyster-room.

' Hadeliza !' cried she ; and that young woman returned blushing now like a rose, who had been as pale before as a lily.

¹ I know this is an anachronism ; but I only mean that he was performing one of the popular melodies of the time.—M. A. T.

Mrs. G. herself took in the lobster, bidding her daughter sternly to stay in the shop. She approached the stranger with an angry air, and laid the lobster before him.

'For shame, sir!' said she solemnly; but all of a sudden she began to giggle like her daughter, and her speech ended with an '*Have done now!*'

We were not behind the curtain, and cannot of course say what took place; but it is evident that the Professor was a general lover of the sex.

Mrs. Grampus returned to the shop, rubbing her lips with her fat arms, and restored to perfect good-humour. The little errand-boy was dispatched over the way for a bottle of Guinness and a glass of brandy and water.

'HOT WITH!' shouted a manly voice from the eating-room, and Adeliza was pained to think that in her presence her lover could eat so well.

He ate indeed as if he had never eaten before: here is the bill as written by Mrs. Grampus herself.

	s.	d.
'Two lobsters at 3s. 6d.	7	0
Sallit	1	3
2 Bottils Doubling Stott	2	4
11 Doz. Best natifs	7	4
14 Pads of Botter	1	2
4 Glasses B. & W.	4	0
Bredd (love & $\frac{1}{2}$)	1	2
Brakitch of tumler	1	6
	<hr/> 1	<hr/> 5 9

'To Samuel Grampus,

'At the Mermaid in Cheapside.

'Shell-fish in all varieties. *N.B.*—A great saving in taking a quantity.'

'A saving in *taking a quantity*,' said the stranger archly. 'Why, ma'am, you ought to let me off *very cheap*;' and the Professor, the pot-boy, Adeliza, and her mamma, grinned equally at this pleasantry.

'However, never mind the pay, missis,' continued he; 'we ain't agoing to quarrel about *that*. Hadd another glass of brandy and water to the bill, and bring it me, when it shall be as I am now.'

'Law, sir,' simpered Mrs. Grampus, 'how's that?'

'*Reseated*, ma'am, to be sure,' replied he, as he sank back upon the table. The old lady went laughing away, pleased with her merry and facetious customer; the little boy picked up the oyster-shells, of which a mighty pyramid was formed at the Professor's feet.

'Here, Sammy,' cried out shrill Mrs. Grampus from the shop, 'go over to the Blue Lion and get the gentleman his glass: but no, you are better where you are, pickin' up them shells. Go you, Hadeliza; it is but across the way.'

Adeliza went with a very bad grace; she had hoped to exchange at least a few words with him her soul adored, and her mother's jealousy prevented the completion of her wish.

She had scarcely gone, when Mr. Grampus entered from his dinner-party. But, though fond of pleasure, he was equally faithful to business; without a word, he hung up his brass-buttoned coat, put on his hairy cap, and stuck his sleeves through his apron.

As Mrs. Grampus was tying it (an office which this faithful lady regularly performed), he asked her what business had occurred during his absence.

'Not so bad,' said she; 'two pound ten to-night, besides one pound eight to receive,' and she handed Mr. Grampus the bill.

'How many are there on 'em?' said that gentleman, smiling, as his eye gladly glanced over the items of the account.

'Why, that's the best of all: how many do you think?'

'If four did it,' said Mr. Grampus, 'they wouldn't have done badly neither.'

'What do you think of *one*?' cried Mrs. G., laughing, 'and he ain't done yet. Haddy is gone to fetch him another glass of brandy and water.'

Mr. Grampus looked very much alarmed. 'Only one, and you say he ain't paid?'

'No,' said the lady.

Mr. Grampus seized the bill, and rushed wildly into the dining-room: the little boy was picking up the oyster-shells still, there were so many of them; the Professor was seated on the table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

Grampus, shaking in every joint, held out the bill: a horrid thought crossed him; he had seen that face before!

The Professor kicked sneeringly into the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

'What a flat you are,' shouted he, in a voice of thunder 'to think I'm a-goin' to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'M DANDO!'

The people in the other boxes crowded forward to see the celebrated stranger, the little boy grinned as he dropped two hundred and forty four oyster shells, and Mr Grampus rushed madly into his front shop, shrieking for a watch man.

As he ran, he stumbled over something on the floor,—a woman and a glass of brandy and water lay there extended. Like Tarquinius reversed, Elijah Grampus was trampling over the lifeless body of Adeliza.

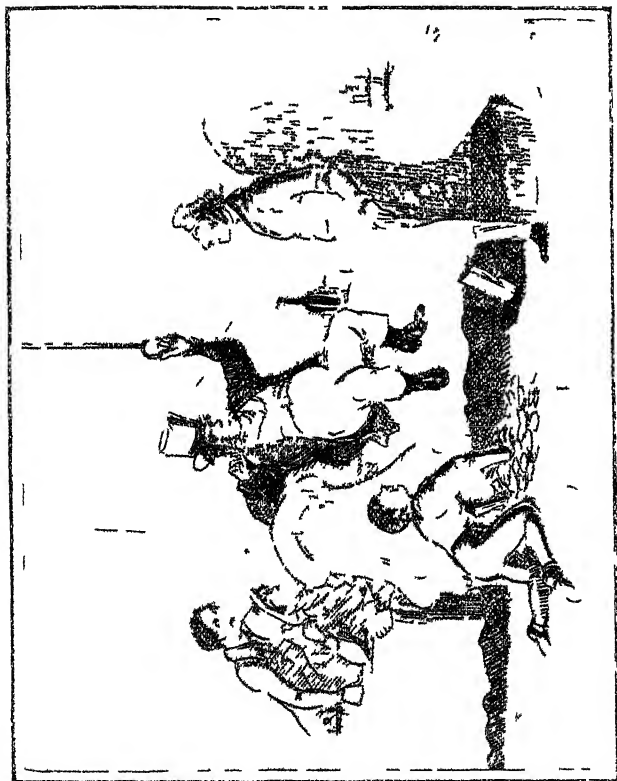
Why enlarge upon the miserable theme? The confiding girl, in returning with the grog from the Blue Lion, had arrived at the shop only in time to hear the fatal name of DANDO. She saw him, tipsy and triumphant, bestriding the festal table, and yelling with horrid laughter! The truth flashed upon her—she fell!

Lost to worldly cares in contemplating the sorrows of their idolized child, her parents forgot all else beside. Miss G. held the vinegar cruet to her nostrils, her husband brought the soda water fountain to play upon her, it restored her to life but not to sense. When Adeliza Grampus rose from that trance she was a MANIAC.

But what became of *the deceiver*? The gormandizing ruffian the lying renegade the fiend in human shape escaped in the midst of this scene of desolation. He walked unconcerned through the shop, his hat cocked on one side as before, swaggering as before, whistling as before. Far in the moonlight might you see his figure, long, long in the night silence rang his demoniac melody of 'Jim CLOW!'

When Samuel the boy cleaned out the shop in the morning, and made the inventory of the goods, a silver fork, a plated ditto, a dish and a pewter-pot were found to be wanting. Ingenuity will not be long in guessing the name of *the thief*.

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MR. DANDO DECLARES HIS NAME AND QUALITY

Gentles, my tale is told. If it may have deterred one soul from vice, my end is fully answered : if it may have taught to schoolmistresses carefulness, to pupils circumspection, to youth the folly of sickly sentiment, the pain of bitter deception ; to manhood the crime, the *meanness* of gluttony, the vice which it occasions, and the wicked passions it fosters ; if these, or any of these, have been taught by the above tale, Goliah Gahagan seeks for no other reward.

NOTE.—Please send the proceeds as requested per letter ; the bearer being directed not to give up the manuscript without.

HALF-A-CROWN'S WORTH OF CHEAP KNOWLEDGE

[*Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1838.]

1. *The Poor Man's Friend*. Hetherington, Strand.
2. *Livesey's Moral Reformer* (weekly). Livesey, Preston.
3. *The Wars of Europe*. Pattie, Brydges Street.
4. *The Penny Story-Teller*.
5. *The Sporting Gazette*. 2d. Foster, Crane Court.
6. *The Sporting World*. 2d. Bollacrt, Wellington Street.
7. *Oliver Twiss*. By Bos. 1d. E. Lloyd, Bloomsbury.
8. *The Weekly Magazine*. 1½d.
9. *The Fly*. 2d. Glover, Water Lane.
10. *The Penny Age*. Robins, Barbican.
11. *The Penny Satirist*. Nos. 22, 23, 24. Cousins, Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.
12. *Cleave's Penny Gazette of Variety*, }
13. *London Satirist*, } Wakelin, Shoe Lane.
14. *The Star of Venus*; or, *Show-up Chronicle*. Clark, Brydges Street.
15. *The Town*. 2d. Forrester, Strand.

A WALK into Paternoster Row, and the judicious expenditure of half-a-crown, put us in possession of the strange collection of periodical works of which we have given the catalogue. We know not how many more there may be of the same sort; but, at least, these fifteen samples will afford us very fair opportunity for judging of this whole class of literature. It is the result of the remission of the stamp-laws,—has sprung up in the last few months, or years,—and may be considered the offspring of the 'March of Intellect,' which we have heard so much about: the proof of the 'intelligence of the working classes,' and the consequence of the meritorious efforts of 'the schoolmaster abroad.'

These are the three cant terms of the Radical spouters: any one of these, tagged to the end of any sentence, however lame, never fails to elicit a shout of approbation at White Conduit House or the Crown and Anchor. To listen

to Wakley, Vincent, or O'Connor, one would imagine that the aristocracy of the country were the most ignorant and ill-educated part of its population—the House of Lords an assembly of ninnies—the Universities only seminaries where folly and vice are taught. The wisdom and honesty of the country rests with the working men, whose manly labour sharpens their intelligence, and who are educated in very different schools from those effete and effeminate places of learning in which the higher classes fritter their youth and intellect away.

We do not desire, however, to plunge the reader into a political dissertation as to the relative merits of aristocrats and democrats, and the question, whether there really be a higher class and a lower, as persons (probably prejudiced or bribed) have feigned ; we wish to examine the case merely in a literary point of view, and ascertain, as well as we can, what are the literary tastes of the lower class, and how this intelligence, which is boasted of so often and so loudly, displays itself. With the claims of the higher class we have nothing to do ; the readers of this Magazine belong (as we humbly conceive) to that class chiefly, and can judge as well as ourselves of the condition of its literature. But few of them are acquainted with works written for people of quite a different condition. Few of them, we venture to say, have even heard of most of the above periodicals, and are as ignorant of the philosophical excellence of the *Poor Man's Friend* as of the graceful sprightliness of the *Show-up Chronicle*.

In the descriptions of society and life, as we read them in these papers, the manners of the lower classes in the *country* are not, of course, represented. We can judge only here of the people in the great towns—a tremendous society moving around us, and unknown to us—a vast mass of active, stirring life, in which the upper and middling classes form an insignificant speck, and of which we (taking for granted that we here applies to both writer and reader) are quite ignorant and uninformed. An English gentleman knows as much about the people of Lapland or California as he does of the aborigines of The Seven Dials or the natives of Wapping ; or if he ever does venture to explore these unknown districts (as some daring spirits have)—to examine the customs, the amusements, and the social condition of the inhabitants—he does so for an hour or two at

midnight ; taking the precaution of drunkenness before he makes the attempt, and moving stealthily among those dangerous and savage men, effectually disguised—in *liquor*. All the curiosities that such a traveller brings back from the *incognita terra* are, probably, a coat from which the pockets have been ingeniously separated, or a black eye, the parting gift of a native.

For those, then, who, though eager for knowledge regarding the habits of these people, are yet unwilling to brave the dangers which must be encountered in the search, there can scarcely be a better method of acquiring science than by such books as the fifteen penny publications above inscribed. If they do not give so lively a picture as that visible to the actual observers, they give, at least, a view more general. Long months' unremitting intercourse, and considerable expenditure, are necessary for him who wishes, with his proper eyes, to behold this enormous London world (for to call that 'the world' which is so registered in the *Court Guide* is sheer nonsense) : by examining a heap of such papers as these, he may know it, however, in a morning's reading.

It may appear a strange affectation, in this blessed year 1838, to affect an entire ignorance of the habits of fourteen-fifteenths of the people amongst whom we live—a poor repetition of Mr. Croker's old joke, who knew not, positively, where about was Russell Square : but the fact is so. Thanks to reviewers and novelists, with the very highest classes of society we are as intimate as with our own brothers and sisters ; we know almost as well as if we had been there (as well, as to enable us *to say* that we have), all the manners and customs of the frequenters of Devonshire House—what great people eat at dinner—how their rooms are furnished—how they dance, and flirt, and dress ; all this has been described and studied by every writer of fiction who has the least pretension to politeness, or the slightest claim to gentility. And who are these people, whom we study, and ape, and admire ? At the utmost, a miserable forty thousand ! Fifteen hundred thousand more are moving in the same streets, of whom we know nothing. No modern writer has given any account of them, except only the admirable 'Boz.' Mr. Bulwer's low life, though very amusing, is altogether fanciful. Mr. Theodore Hook has never—so exquisitely refined is that

popular author—penetrated beyond Mecklenburgh Square. Even the habits of people in that part of the town he views with contempt ; and is obliged to soar upwards again to the higher atmospheres of fashion, in which only his delicate lungs can breathe at ease.

There is not much need, luckily, that a writer should be dispatched expressly from the polite world to examine the doings of the world impolite. It has a literature of its own ; a dozen specimens of which are before us now, and of which we shall give a *résumé*.

One may pretty well judge, then, from these specimens, what are—in London, at least—the literary wants and tastes of the poorer classes. Since the change of the stamp-duty, the Penny Gazettes, which flooded the town with treason, have disappeared altogether. Was it the abstract political creed of these papers (Cleave's *Gazette* and Hetherington's *Dispatch*, for instance) which caused their popularity ? or was it through different means that they attained the enormous sale which they once had ? In the first place, the very defiance of the law was an excitement to the purchaser ; the price, another excitement ; and furious attacks upon the king and nobility—upon the factory-owner—upon the magistrate and the policeman—upon all who interfered with the presumed liberties, the amusements, or the pockets of the people—filled, for the most part, the columns of these papers. It is folly to urge that what is called 'Radicalism' in the country—the bugbear which Mr. Sledge-hammer Attwood threatens from Birmingham, the great popular creed of which the immaculate Mr. Wakley is the prophet and expounder—is a fixed and reasonable sentiment. With the men whom these worthies represent, the word 'Radicalism' does not mean *opinion* ; it should simply be interpreted *hatred*. They hate the nobility, for the nobility ride in a gold coach, and themselves starve on foot ; they hate the factory-master, for he will keep all the profits to himself ; a policeman with them is a 'bloody bludgeon-man'—a kind of ogre, invented by Sir Robert Peel to swallow or imprison poor Englishmen ; and a newspaper stamp, the 'cursed red slave-mark,' at the name of which the Radical spouter lashes himself into a fury, and the Radical audiences discover that we are the most injured and enslaved people on earth. Against Radicalism in the abstract we are not here to argue ; it

may be the right creed or the wrong one—at any rate, it is supported by many able and honest men : but, is it the belief of the country ? or of any number in it strong enough to form a body, which, by any stretch of courtesy, may be called a party ? The answer is simple : three Radical newspapers have died this year. The first, a morning paper, called the *Constitutional*, came out with a good deal of *prestige* at the period of the repeal of the stamp-act. Some small show was made among the Radical members of Parliament, who promised to support it. For some months (after which time it fell off woefully in point of intelligence) it was as good as any other morning paper ; it was purely Radical, if any journal ever was. And what was the consequence ? It never had a thousand subscribers. A small paper, called the *Morning Gazette*, succeeded the *Constitutional*, and then followed it to the grave. Lastly fell the *True Sun*, by far the ablest paper of the three, ably conducted and written ; cheaper, better, and larger than any other evening paper—the *Standard*, of course, excepted. It was an old paper of five or six years' standing, the property of a leading Radical in the House of Commons, of acknowledged importance to the party. There were meetings concerning it, and petitions, and a deal of talk about subscriptions ; and what then ? The Radical leaders would not subscribe,—not they ! Their business is only to talk, not to *do*. The poor *True Sun* sunk one Saturday evening, and lies along with its defunct brethren.

May their bones lie soft ! We only have alluded to their fate (in a digression, for the length of which we trust the reader will pardon us) in order to attempt to show that pure Radicalism is not the belief of the people ; nay, that politics of any sort, except the Bloody Bludgeon-man, Bloody Red Slave-Mark, Bloody Poor-grinding Aristocracy kind, have no interest for them. At least, among fifteen works published for their use we find nothing of a grave, doctrinal character, and no sort of sober discussion regarding the first principles of that creed which, as we are told, they prize so highly.

In our whole catalogue of publications, it is curious that there are only two which pretend to instruct the reader—namely, the *Moral Reformer*, and the *Poor Man's Friend*. The first is not merely good in its intention, but very well

executed. It appears weekly, and is written by a strong advocate of Temperance Societies, and directly addressed to the poor. The latter is a political pamphlet costing a penny, like the *Reformer*, but published we know not at what intervals. The number before us is especially directed to two points—the abolition of the Poor Law, and the puffing of a London paper, called the *London Dispatch*; of which Dr. Beaumont, the ex-prisoner of Doulon, is the editor. Listen to the warning of the *Poor Man's Friend*:

What single journal is there, within the reach of the working classes, that stands up for the rights of the millions? Is there one strenuous advocate among the daily papers? Is there a solitary diurnal print, morning or evening, that is not blindly linked to the interests of the present ministry, or openly playing the game of the Tories? Not one. What weekly newspapers are there which possess a stronger claim on the support of the mass of useful population? There were two, the *London Mercury* and the *London Dispatch*; and the poor, unfortunately, were not able to support both. The divided favours kept these journals fluctuating between six and seven thousand each, and this number did not produce within thirty pounds a week of what each cost in production; nay, they were in different hands, they were preying on each other. The *London Mercury* cost two or three fortunes to maintain it; and the *London Dispatch* cost Mr. Hetherington, the proprietor, years of labour and loss; and, while two public-spirited individuals worked incessantly for the cause in their different ways, each steadfastly maintaining the interests of the poor, they were gradually impoverishing themselves, without the prospect of reaction; and conscious of his right to be supported, each was reluctant to give up his task while the slightest hope remained. The consequence was, as might be expected, each sought to dispose of the wreck of his investment by disposing of the property. A third person stepped in, and purchased the *Mercury* unconditionally,—the *London Dispatch* was subsequently bought by the same individual; and Mr. Hetherington, anxious to be useful to the millions, stipulated for the constant advocacy of his own principles, and to the last did his duty by the cause. Happily, the purchaser formed a junction of the two papers,—engaged the services of the well-known and long-tried patriot, Doctor Beaumont, whose learning entitled him to the highest respect of all classes, and whose principles were tested for years in the dungeons of France, while suffering for his advocacy of the poor against the rich. Under his able guidance, with much valuable assistance, the interests of the poor are advocated in the *London Dispatch* and *London Mercury*, whose circulation among all ranks in England, and on the Continent, renders it a formidable opponent to the friends of despotism, as well as to the pretended friends of the poor.

Rush, then, to your newsmen ! Hasten to the printing-office ! Depend upon it, says the shoemaker, to preserve the rights of Englishmen, to uphold the cause of suffering poverty, there is nothing like leather. The *Poor Man's Friend*, consisting of four pages, then robs a tale from the *Torch*, which occupies nearly two ; and, returning to the charge about the *London Dispatch*, again avers that the millions can never prosper without it. Lo ! and all that we have learned for one of the pennies of our half-crown is, that the *Poor Man's Friend* is neither more nor less than a humbug ; he is no more the poor man's friend than the gentleman in the street who inserts small printed bills into your hand is the sick man's friend ; he only works for his employer, the Radical or medical quack, as the case may be.

Livesey, as we have said, is in a much better strain ; and the millions will read more wholesome lessons in these *Moral Reformers* than in the pages of all the *London Dispatches*, from this day until the day when the *Dispatch* shall be no more. He tells the poor how it is good to be sober, and the rich that it is right to be charitable. And he quotes from the words of A Certain Great Philanthropist, Who lived before him, and Who taught that men might be happy even though they were loyal to Caesar, and contented though they were poor. Here is a melancholy extract from this little pamphlet :

Who can estimate the amount of unknown poverty and suffering that exists at this present time among the poor, and especially among the weavers ? Indeed, no saying can be truer than this, ' One half of the world does not know how the other half lives.' Among other reports, the one printed by the Rev. J. Johns, domestic missionary, in reference to the poor of Liverpool, is truly affecting, as will be seen by the following extract :—' Within these few months, I have seen what, had I *not* seen it, I could not have imagined. I have seen life under forms which took from it all that, in my eyes, made it happy, hopeful, or even *human*. I have seen life under forms which made it necessary for me to rouse up all the strength of my previous reasonings and convictions, in order to convince myself that these were really fellow-beings, going through a preparatory state of discipline, which, under the eye of an all-powerful and purely benevolent Providence, was to prepare them for ' an eternal and exceeding weight of glory.' Few could have seen the scenes which have passed under my eyes (especially during the months of the late trying winter), without feeling that the time was indeed arrived when man should go forth to the relief of his brother. Mothers, newly become such, without a garment on their persons,

and with infants nearly as naked, lying upon straw or shavings, under a miserable covering, without fire or food, or the means of procuring them; children taken from their schools, in order to earn by begging, or by something but one degree above it, a few half-pence worth of bread for themselves and their parents; men in the prime of life lounging at noonday across their beds, unable to procure work, and dependent upon the charity of their fellow-poor for subsistence; mothers of families only able to provide necessaries for their children by pawning their little all, or by incurring debts wherever they could be trusted; persons in fevers, whose recovery was prevented and whose weakness was prolonged by the want of all that promotes convalescence; and infirm and aged people, who were shivering out the last hours of life in absolute want of everything that could sustain or endure it. I must only further permit myself to observe, that I have often found their physical wants so great, as not merely to embitter life, but to antedate its close. I have no hesitation in saying, that an unsuspected amount of human existence must be annually sacrificed, in this and similar great towns, *from simple and absolute starvation*. No jury sits on these neglected remains: no horror-stricken neighbourhood is electrified by the rumour that one has died among them of cold, and nakedness, and hunger. Obscurity clouds the death-bed, and oblivion rests upon the grave. But, unknown as it may be to the world at large, the fact is awfully certain,—that not a few of our poor, especially of the aged and infirm, die, winter after winter, of no disease but inanition. I have known instances of this nature, to which I came, or was called, too late: I have known others, also, in which I was enabled to save those for whom, I believe, there was no hope or friend in the world.

A wretched story, indeed! But, at least, not to us is the credit due for a measure which shuts out these poor creatures from hope, and, as it were, enforces and legalizes starvation. Those ‘poor man’s friends’ who sit on the ministerial benches have perpetrated this, among other benefits for their country.

We have here, then, the only two papers of the bundle which pretend to any gravity of discussion or information. The one is chiefly occupied with the Temperance Societies, the Poor Law, and such sorrowful statistics as belong to it; the other is a simple puff for a weekly Radical print. Is it unfair to conclude that the people, for whose special benefit penny literature has been invented, do not care much for politics or instruction, but seek chiefly for amusement in exchange for their humble penny?

Our next paper is called the *Wars of Europe*, edited by a distinguished Officer of the Blues: a laudable and amusing

publication. In the number before us, the Siege of Badajoz is the 'distinguished Officer's' theme. A rude woodcut represents a breach ; an ensign waving the British flag ; there is also a host of Frenchmen, in cocked hats, striving in vain against British valour.

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling—the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and, withal, a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain,—Captain Nicholas, of the Engineers, was observed by Mr. Shaw, of the forty-third, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw, having collected about fifty soldiers of all regiments, joined him ; and although there was a deep cut along the foot of the breach, also, it was instantly passed, and these two young officers, at the head of their gallant band, rushed up the slope of the ruins : but, when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole to earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone.

Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege ; and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault—sixty officers, and more than seven hundred men, being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded ; the first three severely. About six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vicente ; as many at the castle ; and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred. And how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this—the forty-third and fifty-second regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle !

Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage, taking place in a space of less than a hundred square yards ; let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death ; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water ; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions ; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking ; and that the town was won at last ;—let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power.

And nobly, indeed, does this 'distinguished officer' write. But, stay ; have we not read something of this in a book called the *History of the Peninsular War*, by one Napier ? Yes, truly. And here we arrive at the extraordinary fact, that *two* 'distinguished British officers,' in

describing a particular feat of arms, have used the self-same sentences, lines, words, stops—nay, commas.

As for supposing that the distinguished officer of the Blues would *steal* from his brother officer's book, it is out of the question. A man in the household troops would sooner die than do it. However, the hero of the Blues makes a very entertaining miscellany,—the very best, we think in our whole catalogue. The stories are taken from good books, are written in good language, and tell of things which it does one good to hear of. Many a school-boy, on a holiday, many an honest workman, of a Saturday evening, will read over these brave stories of danger and victory, and think the penny well spent which has bought him this little magazine.

Next in the list is the *Penny Story-Teller*,—eight pages, a picture, and tales completed, commenced, and to be continued. *The Secret Vault*, *The Wish Fulfilled*, *The Obtuse Smoker*. This latter story, in the Boz style, has very great merit; and the reader will excuse us for giving a brief quotation.

An Inn Parlour at midnight.—The night was nearly over. The candles—the two which the landlord had allowed to run to seed—were 'dark with(out) excess of light'; two or three empty pipes remained, quiet monuments to the memories of departed smokers; the little round *mausoleums* of sand were struck out of their right places by the departings of the departed; a few tumblers, empty, remained; the fire had caked into a dull, red-hot, hollow roof; the cat was curved into a sleep on the sanded hearth; the four bell-ropes hung, at *intervals*, over the tables in wondrous repose; and only one very broad-brimmed hat blackened the one handsome peg out of the twelve that adorned, foot by foot asunder, the happy back room of the Harp!—the hat of Quail!

If this be an original tale, the *Penny Story-Teller* has a clever contributor. The imitation of Boz is very happy. We cannot speak in similar terms of *The Secret Vault* or *The Wish Fulfilled*, which are wondrous dull; but *The Obtuse Smoker* is worth a dozen pennies, and we have no reason to complain of our bargain.

The *Sporting Gazette* and the *Sporting World* are more aristocratic in their pretensions, being printed on a smart white paper, and sold for twopence. We incline to the latter, which is not merely bigger than its rival, but has, moreover, a picture—the pet of the Fancy, the gallant

Dick Curtis, stands in the front page, his shirt off, his fists doubled—worth threepence at the very least. Besides a paper about the Darby, and a host of miscellaneous matter, we have a couple of songs from a clever compiler of such ditties, Mr. A. B. C. D. E. F. W. N. Bayley; who writes in the following awful way concerning fox-hounds and blood-hounds :

A Talbot ! a Talbot ! fleet, famous and free,
With the royal old Norman came over the sea,
To track through the kingdom, by field and by flood,
To the sound of the bugle—the scent of the blood.
The red dog is snuffing the breath of the morn,
And the deer is aroused e'er the dews are updrawn.
One spring at his bark, and one bound at his bay,
Deep-mouthed and death-telling—the stag is away !
Away by the meadows, away by the mound,
The high-antlered spirit is spurning the ground !
His feet will scarce touch the long blades as they pass ;
But the stream from his wound leaves its stain on the grass !
Hark ! a voice, fierce and full, on the wings of the wind—
'Tis the bay of the Talbot !—by blood will he find !
Red, red is the colour—the red blood is spilled ;
The red dog hath track'd it—the red deer is killed !

Tremendous, by all the gods !—and the five reds in the last couplet, quite terrible both to the ear and the eye. But, hark to the lay of the fox-hound !

Ho, fox-hounds, arouse ye ! the kennel is free—
There's a fox in the forest, a scent on the lea ;
Come forth by the couple, bound out by the brace ;
This morn the bold hunter will give ye a chase !

Hollo ! mark ye, the gate is flung open and wide,
And the whipper shall welcome each brace by his side ;
Unkennelled, uncoupled, we'll give ye the slip,
And you shall ' Hark forward '—Tantivy ! ya hip !

To cover ! to cover ! away to the wood ;
Your foot now be fleet, and your scent now be good ;
Through the copse let him creep—o'er the field see him rush.—
Hark-away ! or he'll give you a sweat for his brush.

What mirth and what music—what echoes resound—
Full flinging his melody back to the hound !
Ha ! the dogs skirt the vale, and the fox skims the hill ;
Ho, Reynard, fly fleet ! What, Babbler, be still !

Hark-away ! tally-ho ! he is seen—he must die !
 Fling your feet o'er the field, and your voice to the sky ;
 Bound the hill—skirt the wood—skim the mead—keep the view ;
 Ha, Reynard ! red Reynard ! no rescue for you.

Tantivy ! they have him—tantivy ! they hold—
 Ne'er a goal but was gained when the battle was bold.
 Let the hen keep her roost, and the rabbit its coop ;
 For, ho, Reynard ! they kill thee—who-hoop ! and who-hoop !

Doth his scent taint the air, doth his blood stain the rush ?
 Then fall ye to the carcass, and I'll bear the brush ;
 And fair be your suppers, as fleet was your run.
 Ho, fox-hounds ! good fox-hounds ! Your duty is done.

This is a sporting song right up, slick down, and no mistake. Adapting it to Mr. Rooke's tune of 'To the Mountain,' we commenced singing it immediately after perusal, and have been singing without intermission for four hours. The greatest excitement prevails in our house and neighbourhood. Our beloved and other half has placed herself at the pianoforte, and accompanied us. At the first verse the grooms and the coachmen left the stable, and are at this moment joining in chorus in the court-yard. All the horses in the stable are kicking like mad ; the dogs are howling, yelling, worrying ; the cook, the maids, and men of the family, are shuffling and squeezing at the drawing-room door. As we come to the words :

Bound the hill—skirt the wood—skim the milk—keep the view—
 Ho ! Reynard ! red Reynard ! Cockdoodledyoo !—

as we come, we say, to these sublime words, Mrs. Yorke's excitement knows no bounds. That exalted lady, who is of a Leicestershire family, suddenly leaves the grand Broadwood at which she is seated—she whirls it into the middle of the room—she shouts with the voice of an Amazon—and, with a run and a bound—yes—no—yes—she clears the piano, music-stool, and all—falling, flushed and panting, into our arms, stretched forward to receive the gallant girl !

A halfp'orth of nuts are now lying at the publisher's—we will wager them, aye, or double as many, against a fifty-pound note, that our gallant friend, Mr. Bayley, has never been hunting in his life. But, for a man of genius, this is a trifle. The song is a good song, though not an 'unting song.

Farewell, then, to the *Sporting World*. We come next to *Oliver Twiss*, by Bos ; a kind of silly copy of Boz's admirable tale. We have not, we confess, been able to read through *Oliver Twiss*. The only amusing point of it is an advertisement by the publisher, calling upon the public to buy 'Lloyd's edition of *Oliver Twiss*, by Bos,' it being the *only genuine one*. By which we learn, that there are thieves, and other thieves who steal from the first thieves ; even as it is said that about that exiguous beast the flea there be other fleas which annoy the original animal.

The *Weekly Magazine* is a periodical devoted to literature, borrowed, stolen, or original. It contains sixteen quarto pages, and sells for the moderate sum of three halfpence. It is neither (as far as we may judge of the whole by a single number) very good nor very bad ; but, at least, it is good in its intentions, and quite harmless.

And now we come to the *Fly*. The *Fly* is of a graceful, fantastic, sarcastic, caustic nature, such as the French *Corsaire* or *Charivari*. It has but four pages ; a print (a most atrocious scrawl, by the way) is inserted loose between them. A couple of *diableries*, copied from the clever lithographs of *Le Poittevin*, figure in the first page ; and the *Fly*, in consideration of all these excellences, is made to cost twopence. The reader will be pleased with an extract, which shows the exquisite wit and good taste of the drivers of the *Fly*. The scene is Pimlico Palace. Our gracious sovereign is amusing herself with her maids of honour. *Musca loquitur* :

Her Majesty remarked that she had heard that many persons were fond of a *nice* place, but, for herself, she should in future endeavour to avoid an *ice* place. This sally put the whole of the household in good-humour ; and they forthwith began to debate among themselves what they should do to amuse themselves for the rest of the day. Her Majesty set an example, which was immediately followed, by seating herself at a table, 'her eyes in a fine frenzy rolling,' and committed the following to paper :

That all rooks vile traitors are
I'll quickly show a reason,
For which I need not go far,
As they all hatch high trees on.

When this had been sufficiently admired, the Baroness Lehzen, who said she would not be *crowed* over, sat down and wrote the following :

Oh ! how I love to see the snow-
 Balls which little urchins throw
 At one another as they go
 Or come from school. I
 Long to join in their sport. My
 Blood is up ; I want a snow-ball ;
 I want a snow-ball to let fly.

Here she was interrupted by Miss Cocks, who mischievously threw a large snow-ball, which, striking her immediately under the ear, produced, as she remarked, a dreadfully unpleasant sensation. This was the signal for the adjournment to the lawn, when a general snow-balling was commenced among the royal party ; her majesty remarking that she 'did not know anything about the ball hot (ballot), but she thought the ball cold capital good sport,' and immediately threw a large one at Miss Cocks, who, ducking her head, sorry are we to record that the unfortunate Lehzen received it in her mouth while she was crying out, 'Flare-up' ; and the sport was put an end to by a servant announcing that Lord Melbourne had arrived.

O rare *Fly* ! can anything be more refined and gentleman-like, more acute and sarcastic, than the above elegant passage ? A deal more of such delightful *badinage* follows. We cannot quote it, for, alas ! our columns are narrow, and our readers might question the propriety of any further extract. To drop all attempt at pleasantry, let us say that we scarcely ever have seen anything more witless and more blackguard than this *Fly*. It is inconceivably dirty, and at the same time inexpressibly dull.

We have quitted, as the reader will perceive, the regions of pure literature among the penny publications, and are now arriving at those prints which describe men and manners, and the fashionable amusements and customs of the metropolis. *Imprimis* comes the *Penny Age*, of which we have had the ill-luck to purchase the first number only, and that dated so far back as October. There is a wood-cut, cleverly executed, and a flourishing prospectus, from those distinguished persons who are editors of that periodical, and proudly speak of themselves as 'we of the *Penny Age*.' We of the *Penny Age* are determined to ransack all London for the amusement of the public. Let us give a specimen of the *Penny Age*. We would wager that the following passage describes persons and places of which no single reader of this Magazine ever heard until now. What, O reader ! do you think are the most fashionable concerts

about town? You will answer, The Philharmonic, perhaps; or the Ancient Concerts, or Mori and Lindley's. Hear the opinion of 'we of the *Penny Aye*.'

London Concerts.—There are some really excellent places of the kind, where the amusements are even equal to the theatres; in fact, in many instances, far surpass them. *The most select vocal establishments* that we know of at present are the Eagle Tavern, City Road; the White Conduit; the Union Saloon, High Street, Shoreditch; the Earl of Effingham, Whitechapel Road; the Royal Standard, Vauxhall; the Rising Sun, New Road; and the Yorkshire Stingo Tavern, *ditto*. Bagnigge Wells, that once famous resort for the Cockneys, is sadly altered: the company *is not of that select order* it used to be; and the singing is by no means worth the price of admission. If you feel inclined to hear a song and smoke a cigar long after midnight, we would warmly recommend Evans's, under the Piazzas, Covent Garden; Regan's, the Cider Cellars, Maiden Lane; and Offley's, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Of each of these rooms we shall give a full description in a future number. The 'crack' concert singers of the day are decidedly Harry Howell, little Herbert, his brother John, or, as he is more familiarly called, 'Jerry,' Tom Jones (not Fielding's), and W. Williams (the Irish vocalist) in the comic line; Messrs. E. Taylor, Tom Keates, Harry Bailey, Jem Matthews, Jem Connel, Bob Best, Bill Summers, Tom Woolridge, Mrs. Parkinson, Fitzgerald, Prideaux, and Miss Frazer James, in the sentimental business. By the by, the latter lady has acquired her popularity entirely from possessing a fine face and a rather tidy figure. As for her singing, *it is all our visionary powers combined with Mr. Walker*. That she has a splendid voice, we do not deny; but she has no judgement at all. Her notes are wild and inharmonious, her style excessively vulgar, and her air affected and vain. We speak this with no malicious feeling; but we do think that Miss James had better stay at home at 'Frazer Cottage,' and look well after her dahlias. We shall visit some of these places, and report the proceedings in our next.

We have printed in italics one or two of the most pleasing phrases, or turns of expression, which have struck us in the perusal of the above passage. The dreadful castigation of Miss Frazer, the exquisite raillery in the passage concluding, 'it is all our visionary powers and Mr. Walker,' must strike the most inattentive reader. But is not there a world of knowledge laid open to us? Who knew before that Bagnigge Wells had sadly fallen off in point of fashion? Who knew what were the most *select* concerts about town? The Union Saloon, High Street—the Earl of Effingham, Whitechapel—the Stingo Tavern, Ditto-Street,—where are they? and what are they?—sweet, modest violets,

blushing unseen! Who are little Herbert and Harry Howell, chiefs of 'the comic line'? Bob Best and Bill Summers, heroes 'in the sentimental business'? Bob Best and Bill Summers are living, singing, drinking satires upon the vanity of reputation. They are applauded as fervently as Grisi and Lablache. A hundred thousand people in this town know how exquisitely Bob Best can sing 'Meet me, meet me, in the heavenink'; and have wept, perhaps, with tender Bill Summers, as he warbled 'My 'arp and lute.' Why should *we* only be the awarders of fame?—a miserable clique in this vast society? Why should not the *Penny Age* have a voice as potential as the *Times*, and the Stingo Tavern be as fashionable as the King's Theatre?

We could put a thousand more such interrogatories, showing how false and foolish are our received notions on things in general; but time presses, and we have still several papers to examine. They tend equally to level social distinctions, and to leave us in wonder at the strange infatuation which has placed fashion and mastery in Grosvenor Square, neglecting Barbican or Wapping, despising and enslaving Saint Mary Axe.

The *Penny Satirist*, and *Cleave's Gazette and London Satirist*, are both of them very nearly as big as a newspaper; but have very little reason in their names. It would be quite puzzling to find out whereabouts the satire lies in either of these publications, except in certain *bons mots* and epigrams, extracted from some of the stamped papers. The *Penny Satirist* has, moreover, a medical adviser, who answers all questions put to him by the subscribers to the miscellany. The rest of its columns are filled with extracts from magazines or new novels, and present a very harmless, and not unamusing variety. Rude woodcuts adorn all these publications, and seem to be almost all from the hand of the same artist—Grant, by name. They are outrageous caricatures; squinting eyes, wooden legs, and pimpled noses, forming the chief points of fun.

Of the *Star of Venus*, or *Show-up Chronicle*, we shall speak with respectful brevity,—not knowing whether that interesting publication still continues to appear. It is full of information regarding the numerous houses of evening entertainment with which London abounds, and which are called by the elegant *Star*, and other of the politest papers, 'The Free and Easies.' We read here of 'the celebrated

Barley Mow establishment, in New Gravel Lane, Shadwell,' where that eminent artist, Kitchen, is now exhibiting a series of pictures—of the Wheatsheaf Tavern and the Great Mogul Rooms ; all places to which entrance is to be gained for the sum of twopence, where music is nightly performed, and beer or punch may be drunk. But the best guide for those who are anxious to obtain such information is undoubtedly the paper called the *Town*.

We can speak with more confidence of this elegant and ingenious miscellany, having purchased and perused no less than three numbers of it ; whereas, in the instance of the *Show-up Chronicle*, we could but give a partial judgment upon the single number with which it was our good fortune to meet. The *Town* is doubly valuable then, for it describes exactly that portion of the town of which no Christian ever heard until now. The *Town* abounds with the most varied and singular information, as will be seen by perusing merely the table of contents of a single number. Description of gin-shops—the puffing system—a smart rap upon certain medical quacks. The Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem—not an antiquarian paper, but a fearful satire upon a certain society, discovered by the elegant writer of the *Town*, 'as he was *sojourning* his way homewards up Baldwin Street, City Road.' Well, will it be believed that these scoundrels, 'up Baldwin Street,' actually assembled at an ale-house, where they hold a club ?—but ah ! how inferior to that other club called the Knights of St. John ! The President 'is a fat fellow, with a mopstick by way of truncheon, a dress of blue calico, and a cap like that worn by chimney-sweeps on a May-day !' Disgusting, indeed, and vastly inferior to the Knights of St. John. These opposition Knights, be it remembered, are dubbed 'Knights of the Old Fountain'—doubtless from the name of the hostelry at which their revels take place. And a mass of important information connected with life in London is made known at once. We dare swear that the reader was never before aware of any of these facts. The whereabouts of the City Road is mysterious to most men—the existence of Baldwin Street, a fact which till now we should have laughed to scorn. Who knew of the Old Fountain in Baldwin Street ? and who knew of the club at the Old Fountain ? Who, we ask, was aware of this most audacious imitation of the most

distinguished club in London, the Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem? Moles that we are, with a pitiful clay heap for our earth, while a world, varied, vast, and beautiful, is spread before us. But, reflection is folly as yet—it is the second stage of knowledge; as yet we are knocking only at the gates of science, and have all to learn. What, for instance, are the principal gin-shops in town? Your ladyship blushes, and is silent. You do not know a fact, of which, allow us to say, it is a shame you should be ignorant. The following brief *résumé* will put you in possession of the names, not only of the taverns themselves, but of the ladies who dispense the gin.

A *Gineva* palace has been recently erected in Rupert Street, Coventry Street, where two or three sprightly daughters of the proprietor enliven the scene; and in good truth, choice *spirits* abound within the dwelling. But we must not dwell; so many have we to remark upon, that our space will not allow us to be critical.

The Old Bailey boasts the pretty Mrs. Sharpe; Basing Lane the delightful Mrs. Younghusband; and Newgate Market the charming Mrs. Pusey. In Bishopsgate Street a blooming flower is planted in the Flower Pot; and the Marlborough Head has a good-looking face. Billingsgate, too, recalls pleasing recollections: Mrs. Clarke is a remarkably 'tidy sort'; and honest Joe Tomlinson, of Saint-Mary-at-Hill, has a better half equal to his ancient name-sake, of the Bell, who espoused the 'blue-eyed Sue.' The rib of Charley Wilson, at the Half-Moon, Gracechurch Street, gives the customers a *cordial* welcome—at least, those who may be said to be congenial spirits. In Goswell Street Road we have a pretty Mrs. Jones; in Holborn, a light and sprightly Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Price, in Villiers Street, Strand, makes her visitors feel that the goods she vends are not dear at any *price*. Mrs. Morris, and her daughter, the lovely Emma, hold regnant sway at the Castle, not a hundred miles from Gray's Inn Road; but there is a gentleman residing in Cusitor Street, Chancery Lane, who may freely sing:

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none so *fat* as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives *just by the alley*.

The particular solicitude of the neighbouring bailiffs is devoted to Sally, for they all strive to *arrest* her attention. To go further a-field, Mrs. Pople, of the Tottenham Court Road, is really a remarkably nice person; Mrs. Robinson, of Oxford Street, is the very essence of politeness; and our jolly friend, Newman, is anything but a 'Pig in the Pound.' Mrs. Bull, in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, is both beautiful and good; while the 'wife of Teddy Roe,'

of Bell Street, Paddington, *wakes* her husband whenever occasion requires. In that suburban locality, the Kent Road, we meet with two lovely girls, daughters of our old friend and sporting associate, Harry England. The way in which Harry has brought up his family is highly creditable to him—at least, such is the opinion of the *Town*. But we are really getting too far out of Town; we could go on enumerating charming women, who superintend *palaces* of destruction in and about the metropolis, till doomsday; but we must cut the subject for the present, otherwise we may be *brandied* for tediousness by some *rum* fellow, and this we do not desire, as *cordiality* is our sole aim and drift, the very *spirit* of our journal. In conclusion, we would say, to the millions who read the *Town*,—shun the *bunch of grapes*, and then the *bitters* of life will be comparatively unknown to you.

Have you any notion who are the principal pawnbrokers in London? Read but the *Town*, and you will find—

That the leading pawnbrokers in the metropolis are Mr. Fleming, of Farringdon Street; Mr. Whiskard, of Bishopsgate Street; Mr. Dobree, of Charlotte Street, and Oxford Street; Mr. Lawton, of Leicester Square; Mr. Vaughan, in the Strand (whom we most earnestly request to leave off discounting, and to employ his capital legitimately, viz., in his business); Young, of Saint Martin's Lane; and Muncaster, of Snow Hill. These men have all plenty of capital; and, if they please, can advance *a couple of thousand pounds* at five minutes' notice.

All other contributions to this miscellany offer an interest equally great, and are of the same elegant nature. We see *An Essay on Tripe, its Vendors, and Consumers*, in which the sellers of that luxury are lashed with unflinching satire, or greeted with hearty praise, as their conduct may deserve. *Letters from our Reporter 'in Quod'* (which, as your ladyship knows, is the name for the Queen's Bench Prison); *Memoirs of a Bankrupt*; strictures on gambling-houses, and descriptions of the most fashionable dancing-rooms in the metropolis. Thus it is that the *Town* describes

BELILO'S.

Near unto Aldgate is situated a place called the Orange Market; and in the Orange Market stands Howard's Assembly Rooms, and there doth the great Belilo hold regnant sway. He is the presiding deity,—in common *parlance*, the master of the ceremonies; and, to do him justice, we must observe that he is a most perfect master of every ceremony attendant on the ball-room. The weekly assemblies of Mr. Belilo are held every Saturday night, from eight till twelve o'clock.

Before the Christian adventurer profanes the temple of Belilo with his presence, it is necessary that he pay the sum of one shilling, and sixpence extra for the privilege of wearing his hat. This custom, we are sorry to say, is very prevalent, and we confess ourselves surprised at a man of Mr. Belilo's acknowledged politeness permitting such a gross breach of etiquette within the rooms governed by his mighty self; but so it is.

Having complied with these enactments, you enter a square room, capable of holding four sets of quadrilles, and numerous spectators. The walls are decorated with landscape paintings, and the temple is illuminated with lamps of ground glass. On the right of the door sits a little Jew boy with a basket of 'suth nith cakes'; and on the left sits a full-blown Jewess behind a bar, the administering angel to the wants of Jew and Gentile, in the way of refreshments. Nearly facing the door, the band is stationed, consisting of a violin, a trumpet, and a harp; the latter instrument may be properly denominated the Jew's-harp, for all the musicians are of that persuasion.

Having described the room and its appointments, we will now proceed to give some few critical remarks upon the company who frequent it. They are for the most part Jews and Jewesses. The men are great nobs in their way; it is surprising to witness with what elegance they smoke their cigars whilst whirling in the dizzy mazes of the waltz; and it is even more so to observe the fortitude with which their partners endure the horrid nuisance of their repeated puffs of smoke slap in their pretty faces. Boots are the order of the night, and it would be considered a mark of effeminacy to sport pumps. Hats, as we have said before, are worn in the dance; they appear to be generally of the tall silk description, and as we like to assign reasons for absurdities, we believe them to be worn by the Hebrew lads because they imagine that they give a dignified cast to the Jewish phiz. The wit of some of these *sparks* is exceedingly *bright*; for example, to a gentleman lighting a cigar,—'By Cot, sir, if you don't take care, you'll burn that cigar.' This piece of imagined humour we have heard repeated half a dozen times in one evening. There is one little chap, a Jew, who stands about four feet nothing, who is frequently exceedingly rude and impertinent, and very fond of dispossessing strangers of their places in the dance, by stating that he had previously taken them. Belilo should see to this insufferable little monkey; if he does not, we shall, most certainly, in a future number. We shall now go into the ladies, dear creatures!

Perhaps the reader thinks we have carried him far enough, and has no disposition to listen to any further description from the lips of this exquisite writer of the *Town*, whose observations, when he does get among the 'dear creatures,' are not exactly such as would bear repetition in this Magazine.

We have come to the end of our list, having striven to tell the truth concerning every one of these newspapers,—though not, as we confess, in one or two instances, *the whole* truth. This *Town*, the *Penny Age*, the *Fly*, and the *Show-up Chronicle* contain a vast deal of matter to which we have not alluded, and which we assuredly shall not describe. Suffice it to say, that ribaldry so infamous, obscenity so impudently blackguard and brazen, can hardly be conceived, and certainly never was printed until our day. The main point of these papers seems to be a wish to familiarize every man in London who can afford a penny with the doings of the gin-shops, the gambling-houses, and—houses more infamous still. The popularity of the journals, and their contents, are dismal indications indeed of the social condition of the purchasers, who are to be found among all the lower classes in London. Thanks to the enlightened spirit of the age, no man scarcely is so ill-educated as not to be able to read them; and, blessings on cheap literature! no man is too poor to buy them. The *Town* forms the *délices* of the servant-maid, who grins over the precious page along with sly John Footman; the text-book of the apprentice, who doles it out to his comrades; the hidden treasure of the charmed schoolboy, who, by this excellent medium, knows as much about town as the oldest rake in it. Blessed, then, be the press and the fruits thereof! In old times (before education grew general), licentiousness was considered as the secret of the aristocracy. Only men enervated by luxury, and fevered by excess of wealth, were supposed to indulge in vices which are now common to the meanest apprentice or the poorest artisan. And, as mystery in those bigoted days accompanied all knowledge, the science of wickedness was as occult as any other,—only followed by the practitioners in silence and darkness. When the people lighted on one of them, they hunted him down, like a Jew, or an alchymist, or a witch; witness poor old sainted Charteris, well-nigh a martyr to the foul-mouthed illiberality of the bigots of his day! But the schoolmaster is abroad, and the prejudices of the people disappear. Where we had one scoundrel, we count them now by hundreds of thousands. We have our penny libraries for debauchery as for other useful knowledge; and colleges like palaces for study—gin-palaces, where each starving Sardanapalus may revel until he die.

THE MEMOIRS
OF
MR. CHARLES J. YELLOWPLUSH
SOMETIME
FOOTMAN IN MANY GENTEEL FAMILIES

[These papers here appear in the order and division of their original publication in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1837, 1838, and 1840. Thackeray himself reprinted the major part of them *twice*—in *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841, and in the *Miscellanies*, vol. ii, 1856. But he did not give *Fashionable Fax* or the Introductory Letter of *Miss Shum's Husband*, and the arrangement and chapters varied. The former, but not the latter, was included in the supplementary collection of 1885-1886; and the *Letter* was not reprinted till Mr. Lewis Melville's edition, in which, however, *Fashionable Fax*, though given, is disjoined from its original sequels.]

I

FASHNABLE FAX AND POLITE ANNYGOATS

BY CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ.

[*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1837.]

NO. —, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
10th October.

(N.B. HAIRY BELL.)

MY DEAR Y.—Your dellixy in sending me *My Book*¹ does you honour; for the subjick on which it treats cannot, like politix, metafizzix, or other silly sciences, be criticized by the common writin creaturs who do your and other Magazines at so much a yard. I am a chap of a different sort. I have lived with some of the first families in Europe, and I say it, without fear of contradistinction, that, since the death of George the IV, and Mr. Simpson of Voxall Gardens, there doesn't, praps, live a more gentlmnly man than myself. As to figger, I beat Simpson all to shivers; and know more of the world than the late George. He did things in a handsome style enough, but he lived always in one set, and got narrow in his notions. How could he be otherwise? Had he my opportunities, I say he would have been a better dressed man, a better dined man (*poor angsy deer*, as the French say), and a better furnished man. These qualities ain't got by indolence, but by acute hobobservation and foring travel, as I have had. But a truce to heggotism, and let us proceed with bisniss.

Skelton's *Anatomy* (or Skeleton's, which, I presume, is his real name) is a work which has been long wanted in the littery world. A reglar slap-up, no-mistake, out-an'-out account of the manners and usitches of genteel society, will be appreciated in every famly from Buckly Square to White-chapel Market. Ever since you sent me the volum, I have

¹ *My Book; or, the Anatomy of Conduct.* By John Henry Skelton, London, 1837. Simpkin and Marshall.

read it to the gals in our hall, who are quite delighted of it, and every day grows genteeler and genteeler. So is Jeames, coachman; so is Sam and George, and little Halfred, the sugar-loafed page :—all 'xcept old Huffy, the fat veezy porter, who sits all day in his hall-chair, and never reads a word of anythink but that ojus *Hage* newspaper. 'Huffy,' I often say to him, 'why continue to read that blaggerd print? Want of decency, Huffy, becomes no man in your high situation : a genlman without morality, is like a liv'ry-coat without a shoulder-knot.' But the old-fashioned beast reads on, and don't care for a syllable of what I say. As for the *Sat'rist*, that's different : I read it myself, reg'lar ; for it's of uncompromising Raddicle principils, and lashes the vices of the arristoxxy. But again I am diverging from Skeleton.

What I like about him so pertiklerly is his moddisty. Before you come to the book, there is, first, a Deddication ; then, a Preface ; and nex', a Prolygomeny. The fust is about hisself ; the second about hisself too ; and, cuss me ! if the Prolygolygominy an't about hisself again, and his school-master, the Rev. John Finlay, late of Streatham Academy. I shall give a few extrax from them :

'Graceful manners are not intuitive : so he, who, through industry or the smiles of fortune, *would emulate a polite carriage*, must be *taught* not to outrage propriety. Many topics herein considered have been discussed, more or less gravely or jocosely, according as the subject-matter admitted the varying treatment. I would that with propriety much might be expunged, but that I felt it is all required from the nature of the work. The public is the tribunal to which I appeal : not friendship, but public attestation. must affix the signet to *My Book's* approval or condemnation. Sheridan, when manager of Drury, was known to say, he had solicited and received the patronage of friends, but from the public only had he found support. So may it be with me !'

There's a sentence for you, Mr. Yorke ! We disputed about it, for three quarters of an hour in the servants'-hall. Miss Simkins, my lady's *feel de chamber*, says it's complete ungramatticle, as so it is. 'I would that,' etc., 'but that,' and so forth : what can be the earthly meaning of it ? 'Graceful manners,' says Skeleton, 'is not intuitive.' Nor

more an't grammar, Skelton ; sooner than make a fault in which, I'd knife my fish, or malt after my cheese.

As for 'emulating a genteel carriage,' not knowing what that might mean, we at once asked Jim Coachman ; but neither he nor his helpers could help us. Jim thinks it was a baroosh ; cook says, a brisky ; Sam, the stable-boy (who, from living chiefly among the hosses and things, has got a sad low way of talking), said it was all dicky, and bid us drive on to the nex' page.

'For years, when I have observed anything in false taste, I have remarked that, when *My Book* makes its appearance, such an anomaly will be discontinued ; and, instead of an angry reply, it has ever been, "What ! are *you* writing such a work ?" till at length, in several societies, *My Book* has been referred to whenever *une méprise* has taken place. As thus : "*My Book* is, indeed, wanted ;" or, "If *My Book* were here ;" or, "We shall never be right without *My Book* ;" which led me to take minutes of the barbarisms I observed. I now give them to the world, from a conviction that a rule of conduct should be studied, and impressed upon the mind. Other studies come occasionally into play ; but the conduct, the deportment, and the manner are ever in view, and should be a primary consideration, and by no means left to chance (as at present), "whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

'Most books that have appeared on this vital subject have generally been of a trashy nature ; intended, one would imagine—if you took the trouble to read them—as advertisements to this trade, or for that man, this draper, or that dentist, instead of attempting to form the mind, and leaving the judgement to act.

'To Lord Chesterfield other remarks apply : but Dr. Johnson has so truly and so wittily characterized, in few words, that heartless libertine's advice to his son, that, without danger of corrupting the mind, you cannot place his works in the hands of youth.

'It should ever be kept in our recollection, that a graceful carriage—a noble bearing, and a generous disposition to sit with ease and grace, must be enthroned "in the mind's eye" on every virtuous sentiment.'

There it is, the carriage again ! But never mind that—to the nex sentence it's nothink : 'to sit with ease and grace

must be enthroned "in the mind's eye" on every virtuous sentiment! Heaven bless your bones, Mr. Skeleton! where are you driving us? I say, this sentence would puzzle the very Spinx himself! How *can* a man sit in his eye? If the late Mr. Finlay, of Streatham Academy, taught John Henry Anatomy Skeleton to do this, he's a very wonderful pupil, and no mistake! as well as a finominy in natural history, quite exceeding that of Miss Mackavoy. Sich *peculiar* opportunities for hobobservation must make his remarks really valuable.¹

Well, he observes on everythink that is at all observable, and can make a gen'l'man fit for gen'l'manly society. His beavyiour at dinner and brexfast, at bawls and swarries, at chuch, at vist, at skittles, at drivin' cabs, at gettin' in an' out of a carriage, at his death and burill—givin', on every one of these subjicks, a plenty of ex'lent maxums; as we shall very soon see. Let's begin about dinner—it's always a pleasant thing to hear talk of. Skeleton (who is a slap-up heppycure) says—

'Earn the reputation of being a good carver; it is a weakness to pretend superiority to an art in such constant requisition, and on which so much enjoyment depends. You must not crowd the plate—send only a moderate quantity, with fat and gravy; in short, whatever you may be carving, serve others as if you were helping yourself: this may be done with rapidity, if the carver takes pleasure in his province, and endeavours to excel. It is cruel and disgusting to send a lump of meat to any one: if at the table of a friend, it is offensive; if at your own, unpardonable. No refined appetite can survive it.'

¹ I cannot refrain from quattin, in a note, the following extract, from page 8.

'To be done with propriety, everything must be done quietly. When the cards are dealt round do not sort them in all possible haste, and, having performed it in a most hurried manner, clap your cards on the table, looking proudly round, conscious of your own superiority. I speak to those in good society,—not to him who, making cards his trade, has his motives for thus hurrying,—that he may remark the countenances of those with whom he plays,—that he may make observations in *his mind's eye*, from what passes around, and use those observations to *suit ulterior ends*.'

This, now, is what I call a reg'lar parryel passidge, and renders quite clear Mr. Skeltonses notin of the situation of the mind's eye.—CHAS. YLPLSH.

Taken in general, I say this remark is admiral. I saw an instance, only last wick, at our table. There was, first, Sir James and my lady, in course, at the head of their own table ; then there was Lord and Lady Smigsmag right and left of my lady ; Capt. Flupp, of the huzzas (huzza he may be ; but he looks, to my thinkin, much more like a bravo) ; and the Bishop of Biffeter, with his lady ; Haldermin Snodgrass, and me,—that is, I waited.

Well, the haldermin, who was helpin the tuttle, puts on Biffeter's plate a wad of green fat, which might weigh a pound and three-quarters. His ludship goes at it very hearty ; but not likin to seprate it, tries to swallow the lump at one go. I recklect Lady Smigsmag saying gaily, ' What, my lord, are you goin that whole hog at once ? ' The bishop looked at her, rowled his eyes, and tried to spick ; but between the spickin and swallerin, and the green fat, the consquinsies were fatle ! He sunk back on his chair, his spoon dropt, his face became of a blew colour, and down he fell as dead as a nit. He recovered, to be sure, nex day ; but not till after a precious deal of bleedin and dosin, which Dr. Drencher described for him.

This would never have happened, had not the haldermin given him such a plate-full ; and to Skeleton's maxim let me add mine :

Dinner was made for eatin, not for talkin : never pay compliments with your mouth full.

' The person carving must bear in mind that a knife is a saw, by which means it will never slip ; and should it be blunt, or the meat be overdone, he will succeed neatly and expertly, while others are unequal to the task. For my part, I have been accustomed to think I could carve any meat, with any knife ; but lately, in France, I have found my mistake,—for the meat was so overdone, and the knives so blunt, that the little merit I thought I possessed completely failed me. Such was never the case with any knife I ever met with in England.

' Pity that there is not a greater reciprocity in the world ! How much would France be benefited by the introduction of our cutlery and woollens ; and we by much of its produce !

' When the finger-glass is placed before you, you must not drink the contents, or even rinse your mouth, and spit it back ; although this has been done by some inconsiderate

persons. Never, in short, do that of which, on reflection, you would be ashamed ; for instance, never help yourself to salt with your knife,—a thing which is not unfrequently done in *la belle France* in the “perfumed chambers of the great.” We all have much to unlearn, ere we can learn much that we should. My effort is “to gather up the tares, and bind them in bundles to destroy them,” and then to “gather the wheat into the barn.”

When the rose-water is carried round after dinner, dip into it the corner of your napkin lightly ; touch the tips of your fingers, and press the napkin on your lips. Forbear plunging into the liquid as into a bath.

This, to be sure, would be diffiklt, as well as ungenlmnly ; and I have something to say on this head, too.

About them blue water bowls which are brought in after dinner, and in which the company makes such a bubblin and spirtin ; people should be very careful in usin them, and mind how they hire short-sighted servants. Lady Smigsmag is a melancholy instance of this. Her ladyship wears two rows of false teeth (what the French call a *rattler*), and is, everybody knows, one of the most absint of women. After dinner one day (at her own house), she whips out her teeth, and puts them into the blue bowl, as she always did, when the squirtin time came. Well, the conversation grew hanimated ; and so much was Lady Smigsmag interested, that she clean forgot her teeth, and wen to bed without them.

Nex morning was a dreadful disturbance in the house ; sumbody had stolen my lady's teeth out of her mouth ! But this is a loss which a lady don't like positively to advertise ; so the matter was hushed up, and my lady got a new set from Parkison's. But nobody ever knew who was the thief of the teeth.

A fortnight after, another dinner was given. Lady Smigsmag only kep a butler, and one man, and this was a chap whom we used to call, professionally, Lazy Jim. He never did nothing but when he couldn't help it ; he was as lazy as a dormus, and as blind as a howl. If the plate was dirty, Jim never touched it until the day it was wanted, and the same he did by the glas ; you might go into his pantry, and see dozens on 'em with the water (he drenk up all the wind) which had been left in 'em since last dinner party. How such things could be allowed in a

house, I don't know ; it only showed that Smigsmag was an easy master, and that Higgs, the butler, didn't know his bisniss.

Well, the day kem for the sek'nd party. Lazy Jim's plate was all as dutty as pos'bil, and his whole work to do ; he cleaned up the plate, the glas, and everythink else, as he thought, and set out the trays and things on the sideboard. 'Law, Jim, you jackass,' cried out the butler, at half-past seven, jist as the people was a-comen down to dinner ; 'you've forgot the washand basins.'

Jim spun down into his room,—for he'd forgotten 'em, sure enough ; there they were, however, on his shelf, and full of water ; so he brought 'em up, and said nothink ; but gev 'em a polishin wipe with the tail of his coat.

Down kem the company to dinner, and set to it like good uns. The society was reg'lar *distangy* (as they say) : there was the Duke of Haldersgit, Lord and Lady Barbikin, Sir Gregory Jewin, and Lady Suky Smithfield, asides a lot of commontators. The dinner was removed, and the bubble and squeakers (as I call 'em) put down ; and all the people began a-washin' themselves, like anythink. 'Whirrrrr!' went Lady Smigsmag ; 'Cloocloocloocloophizz!' says Lady Barbikin ; 'Goggleoggleoggleblrrawaw!' says Jewin (a very fat g'n'l'm'n) ; 'Blobberblobob!' began his grace of Haldersgit, who has got the widest mouth in all the peeridge, when all of a sudden he stopped, down went his washand-basin, and he gev such a piercing shriek ! such a bust of agony as I never saw, excep when the prince sees the ghost in *Hamlick* : down went his basin, and up went his eyes ; I really thought he was going to vomick !

I rushed up to his grace, squeegeing him in the shoulders, and patting him on the back. Everybody was in alarm ; the duke as pale as hashes, grinding his teeth, frowning, and making the most frightful extortions ; the ladies were in astarrix ; and I observed Lazy Jim leaning against the sideboard, and looking as white as chock.

I looked into his grace's plate, and, on my honour as a gnlmn, among the amins and reasons, there was two rows of TEETH !

'Law !—Heavens !—what !—your grace !—is it possible,' said Lady Smigsmag, puttin her hand into the duke's plate. 'Dear Duke of Aldersgate ! as I live, they are my lost teeth !'

Flesh and blud couldn't stand this, and I bust out laffin, till I thought I should split; a footman's a man, and as impregnable as hany other to the ridiklous. I bust, and everybody bust after me—lords and ladies, duke and butler, and all—everybody excep Lazy Jim.

Would you blieve it! *He hadn't cleaned out the glasses, and the company was a-washin themselves in second-hand water, a fortnit old!*

I don't wish to insinuate that this kind of thing is general; only people had better take warnin by me and Mr. Skeleton, and wash theirselves at home. Lazy Jeames was turned off the nex morning, took to drinking and evil habits, and is now, in consquints, a leftenant-general in the Axillary Legend. Let's now get on to what Skelton calls his 'Dere-lictions'—here's some of 'em, and very funny one's they are too. What do you think of Number 1, by way of a dere-liction?

'1. A knocker on the door of a lone house in the country.

'2. When on horseback, to be followed by a groom in a fine livery; or, when in your gig or cab, with a "tiger" so adorned by your side. George IV, whose taste was never excelled, if ever equalled, always, excepting on state occasions, exhibited his retinue in plain liveries—a grey frock being the usual dress of his grooms.

'4. To elbow people as you walk is rude. For such uncouth beings, perhaps, a good thrashing would be the best monitor; only there might be disagreeables attending the correction, in the shape of legal functionaries.

'9. When riding with a companion, be not two or three horse-lengths before or behind.

'10. When walking with one friend, and you encounter another, although you may stop and speak, never introduce the strangers, unless each expresses a wish to that effect.

'13. Be careful to check vulgarities in children; for instance: "Tom, did you get wet?"—"No; Bob did, but I cut away." You should also affectionately rebuke an unbecoming tone and manner in children.

'18. To pass a glass, or any drinking vessel, by the brim, or to offer a lady a bumper, are things equally in bad taste.

'19. To look from the window to ascertain who has knocked, whilst the servant goes to the door, must not be done.

' 26. Humming, drumming, or whistling, we must avoid, as disrespectful to our company.

' 27. Never whisper in company, nor make confidants of mere acquaintance.

' 28. Vulgar abbreviations, such as gent for gentleman, or bus for omnibus, etc., must be shunned.

' 29. Make no noise in eating; as, when you masticate with the lips unclosed, the action of the jaw is heard. It is equally bad in drinking. Gulping loudly is abominable—it is but habit—unrestrained, no more; but enough to disgust.

' 30. To do anything that might be obnoxious to censure, or even bear animadversion from eccentricity, you must take care not to commit.

' 31. Be especially cautious not to drink while your plate is sent to be replenished.

' 32. A bright light in a dirty lamp is not to be endured.¹

' 33. The statue of the Achilles in Hyde Park is in bad taste. To erect a statue in honour of a hero in a defensive attitude, when his good sword has carved his renown—Ha, ha, ha !'

Ha, ha, ha ! isn't that reg'lar ridiklous ? Not the statute I mean, but the *dereliction*, as Skillyton calls it. Ha, ha, ha ! indeed ! *Defensive hattitude* ! He may call that nasty naked figger *defensive*—I say it's *hoffensive*, and no mistake. But read the whole bunch of remarx, MR. YORKE ; a'nt they *rich* ?—a'nt they what you may call a perfect gallixy of derelictions ?

Take, for instance, twenty-nine and thutty-one—gulpins, mastigatin, and the haction of the jaw ! Why, sich things a'nt done, not by the knife-boy, and the skillery-maid, who dine in the back kitchin after we've done ! And nex appeal to thutty-one. *Why* shouldn't a man drink, when his plate's taken away ? Is it *unnatral* ? is it *ungen'm'nly* ? is it *unbecomin* ? If he'd said that a chap shouldn't drink when his *glass* is taken away, that would be a reason, and a good one. Now let's read 'hayteen.' Pass a glass *by the brim* ! Put your thum and fingers, I spose. The very notin makes me all over uncomfrble ; and, in all my

¹ ' If in the hall, or in your cab, this, if seen a second time, admits no excuse : *turn away the man.*'

experience of society, I never saw no not a coalheaver do such a thing. Nex comes :

‘The most barbarous modern introduction is the habit of wearing the hat in the “salon,” as now practised even in the presence of the ladies.

‘When, in making a morning call, you give your card at the door, the servant should be instructed to do his duty, and not stand looking at the name on the card while you speak to him.’

There’s two rules for you ! Who *does* wear a hat in the salong ? Nobody, as I ever saw. And as for Number 40, I can only say, on my own part individiwidiwally, and on the part of the perfession, that if ever Mr. Skelton comes to a house where I am the gen’l’m’n to open the door, and instrux me about doing my duty, I’ll instruct him about the head, I will. No man should instruct other people’s servants. No man should bully or talk loud to a gen’l’m’n who, from his very situation, is hincapable of defense or reply. I’ve known this cistim to be carried on by low swaggerin fellars in clubbs and privit houses, but never by reel gen’l’m’n. And now for the last maxum, or dereliction :

‘The custom of putting the knife in the mouth is so repulsive to our feelings as men, is so entirely at variance with the manners of gentlemen, that I deem it unnecessary to inveigh against it here. The very appearance of the act is

‘A monster of so odious mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen.’

Oh, Heavens ! the notion is overpowerin ! I once see a gen’l’m’n cut his head off eatin peez that way. Knife in your mouth !—oh !—fawgh !—it makes me all over. Mrs. Cook, do have the kindniss to git me a basin !

In this abrupt way Mr. Yellowplush’s article concludes. The notion conveyed in the last paragraph was too disgusting for his delicate spirit, and caused him emotions that are neither pleasant to experience nor to describe.

It may be objected to his communication, that it contains some orthographic eccentricities, and that his acuteness surpasses considerably his education. But a gentleman of his rank and talent was the exact person fitted to criticize

the volume which forms the subject of his remarks. We at once saw that only Mr. Yellowplush was fit for Mr. Skelton, Mr. Skelton for Mr. Yellowplush. There is a luxury of fashionable observation, a fund of apt illustration, an intimacy with the first leaders of the *ton*, and a richness of authentic anecdote, which is not to be found in any other writer of any other periodical. He who looketh from a tower sees more of the battle than the knights and captains engaged in it; and, in like manner, he who stands behind a fashionable table knows more of society than the guests who sit at the board. It is from this source that our great novel-writers have drawn their experience, retailing the truths which they learned.

It is not impossible that Mr. Yellowplush may continue his communications, when we shall be able to present the reader with *the only authentic picture of fashionable life* which has been given to the world in our time. All the rest are stolen and disfigured copies of that original piece, of which we are proud to be in possession.

After our contributor's able critique, it is needless for us to extend our remarks upon Mr. Skelton's book. We have to thank that gentleman for some hours' extraordinary amusement; and shall be delighted at any further productions of his pen.

O. Y.

II

MISS SHUM'S HUSBAND

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1838.]

DEAR HOLLYVER Y.—There was a pritty distubbanse, as you may phancy, when your Magaseen arrived in our hall, and was read by all the men and gals there assambled. Fust there was coachmin: he takes his whig off when I comes into dinner, and boughing with a hair of mock gravity, drinks to 'Mr. Charles, the littery man.' Nex, Shalott, my lady's maid (a French gal) says, '*O Jew, Maseer Shawl, vous eight ung belispre.*' 'Will you have some bile mutton, Yellowplush,' cries cook; 'it's the *leading Harticle* of our dinner to-day.' Never, in fack, was such chaffin heard, the jockes and repparees flashin about like lightnin.

'I am,' said I, in a neat spitch, 'I am a littery man—there is no shame in it in the present instins; though, in general, it's a blaggerd employment enough. But it ain't my *trade*—it isn't for the looker of gain that I sitt penn to payper—it is in the saycred caws of nollitch (*Hear, hear.*) The exolted class which *we* have the honour to serve,' says I, 'has been crooly misreparysented. Authors have profist to describe what they never see. Pepple in Russle Square, and that vulgar naybrood, bankers, slissitors, merchints' wives, and indeed snobs in general, are, in their ideer of *our* manners and customs, misguided, delooded, HUM-BUGGED—for I can find no more ellygant espression—by the accounts which they received of us from them authors. Does BULWER,' says I, 'for instans, know anythink of fashnabble life? (*Sneers, and hallygorical cries of "Hookey," "How's your mother?" etc.*) You jine with me in a pinion,' says I, 'and loudly hanser, *No!* Did SKELETON know anythink more? (*Cries of "Hoff, hoff," from coachmin, "Fee dong," from my lady's maid.*) No, no more nor Bulwer. It is againt these impostors that I harm myself; and you, my friends, will aplod my resolution.'

The drawing-room bell had been ringing all this time like mad, and I was here obliged to finish my spitch, in a pint of porter to the health of the cumpny. On entring the room, I only found miss smilin and readin a copy of your Magazine.

'Papa has been ringing this half-hour, Chawls,' says she, 'and desires you will wait till he returns from the libry' And then Miss (Lucy her name is) simpered and stuttered, and looked down and looked up, and blushed, and seemed very od—bewtiful she always is. 'Chawls,' says she, a summonsing her curridge, 'is this—that is—is that—I mean, is this article in *Fraser's Magazine* your composition?'

'It is, miss,' says I, lookin at her most tendrilly, 'an insignificant trifle from my pen.'

'It is the best Magazine in Eurup,' adds Miss Lucy.

'And no mistake.'

'Your article is—really—very—amusing,' says she, blushin as red as a piany.

'Do you, *do* you think so, miss?' says I: 'miss, *dear* miss, if it gives you any pleasure, oh how amply it repays me!' I gev her, as I said this, one of my pecuniary loox

—I never knew them loox fail with any woman at any hage. I was on my knees, as I said, quite appropo ; for I had just been emptying coals from the skittle. I laid one of my hands on my left weskit, and said, 'O Miss Lucy !' in a voice of such excrooshiating tenderness, that I saw at once it was all up with her. But 'Hush !' cried she, all of a sudden ; 'get up, sir—here's papa.'

And papa it was, sure enough. Sir Jeames came into the room very stately, and holdin a book in his hand. 'Chawls,' says he, 'we have been readin your artickle in *Fraser's Magazine*, and very much amused we was. High life was never so well described, or so authentically. Pray sir,' says he, 'may I ask is this review also yours ?' and he holds up to me the *Quotly Review* of October, on 'Ettykitt.' I saw at a glans that this was none of *my* doing.

'Sir,' says I, 'I never so much as see the thing.'

'Well, sir,' says he, 'take it, and read it, and go about your bisniss ; and, harky, hanser the bell when it's rung next time.'

Cuss the aristoxty, say I, for a set of proud tyrants, who won't reckonize the highest order of merit, genius.

For the whole of that afternoon I shut myself in the pantry, and devoted myself to the perusal of that artickle. The author of it is particly proud, as I see, of the annygoats which he introjuices ; and which are, though I say it, no more to my annygoats than whisky to milk and water. They are ingenus, they are pleasant (many of 'em being very old frens, and not the less welkim for that) ; but they are not the real thing—only a juke or a juke's footmin can do fashnabble life justice ; and it is for that reason that I have determined to have another wack at magazine writin.

In this artickle the author quotes fifteen or sixteen boox about politeniss. Nonsins ! only experunce can give authority on the subject—and experunce I have had.

I felt conwinned that, to describ fashnabble life, ONE OF US must do the thing, to do it well ; and I determined to give you a few passidges from my own autobografy, in which I have passed through all grads of it, from a shop-keeper up to a duke, from a knife boy to the dignaty of a footman. Here is my fust tail : it aint about *very* fashnabble society, but a man don't begin by being at once a leader of the ho tong—*my* fust services was in a much more humble capacity.

CHAPTER I

WELL then, *poor commonsy*, as they say : I was born in the year one, of the present or Christian hera, and am, in consquints, seven-and-thirty years old. My mamma called me Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Yellowplush, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachmin whom she knew, who wore a yellow livry, and drove the Lord Mayor of London.

Why she gev me this genlmn's name is a diffiklty, or rayther the name of a part of his dress ; however, it's stuck to me through life, in which I was, as it were, a footman by buth.

Praps he was my father—though on this subject I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my buth in a mistry. I may be illygitmit, I may have been changed at nuss ; but I've always had genlmnly tastes through life, and have no doubt that I come of a genlmnly origum.

The less I say about my parint the better, for the dear old creatur was very good to me, and, I fear, had very little other goodness in her. Why, I can't say ; but I always passed as her nevyou. We led a strange life ; sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt ; sometimes I got kisses, and sometimes kix ; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang ; law bless us ! how she used to swear at me, and cuddle me ; there we were, quarrelling and making up, sober and tipsy, starving and guttling by turns, just as ma got money or spent it. But let me draw a vail over the seen, and speak of her no more—it's sfishant for the public to know, that her name was Miss Montmorency, and we lived in the New Cut.

My poor mother died one morning, Hev'n bless her ! and I was left alone in this wide wicked wuld, without so much money as would buy me a penny roal for my brexfast. But there was some amongst our naybours (and let me tell you there's more kindness among them poor disrepettable creaturs than in half a dozen lords or barrynets) who took pity upon poor Sal's orfin (for they bust out laffin when I called her Miss Montmorency), and gev me bred and shelter. I'm afraid, in spite of their kindness, that my *morriels* wouldn't have improved if I'd stayed long among 'em. But a benny-violent genlmn saw me, and put me to

school. The academy which I went to was called the Free School of Saint Bartholomew's the Less—the young genlmen wore green baize coats, yellow leather whatsisnames, a tin plate on the left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing. I stayed there sick's years; from sick's, that is to say, till my twelfth year, during three years of witch I distinguished myself not a little in the musicle way, for I bloo the bellus of the church horgin, and very fine tunes we played too.

Well, it's not worth recounting my jewvenile follies (what trix we used to play the applewoman! and how we put snuff in the old clark's Prayer-book—my eye!); but one day, a genlman entered the school-room—it was on the very day when I went to subtraxion—and asked the master for a young lad for a servant. They pitched upon me glad enough; and nex day found me sleeping in the skullery, close under the sink, at Mr. Bago's country-house at Pentonville.

Bago kep a shop in Smithfield market, and drov a taring good trade, in the hoil and Italian way. I've heard him say, that he cleared no less than fifty pounds every year, by letting his front room at hanging time. His winders looked right opsit Newgit, and many and many dozen chaps has he seen hanging there. Laws was laws in the year ten, and they screwed chaps' nex for nex to nothink. But my bisniss was at his country-house, where I made my first *ontray* into fashnabl life. I was knife, errint, and stable-boy then, and an't ashamed to own it; for my merrits have raised me to what I am—two livries, forty pound a year, malt-licker, washin, silk-stocking, and wax candles—not countin wails, which is somethink pretty considerable at *our* house, I can tell you.

I didn't stay long here, for a suckmstance happened which got me a very different situation. A handsome young genlman, who kep a tilbry, and a ridin hoss at livry, wanted a tiger. I bid at once for the place; and, being a neat tidy-looking lad, he took me. Bago gave me a character, and he my first livry; proud enough I was of it, as you may fancy.

My new master had some business in the city, for he went in every morning at ten, got out of his tilbry at the Citty Road, and had it waiting for him at six; when, if it was summer, he spanked round into the Park, and drove one of the neatest turnouts there. Wery proud I was in a

gold laced hat, a drab coat and a red weskit, to sit by his side, when he drove. I already began to ogle the gals in the carriages, and to feel that longing for fashionabl life which I've had ever since. When he was at the oppera, or the play, down I went to skittles, or to White Condick Gardens ; and Mr. Frederick Altamont's young man was somebody, I warrant ; to be sure there is very few man-servants at Pentonville, the poppylation being mostly gals of all work : and so, though only fourteen, I was as much a man down there, as if I had been as old as Jerusalem.

But the most singular thing was, that my master, who was such a gay chap, should live in such a hole. He had only a ground-floor in John Street—a parlour and a bedroom. I slep over the way, and only came in with his boots and brexfast of a morning.

The house he lodged in belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Shum. They were a poor but prolific couple, who had rented the place for many years ; and they and their family were squeezed in it pretty tight, I can tell you.

Shum said he had been a hoffer, and so he had. He had been a sub-deputy, assistant, vice-commissary, or some such think ; and, as I heerd afterwards, had been obliged to leave on account of his *nervousness*. He was such a coward, the fact is, that he was considered dangerous to the harmy, and sent home.

He had married a widow Buckmaster, who had been a Miss Slamcoe. She was a Bristol gal ; and her father being a bankrupt in the tallow-chandlery way, left, in course, a pretty little sum of money. A thousand pound was settled on her ; and she was as high and mighty as if it had been a millium.

Buckmaster died, leaving nothink ; nothink except four ugly daughters by Miss Slamcoe : and her forty pound a year was rayther a narrow income for one of her appytite and pretensions. In an unlucky hour for Shum she met him. He was a widower with a little daughter of three years old, a little house at Pentonville, and a little income about as big as her own. I believe she bullyd the poor creature into marriage ; and it was agreed that he should let his ground-floor at John Street, and so add somethink to their means.

They married ; and the widow Buckmaster was the gray mare, I can tell you. She was always talking and blustering

about her famly, the celebrity of the Buckmasters, and the antickety of the Slamcoes. They had a six-roomed house (not counting kitching and sculry), and now twelve daughters in all ; whizz.—4 Miss Buckmasters : Miss Betsy, Miss Dosy, Miss Biddy, and Miss Winny ; 1 Miss Shum, Mary by name, Shum's daughter, and seven others, who shall be nameless. Mrs. Shum was a fat, red-haired woman, at least a foot taller than S., who was but a yard and a half high, pale-faced, red-nosed, knock-kneed, bald-headed, his nose and shut-frill all brown with snuff.

Before the house was a little garden, where the washin of the famly was all ways hanging. There was so many of 'em that it was obliged to be done by relays. There was six rails and a stocking on each, and four small goosbry bushes, always covered with some bit of lining or other. The hall was a regular puddle ; wet dabs of dishclouts flapped in your face ; soapy smoking bits of flanning went nigh to choke you ; and while you were looking up to prevent hanging yourself with the ropes which were strung across and about, slap came the hedge of a pail against your shins, till one was like to be drove mad with hagony. The great slattnly doddling girls was always on the stairs, poking about with nasty flower-pots, a-cooking something, or sprawling in the window-seats with greasy curl-papers, reading greasy novels. An infernal pianna was jingling from morning till night—two eldest Miss Buckmasters 'Battle of Prag'—six youngest Miss Shums, 'In my Cottage,' till I knew every note in the 'Battle of Prag,' and cussed the day when 'In my Cottage' was rote. The younger girls, too, were always bouncing and thumping about the house, with torn pinnyfores, and dogs-eard grammars, and large pieces of bread and treacle. I never see such a house.

As for Mrs. Shum, she was such a fine lady, that she did nothink but lay on the drawing-room sophy, read novels, drink, scold, scream, and go into hystarrix. Little Shum kep reading an old newspaper from weeks' end to weeks' end, when he was not engaged in teachin the children, or goin for the beer, or cleanin the shoes, for they kep no servant. This house in John Street was in short a regular Pandymony.

What could have brought Mr. Frederic Altamont to dwell in such a place ? The reason is hobvious : he adoared the fust Miss Shum.

CHAPTER II

AND suddnly he did not show a bad taste, for though the other daughters were as ugly as their hideous ma, Mary Shum was a pretty, little, pink, modest creatur, with glossy black hair and tender blue eyes, and a neck as white as plaster of Parish. She wore a dismal old black gownd, which had grown too short for her, and too tight; but it only served to show her pretty angles and feet, and bewchus figger. Master, though he had looked rather low for the gal of his art, had certainly looked in the right place. Never was one more pretty or more hamiable. I gav her always the buttered toast left from our brexfast, and a cup of tea or chocklate, as Altamont might fancy; and the poor thing was glad enough of it, I can vouch; for they had precious short commons upstairs, and she the least of all.

For it seemed as if which of the Shum famly should try to snub the poor thing most. There was the four Buckmaster girls always at her. It was, Mary, git the coal-skittle; Mary, run down to the public-house for the beer; Mary, I intend to wear your clean stockens out walking, or your new bonnet to church. Only her poor father was kind to her; and he, poor old muff! his kindness was of no use. Mary bore all the scolding like an angel, as she was; no, not if she had a pair of wings and a goold trumpet, cold she have been a greater angel.

I never shall forgit one seen that took place. It was when Master was in the city; and so, having nothink earthly to do, I happened to be listening on the stairs. The old scolding was a-going on, and the old tune of that hojus 'Battle of Prag.' Old Shum made some remark; and Miss Buckmaster cried out, 'Law, pa! what a fool you are!' All the gals began laffin, and so did Mrs. Shum; all, that is, excep Mary, who turned as red as flams, and going up to Miss Betsy Buckmaster, give her two such wax on her great red ears as made them tingle again.

Old Mrs. Shum screamed, and ran at her like a Bengal tiger. Her great arms went weeling about like a vinmill, as she cuffed and thumped poor Mary for taking her pa's part. Mary Shum, who was always a-crying before, didn't shed a tear now. I will do it again, she said, if Betsy insults my father. New thumps, new shreex! and the old horridan

went on beatin the poor girl, till she was quite exosted, and fell down on the sophy, puffin like a poppus.

'For shame, Mary,' began old Shum: 'for shame, you naughty gal, you! for hurting the feelings of your dear mamma, and beating kind sister.'

'Why, it was because she called you a——'

'If she did, you pert Miss,' said Shum, looking mighty dignitified, 'I could correct her, and not you.'

'You correct me, indeed!' said Miss Betsy, turning up her nose, if possible, higher than before; 'I should like to see you crect me! Imperence!' and they all began laffin again.

By this time Mrs. S. had recovered from the effex of her exsize, and she began to pour in *her* wolly. Fust she called Mary names, then Shum.

'O why,' screeched she, 'why did I ever leave a genteel famly, where I ad every ellygance and lucksry, to marry a creature like this? He is unfit to be called a man, he is unworthy to marry a gentlewoman; and as for that hussy, I disown her. Thank Heaven she ant a Slamcoe; she is only fit to be a Shum!'

'That's true, mamma,' said all the gals, for their mother had taught them this pretty piece of manners, and they despised their father heartily; indeed, I have always remarked that, in families where the wife is internally talking about the merits of her branch, the husband is invariably a spooney.

Well, when she was exosted again, down she fell on the sofy, at her old trix—more skreeching—more convulshuns—and she wouldn't stop, this time, till Shum had got her half a pint of her old remedy, from the Blue Lion over the way. She grew more easy as she finished the gin; but Mary was sent out of the room, and told not to come back agin all day.

'Miss Mary,' says I,—for my heart yurned to the poor gal, as she came sobbing and miserable down stairs; 'Miss Mary,' says I, 'if I might make so bold, here's master's room empty, and I know where the cold bif and pickles is.' 'O Charles!' said she, nodding her head sadly, 'I'm too retched to have any happytite;' and she flung herself on a chair, and began to cry fit to bust.

At this moment, who should come in but my master. I had taken hold of Miss Mary's hand, somehow, and do

believe, I should have kist it, when, as I said, Haltamont made his appearance. 'What's this?' cries he, lookin at me as black as thunder, or as Mr. Phillips as Hickett, in the new tragedy of Mac Buff.

'It's only Miss Mary, sir,' answered I.

'Get out, sir,' says he, as fierce as posbil, and I felt somethink (I think it was the tip of his to) touchin me behind, and found myself, nex minit, sprawling among the wet flannings, and buckets and things.

The people from up-stairs came to see what was the matter, as I was cussin and crying out. 'It's only Charles, ma,' screamed out Miss Betsy.

'Where's Mary?' says Mrs. Shum, from the sofy.

'She's in master's room, miss,' said I.

'She's in the lodger's room, ma,' cries Miss Shum, heckoin me.

'Very good; tell her to stay there till he comes back.' And then, Miss Shum went bouncing up the stairs again, little knowin of Haltamont's return.

I'd long before observed that my master had an anchoring after Mary Shum; indeed, as I have said, it was purely for her sake that he took and kep his lodgings at Pentonwille. Excep for the sake of love which is above being mersnary, fourteen shillings a wick was a *little* too strong for two such rat-holes as he lived in. I do blieve the family had nothing else but their lodger to live on they brekfisted off his tea-leaves, they cut away pounds and pounds of meat from his jints (he always dined at home), and his baker's bill was at least enough for six. But that wasn't my business. I saw him grin, sometimes, when I laid down the cold bif of a morning, to see how little was left of yesterday's sirline; but he never said a syllabub; for true love don't mind a pound of meat or so hextra.

At first, he was very kind and attentive to all the gals; Miss Betsy, in partickler, grew mighty fond of him; they sate, for whole evenings, playing cribbitch, he taking his pipe and glas, she her tea and muffin; but as it was improper for her to come alone, she brought one of her sisters, and this was genrally Mary,—for he made a pint of asking her, too,—and one day, when one of the others came instead, he told her, very quietly, that he hadn't invited her; and Miss Buckmaster was too fond of muffins to



MR. ALTAMONT'S EVENING PARTY—MR. YELLOWPLUSH BRINGS
REFRESHMENT TO THE LADIES

try this game on again ; besides, she was jealous of her three grown sisters, and considered Mary as only a child. Law bless us ! how she used to ogle him, and quot bits of pottry, and play ' Meet me by moonlike,' on an old gitter . she reglar flung herself at his head, but he wouldn't have it, bein better ockypied elsewhere.

One night, as genteel as possible, he brought home tickets for Ashley's, and proposed to take the two young ladies—Miss Betsy and Miss Mary, in course. I recklect he called me aside that afternoon, assuming a solamon and misterus hare, ' Charles,' said he, '*are you up to snuff?*'

' Why sir,' said I, ' I'm genrally considered tolelably downy.'

' Well,' says he, ' I'll give you half a suffering if you can manage this bisniss for me ; I've chose a rainy night on purpus. When the theatre is over, you must be waitin with two umbrellows ; give me one, and hold the other over Miss Shum ; and, hark ye, sir, *turn to the right* when you leave the theatre, and say the coach is ordered to stand a little way up the street, in order to get rid of the crowd.'

We went (in a fly hired by Mr. H.), and never shall I forgit Cartliche's hacting on that memrable night. Talk of Kimble ! talk of Magreedy ! Ashley's for my money, with Cartlitch in the principal part. But this is nothink to the porpus. When the play was over, I was at the door with the umbrells. It was raining cats and dogs, sure enough.

Mr. Altamont came out presently, Miss Mary under his arm, and Miss Betsy followin behind, rayther sulky. ' This way, sir,' cries I, pushin forward ; and I threw a great cloak over Miss Betsy, fit to smother her. Mr. A. and Miss Mary skipped on and was out of sight when Miss Betsy's cloak was settled, you may be sure.

' They're only gone to the fly, miss. It's a little way up the street, away from the crowd of carriages.' And off we turned *to the right*, and no mistake.

After marchin a little through the plash and mud, ' Has anybody seen Coxy's fly ?' cries I, with the most innocent haxent in the world.

' Cox's fly !' hollows out one chap. ' Is it the vaggin you want ?' says another. ' I see the blackin wan pass,' giggles out another genlmn ; and there was such an interchange of compliments as you never heerd. I pass them over though, because some of 'em were not very genteel.

'Law, miss,' said I, 'what shall I do? My master will never forgive me; and I haven't a single sixpence to pay a coach.' Miss Betsy was just going to call one when I said that, but the coachman wouldn't have it at that price, he said, and I knew very well that *she* hadn't four or five shillings to pay for a vehicle. So, in the midst of that tarin rain, at midnight, we had to walk four miles, from Westminster Bridge to Pentonville; and what was wuss *I didn't happen to know the way*. A very nice walk it was, and no mistake.

At about half-past two, we got safe to John Street. My master was at the garden gate. Miss Mary flew into Miss Betsy's arms, whil master began cussin and swearing at me for disobeying his orders, and *turning to the right instead of to the left!* Law bless me! his acting of anger was very near as natral and as terrybl as Mr. Cartlich's in the play.

They had waited half an hour, he said, in the fly, in the little street at the left of the theatre; they had drove up and down in the greatest fright possible; and at last came home, thinking it was in vain to wait any more. They gave her 'ot rum and water and roast oysters for supper, and this consoled her a little.

I hope nobody will cast an imputation on Miss Mary for *her* share in this advenster, for she was as honest a gal as ever lived, and I do believe is hignorant to this day of our little strattygim. Besides, all's fair in love; and, as my master could never get to see her alone, on account of her infernal eleven sisters and ma, he took this opportunity of expressin his attachment to her.

If he was in love with her before, you may be sure she paid it him back again now. Ever after the night at Ashley's, they were as tender as two tuttle-doves—which fully accounts for the axdent what happened to me, in being kicked out of the room; and in course I bore no mallis.

I don't know whether Miss Betsy still fancied that my master was in love with her, but she loved muffings and tea, and kem down to his parlor as much as ever.

Now comes the sing'lar part of my history.

CHAPTER III

BUT who was this genlman with a fine name—Mr. Frederic Altamont? or what was he? The most mysterus genlman that ever I knew. Once I said to him, on a wery rainy

day, 'Sir, shall I bring the gig down to your office?' and he gave me one of his black looks and one of his loudest hoaths, and told me to mind my own bizziness, and attend to my orders. Another day,—it was on the day when Miss Mary slapped Miss Betsy's face,—Miss M., who adoared him, as I have said already, kep on asking him what was his buth, parentidg, and ediccation. 'Dear Frederic,' says she, 'why this mistry about yourself and your hactions? why hide from your little Mary'—they were as tender as this, I can tell you—'your buth and your professin?'

I spose Mr. Frederic looked black, for I was *only* listening, and he said, in a voice agitated by amotion, 'Mary,' said he, 'if you love me, ask me this no more: let it be sfisht for you to know that I am a honest man, and that a secret, what it would be misery for you to larn, must hang over all my actions—that is, from ten o'clock till six.'

They went on chaffin and talking in this melumcolly and mysterus way, and I didn't lose a word of what they said, for them houses in Pentonville have only walls made of pasteboard, and you hear rayther better outside the room than in. But, though he kep up his secret, he swore to her his affektion this day pint blank. Nothing should prevent him, he said, from leading her to the halter, from makin her his adorable wife. After this was a slight silence. 'Dearest Frederic,' mummered out miss, speakin as if she was chokin, 'I am yours—yours for ever.' And then silence agen, and one or two smax, as if there was kissin going on. Here I thought it best to give a rattle at the door-lock; for, as I live, there was old Mrs. Shum a-walkin down the stairs!

It appears that one of the younger gals, a looking out of the bed-rum window, had seen my master come in, and coming down to tea half an hour afterwards, said so in a cussary way. Old Mrs. Shum, who was a dragon of vertyou, cam bustling down the stairs, panting and frowning, as fat and as fierce as a old sow at feedin time.

'Where's the lodger, fellow?' says she to me.

I spoke loud enough to be heard down the street—'If you mean, ma'am, my master, Mr. Frederic Altamont, esquire, he's just stept in, and is puttin on clean shoes in his bedroom.'

She said nothink in answer, but flumps past me, and

opening the parlor-door, sees master looking very queer, and Miss Mary a drooping down her head like a pale lily.

'Did you come into my family,' says she, 'to corrupt my daughters, and to destroy the hinnocence of that infamous gal? Did you come here, sir, as a seducer, or only as a lodger? Speak, sir, speak!'—and she folded her arms quite fierce, and looked like Mrs. Siddums in the Tragic Mews.

'I came here, Mrs. Shum,' said he, 'because I loved your daughter, or I never would have condescended to live in such a beggarly hole. I have treated her in every respect like a genlmn, and she is as hinnocent now, mam, as she was when she was born. If she'll marry me, I am ready; if she'll leave you, she shall have a home where she shall be neither bullyd nor starved; no hangry frumps of sisters, no cross mother-in-law, only an affeckshnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming.'

Mary flung herself into his arms—'Dear, dear Frederic,' says she, 'I'll never leave you.'

'Miss,' says Mrs. Shum, 'you ain't a Slamcoe nor yet a Buckmaster, thank God. You may marry this person if your pa thinks proper, and he may insult me—brave me—trample on my feelinx in my own house—and there's no-o-o-body by to defend me.'

I knew what she was going to be at: on came her his-tarrix agen, and she began screechin and roarin like mad. Down comes of course the eleven gals and old Shum. There was a pretty row. 'Look here, sir,' says she, 'at the conduck of your precious trull of a daughter—alone with this man, kissin and dandlin, and Lawd knows what besides.'

'What, he?' cries Miss Betsy—'he in love with Mary! O, the wretch, the monster, the deceiver!'—and she falls down too, screeching away as loud as her mamma; for the silly creature fancied still that Altamont had a fondness for her.

'*Silence these women!*' shouts out Altamont, thundering loud. 'I love your daughter, Mr. Shum. I will take her without a penny, and can afford to keep her. If you don't give her to me, she'll come of her own will. Is that enough?—may I have her?'

'We'll talk of this matter, sir,' says Mr. Shum, looking as high and mighty as an alderman. 'Gals, go upstairs with your dear mamma.'—And they all trooped up again, and so the skrimmage ended.

You may be sure that old Shum was not very sorry to get a husband for his daughter Mary, for the old creatur loved her better than all the pack which had been brought him or born to him by Mrs. Buckmaster. But, strange to say, when he came to talk of settlements and so forth, not a word would my master answer. He said he made four hundred a-year reg'lar—he wouldn't tell how—but Mary, if she married him, must share all that he had, and ask no questions ; only this he would say, as he'd said before, that he was a honest man.

They were married in a few days, and took a very genteel house at Islington ; but still my master went away to business, and nobody knew where. Who could he be ?

CHAPTER IV

IF ever a young kipple in the middlin classes began life with a chance of happiness, it was Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Altamont. Their house at Cannon Row, Islington, was as comfortable as house could be. Carpited from top to to ; pore's rates small ; furnitur elygant ; and three deomestix, of which I, in course, was one. My life wasn't so easy as in Mr. A.'s bachelor days ; but, what then ? The three W.'s is my maxum ; plenty of work, plenty of wittles, and plenty of wages. Altamont kep his gig no longer, but went to the city in an omlibuster.

One would have thought, I say, that Mrs. A., with such an effectshnut husband, might have been as happy as her blessid majisty. Nothink of the sort. For the fust six months it was all very well ; but then she grew gloomier and gloomier, though A. did everythink in life to please her.

Old Shum used to come reglarly four times a wick to Cannon Row, where he lunched, and dined, and teed, and supd. The poor little man was a thought too fond of wine and spirits ; and many and many's the night that I've had to support him home. And you may be sure that Miss Betsy did not now desert her sister : she was at our place mornink, noon, and night, not much to my mayster's liking, though he was too good natured to wex his wife in trifles.

But Betsy never had forgotten the recollection of old days, and hated Altamont like the foul fiend. She put all kind of bad things into the head of poor innocent missis ; who, from being all gaiety and cheerfulness, grew to be

quite melumcolly and pale, and retchid, just as if she had been the most miserable woman in the world.

In three months more, a baby comes, in course, and with it old Mrs. Shum, who stuck to Mrs. side as close as a wampire, and made her retchider and retchider. She used to bust into tears when Altamont came home ; she used to sigh and weep over the pore child, and say, ' My child, my child, your father is false to me ;' or, ' your father deceives me ;' or, ' what will you do when your poor mother is no more ?' or such like sentimental stuff.

It all came from Mother Shum, and her old trix, as I soon found out. The fact is, when there is a mistry of this kind in the house, its a servant's *duty* to listen ; and listen I did, one day when Mrs. was crying as usual, and fat Mrs. Shum a sittin consoln her, as she called it, though, Heaven knows, she only grew wuss and wuss for the consolation.

Well, I listened ; Mrs. Shum was a rockin the baby, and missis cryin as youusual.

' Pore dear innocent,' says Mrs. S., heavin a great sigh, ' you're the child of a unknown father, and a misrable mother.'

' Don't speak ill of Frederic, mamma,' says missis ; ' he is all kindness to me.'

' All kindness, indeed ! yes, he gives you a fine house, and a fine gownd, and a ride in a fly whenever you please ; but *where does all his money come from ?* Who is he—what is he ? Who knows that he mayn't be a murderer, or a housebreaker, or a utterer of forged notes ? How can he make his money honestly, when he won't say where he gets it ? Why does he leave you eight hours every blebssid day, and won't say where he goes to ? Oh, Mary, Mary, you are the most injured of women !'

And with this Mrs. Shum began sobbin ; and Miss Betsy began yowling like a cat in a gitter ; and pore missis cried, too—tears is so remarkable infeckshus.

' Perhaps, mamma,' whimpered out she, ' Frederic is a shopboy, and don't like me to know that he is not a gentleman.'

' A shopboy,' says Betsy ; ' he a shopboy ! O no, no, no ! more likely a wretched willain of a murderer, stabbin and robing all day, and feedin you with the fruits of his ill-gotten games !'

More cryin and screechin here took place, in which the baby joined ; and made a very pretty consort, I can tell you.

'He can't be a robber,' cries missis ; 'he's too good, too kind, for that ; besides, murdering is done at night, and Frederic is always home at eight.'

'But he can be a forger,' says Betsy, 'a wicked, wicked forger. Why does he go away every day ? to forge notes, to be sure. Why does he go to the city ? to be near banks and places, and so do it more at his convenience.'

'But he brings home a sum of money every day—about thirty shillings—sometimes fifty : and then he smiles, and says its a good day's work. This is not like a forger,' said pore Mrs. A.

'I have it—I have it!' screams out Mrs. S. 'The villain—the sneaking, double-faced Jonas ! he's married to somebody else, he is, and that's why he leaves you, the base biggymist !'

At this, Mrs. Altamont, struck all of a heap, fainted clean away. A dreadful business it was—histarrix ; then hys-tarrix, in course, from Mr. Shum ; bells ringin, child squalin, suvvants tearin up and down stairs with hot water ! If ever there is a noosance in the world, it's a house where faintin is always goin on. I wouldn't live in one,—no, not to be groom of the chambers, and git two hundred a year.

It was eight o'clock in the evenin when this row took place ; and such a row it was, that nobody but me heard master's knock. He came in, and heard the hooping, and screeching, and roaring. He seemed very much frightened at first, and said, 'What is it ?'

'Mrs. Shum's here,' says I, 'and Mrs. in astarrix.'

Altamont looked as black as thunder, and growled out a word which I don't like to name,—let it suffice that it begins with a *d* and ends with a *nation* ; and he tore up-stairs like mad.

He bust open the bed-room door ; missis lay quite pale and stony on the sofy ; the babby was screechin from the craddle ; Miss Betsy was sprawlin over missis ; and Mrs. Shum half on the bed and half on the ground : all howlin and squeelin, like so many dogs at the moon.

When A. came in, the mother and daughter stopped all of a sudding. There had been one or two tiffs before between them, and they feared him as if he had been a hogre.

'What's this infernal screeching and crying about?' says he.

'Oh, Mr. Altamont,' cries the old woman, 'you know too well; it's about you that this darling child is miserable!'

'And why about me, pray, madam?'

'Why, sir, dare you ask why? Because you deceive her, sir; because you are a false, cowardly traitor, sir; because *you have a wife elsewhere, sir!*' And the old lady and Miss Betsy began to roar again as loud as ever.

Altamont pawsed for a minnit, and then flung the door wide open; nex he seized Miss Betsy as if his hand were a vice, and he world her out of the room; then up he goes to Mrs. S. 'Get up,' says he, thundering loud, 'you lazy, trollopping, mischief-making, lying old fool! Get up, and get out of this house. You have been the cuss and bain of my happyniss since you entered it. With your d——d lies, and novvle reading, and histerrix, you have perwerted Mary, and made her almost as mad as yourself.'

'My child! my child!' shriex out Mrs. Shum, and clings round missis. But Altamont ran between them, and griping the old lady by her arm, dragged her to the door. 'Follow your daughter, ma'am,' says he, and down she went. '*Chawls, see those ladies to the door,*' he hollows out, 'and never let them pass it again.' We walked down together, and off they went: and master locked and double-locked the bedroom door after him, intendin, of couse, to have a *tator tator* (as they say) with his wife. You may be sure that I followed upstairs again pretty quick, to hear the result of their cofidence.

As they say at St. Stevenses, it was rayther a stormy debate. 'Mary,' says master, 'you're no longer the merry grateful gal, I knew and loved at Pentonwill: there's some secret a pressin on you—there's no smilin welcome for me now, as there used formly to be! Your mother and sister-in-law have perwerted you, Mary: and that's why I've drove them from this house, which they shall not re-enter in my life.'

'O, Frederic! it's *you* is the cause, and not I. Why do you have any mistry from me? Where do you spend your days? Why did you leave me, even on the day of your marridge, for eight hours, and continue to do so every day?'

'Because,' says he, 'I makes my livelihood by it. I



MRS. SHUM'S EJECTMENT

leave you, and don't tell you *how* I make it : for it would make you none the happier to know.'

It was in this way the convysation ren on—more tears and questions on my missises part, more sturmness and silence on my master's : it ended, for the first time since their marridge, in a reglar quarrel. Wery difrent, I can tell you, from all the hammerous billing and kewing which had proceeded their nupshuls.

Master went out, slamming the door in a fury ; as well he might. Says he, ' If I can't have a comforable life, I can have a jolly one ; ' and so he went off to the hed tavern, and came home that evening beesly intawsicated. When high words begin in a family drink generally follows on the genlman's side ; and then, fearwell to all conjubial happyniss ! These two pipples, so fond and loving, were now sirly, silent, and full of il wil. Master went out earlier, and came home later ; missis cried more, and looked even paler than before.

Well, things went on in this uncomfortable way, master still in the mopes, missis tempted by the deamons of jellosoy and curosoity ; until a singlar axident brought to light all the goings on of Mr. Altamont.

It was the tenth of January ; I recklect the day, for old Shum gev me half-a-crownd (the fust and last of his money I ever see, by the way) : he was dining along with master, and they were making merry together.

Master said, as he was mixing his fifth tumbler of punch, and little Shum his twelfth, or so—master said, ' I see you twice in the City to-day, Mr. Shum.'

' Well, that's curous ! ' says Shum. ' I *was* in the City. To-day's the day when the divvydins (God bless 'em) is paid ; and me and Mrs. S. went for our half-year's inkem. But we only got out of the coach, crossed the street to the Bank, took our money, and got in agen. How could you see me twice ? '

Altamont stuttered, and stammered, and hemd, and hawd. ' O ! ' says he, ' I was passing—passing as you went in and out.' And he instantly turned the conversation, and began talking about pollytix, or the weather or some such stuff.

' Yes, my dear,' said my missis ; ' but how could you see papa *twice* ? ' Master didn't answer, but talked pollytix more than ever. Still she would continy on. ' Where was

you, my dear, when you saw pa ? What were you doing, my love, to see pa twice ?' and so forth. Master looked angrier and angrier, and his wife only pressed him wuss and wuss.

This was, as I said, little Shum's twelfth tumbler ; and I knew pritty well that he could git very little further ; for, as reglar as the thirteenth came, Shum was drunk. The thirteenth did come, and its consquinzes. I was obliged to leed him home to John Street, where I left him in the hangry arms of Mrs. Shum.

'How the d——,' sayd he all the way, 'how the d-dd—the deddy—deddy—devil—could he have seen me *twice* ?'

CHAPTER V

It was a sad slip on Altamont's part, for no sooner did he go out the next morning than missis went out too. She tor down the street, and never stopped till she came to her pa's house at Pentonwill. She was clositid for an hour with her ma, and when she left her she drove straight to the City. She walked before the Bank, and behind the Bank, and round the Bank : she came home disperryted, having learned nothink.

And it was now an extraordinary thing that from Shum's house for the next ten days there was nothink but expyditions into the City. Mrs. S., tho her dropsicle legs had never carred her half so fur before, was eternally on the *key veve*, as the French say. If she didn't go, Miss Betsy did, or misses did : they seemed to have an attrackshun to the Bank, and went there as natral as an omlibus.

At last, one day, old Mrs. Shum comes to our house—(she wasn't admitted when master was there, but came still in his absints)—and she wore a hair of tryumph, as she entered.

'Mary,' says she, 'where is the money your husbind brought to you yesterday ?' My master used always to give it to missis when he returned.

'The money, ma !' says Mary. 'Why here !' And pulling out her puss, she showed a sovrin, a good heap of silver, and an odd-looking little coin.

'THAT'S IT ! that's it !' cried Mrs. S. 'A Queene Anne's sixpence, isn't it, dear—dated seventeen hundred and three ?'

It was so sure enough : a Queen Ans sixpence of that very c'ate.

'Now, my love,' says she, 'I have found him! Come with me to-morrow, and you shall KNOW ALL!'

And now comes the end of my story.

The ladies nex morning set out for the City, and I walked behind, doing the genteel thing, with a nosegay and a goold stick. We walked down the New Road—we walked down the City Road—we walked to the Bank. We were crossing from that heddyfiz to the other side of Cornhill, when all of a sudden missis shrieked, and fainted spontaceously away.

I rushed forrard, and raised her to my arms: spiling thereby a new weskit, and a pair of crimson smalcloes. I rushed forrard, I say, very nearly knocking down the old sweeper who was hobbling away as fast as posibil. We took her to Birch's; we provided her with a hackney-coach and every lucksury, and carried her home to Islington.

That night master never came home. Nor the nex night, nor the nex. On the fourth day, an octioneer arrived; he took an infantry of the furnitur, and placed a bill in the window.

At the end of the wick Altamont made his appearance. He was haggard and pale; not so haggard, however, not so pale, as his miserable wife.

He looked at her very tendrilly. I may say, it's from him that I coppied *my* look to Miss —. He looked at her very tendrilly and held out his arms. She gev a suffy-cating shriek, and rusht into his umbraces.

'Mary,' says he, 'you know all now. I have sold my place; I have got three thousand pounds for it, and saved two more. I've sold my house and furnitur, and that brings me another. We'll go abroad and love each other, has formly.'

And now you ask me, Who he was? I shudder to relate.—Mr. Haltamont SWEP THE CROSSIN FROM THE BANK TO CORNHILL!!

Of cors, I left his servis. I met him, few years after, at Badden-Badden, where he and Mrs. A. were much respectid, and pass for pipple of propaty.

C. Y.

III

THE AMOURS OF MR. DEUCEACE

DIMOND CUT DIMOND

[*Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1838]

THE name of my nex master was, if posbil, still more ellygant and youfonious than that of my fust. I now found myself boddy servant to the Honrabble Halgernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs.

Halgernon was a barrystir—that is, he lived in Pump Cort, Temple; a wulgar naybrood, witch praps my readers don't no. Suffiz to say, its on the confines of the citty, and the choasen aboad of the lawyers of this metrappolish.

When I say that Mr. Deuceace was a barrystir, I don't mean that he went sesshums or surcoats (as they call 'em), but simply that he kep chambers, lived in Pump Cort, and looked out for a commitionarship, or a revisinship, or any other place that the Wig guvvymment could give him. His father was a Wig pier (as the landriss told me), and had been a Toary pier. The fack is, his lordship was so poar, that he would be anythink or nothink, to get provisions for his sons and an inkum for himself.

I phansy that he aloud Halgernon two hundred a-year; and it would have been a very comforable maintenants, only he knever paid him.

Owever, the young gnlnm was a genlmm, and no mistake; he got his allowents of nothink a-year, and spent it in the most honrabble and fashnabble manner. He kep a kab—he went to Holmax—and Crockfud's—he moved in the most xquizzit suckles and trubbl'd the law boox very little, I can tell you. Those fashnabble gents have ways of getten money, witch comman pipple doant understand.

Though he only had a therd floar in Pump Court, he lived as if he had the welth of Cresas. The tenpun notes floo abowt as common as haypince—clarit and shampang was at his house as vulgar as gin; and verry glad I was, to be sure, to be a valley to a zion of the nobillaty.

Deuceace had, in his sittin-room, a large pictur on a sheet of paper. The names of his family was wrote on it; it

was wrote in the shape of a tree, a groin out of a man-in-armer's stomick, and the names were on little plates among the bows. The pictur said that the Deuceaces kem into England in the year 1066, along with William Conqueruns. My master called it his podygree. I do bleev it was because he had this pictur, and because he was the *Honrabble* Deuceace, that he mannitched to live as he did. If he had been a common man, you'd have said he was no better than a swinler. It's only rank and buth that can warrant such singularities as my master show'd. For it's no use disgyising it—the *Honrabble* Halgernon was a GAMBLER. For a man of vulgar family, it's the wust trade that can be—for a man of common feelinx of honesty, this profession is quite imposhil; but for a real thorough-bread genlmn, it's the easiest and most prophetable line he can take.

It may praps appear curous that such a fashnabble man should live in the Temple; but it must be recklected, that it's not only lawyers who live in what's called the *Ins of Cort*. Many batchylers, who have nothink to do with lor, have here their loginx; and many sham barrysters, who never put on a wig and gownd twice in their lives, kip apartments in the Temple, instead of Bon Street, Pickledilly, or other fashnabble places.

Frinstance, on our stairkis (so these houses are called), there was 8 sets of chamberses, and only 3 lawyers. These was bottom floar, Screwson, Hewson, and Jewson, attorneys; fust floar, Mr. Sergeant Flabber—opside, Mr. Counslor Bruffy; and secknd pair, Mr. Haggerstony, an Irish counslor, praktising at the Old Baly, and lickwise what they call reporter to the *Morning Post* nyouspapper. Opsite him was wrote

MR. RICHARD BLEWITT;

and on the thud floar, with my master, lived one Mr. Dawkins.

This young fellow was a new comer into the Temple, and unlucky it was for him too—he'd better have never been born; for it's my firm apinion that the Temple ruined him—that is, with the help of my master and Mr. Dick Blewitt, as you shall hear.

Mr. Dawkins, as I was gave to understand by his young

man, had jest left the University of Oxford, and had a pretty little fortn of his own—six thousand pound, or so—in the stox. He was jest of age, an orfin who had lost his father and mother and having distinkwished hisself at collitch, where he gained seffral prices, was come to town to push his fortn, and study the barryster's bisness.

Not bein of a very high fammly hisself—indeed, I've heard say his father was a chismonger, or somethink of that lo sort—Dawkins was glad to find his old Oxford frend, Mr. Blewitt, yonger son to rich Squire Blewitt, of Lister-shire, and to take rooms so near him.

Now, tho' there was a considdrable intimacy between me and Mr. Blewitt's gentleman, there was scarcely any betwixt our masters,—mine being too much of the aristoxty to associate with one of Mr. Blewitt's sort. Blewitt was what they call a bettin man; he went reglar to Tattle-sall's, kep a pony, wore a white hat, a blue berd's-eye handkercher, and a cut-away coat. In his manners he was the very contrary of my master, who was a slim, ellygant man as ever I see—he had very white hands, rayther a sallow face, with sharp dark ise, and small wiskus neatly trimmed and as black as Warren's jet—he spoke very low and soft—he seemed to be watchin the person with whom he was in convysation, and always flattered every body. As for Blewitt, he was quite of another sort. He was always swearin, singing, and slappin people on the back, as hearty as posbill. He seemed a merry, careless, honest cretur, whom one would trust with life and soul. So thought Dawkins, at least; who, though a quiet young man, fond of his boox, novvles, Byron's poems, flook-playing, and such like scientafic amusemints, grew hand in glove with honest Dick Blewitt, and soon after with my master, the Honrabble Halgernon. Poor Daw! he thought he was makin good connexions, and real friends—he had fallen in with a couple of the most etrocious swinlers that ever lived.

Before Mr. Dawkins's arrivial in our house, Mr. Deuceace had barely condysended to speak to Mr. Blewitt: it was only about a month after that suckumstance that my master, all of a sudding, grew very friendly with him. The reason was pretty clear,—Deuceace *wanted him*. Dawkins had not been an hour in master's company before he knew that he had a pidgin to pluck.

Blewitt knew this too : and bein very fond of pidgin, intended to keep this one entirely to himself. It was amusin to see the Honrabble Halgernon manuvring to get this pore bird out of Blewitt's clause, who thought he had it safe. In fact, he'd brought Dawkins to these chambers for that very porpus, thinking to have him under his eye, and strip him at leisure.

My master very soon found out what was Mr. Blewitt's game. Gamblers know gamblers, if not by instink, at least by reputation ; and though Mr. Blewitt moved in a much lower spear than Mr. Deuceace, they knew each other's dealins and caracters puffickly well.

' Charles, you scoundrel,' says Deuceace to me one day (he always spoak in that kind way), ' who is this person that has taken the opsit chambers, and plays the flute so industrusly ?'

' It's Mr. Dawkins, a rich young gentleman from Oxford, and a great frend of Mr. Blewittses, sir,' says I, ' they seem to live in each other's rooms.'

Master said nothink, but he *grin'd*—my eye, how he did grin ! Not the fowl find himself could snear more satan-nickly.

I knew what he meant :

Imprimish. A man who plays the froot is a simpleton.

Secknly. Mr. Blewitt is a raskle.

Thirddmo. When a raskle and a simpleton is always together, and when the simpleton is *rich*, one knows pretty well what will come of it.

I was but a lad in them days, but I knew what was what, as well as my master ; it's not gentlemen only that's up to snough. Law bless us ! there was four of us on this stairkes, four as nice young men as you ever see ; Mr. Bruffy's young man, Mr. Dawkinse, Mr. Blewitt's, and me—and we knew what our masters was about as well as they did theirselves. Frinstance, I can say this for *myself*, there wasn't a paper in Deuceace's desk or drawer, not a bill, a note, or mimerandum, which I hadn't read as well as he : with Blewitt's it was the same—me and his young man used to read 'em all. There wasn't a bottle of wine that we didn't get a glas, nor a pound of sugar that we didn't have some lumps of it. We had keys to all the cubbards—we pipped into all the letters that kem and went—we pored over all the bill-files—we'd the best

pickens out of the dinners, the livvers of the fowls, the force-mit balls out of the soup, the eggs from the sallit. As for the coals and candles, we left them to the landrisses. You may call this robry—nonsince—it's only our rights—a suvvant's purquizzits is as sacred as the laws of Hengland.

Well, the long and short of it is this. Richard Blewitt, esquire, was sityouated as follows: He'd an incum of three hunderd a-year from his father. Out of this he had to pay one hunderd and ninety for money borrowed by him at collidge, seventy for chambers, seventy more for his hoss, aty for his suvvant on bord waxis, and about three hunderd and fifty for a sepprat establishmint in the Regency Park; besides this, his pockit money, say a hunderd, his eatin, drinkin, and wine-marchant's bill, about two hunderd moar. So that you see he laid by a pretty handsome sum at the end of the year.

My master was diffrent; and being a more fashnabble man than Mr. B., in course he owed a deal more money. There was fust:

Account <i>contray</i> , at Crockford's	.	.	£3711	0	0
Bills of xchange and I. O. U.'s (but he didn't					
pay these in most cases)	.	.	4963	0	0
21 tailors' bills, in all	.	.	1306	11	9
3 hossdealers' do.	.	.	402	0	0
2 coachbilder	.	.	506	0	0
Bills contracted at Cambritch	.	.	2193	6	8
Sundries	.	.	987	10	0
			<hr/>		
			£14069	8	5

I give this as a curocity—pipple doant know how in many cases fashnabble life is carried on; and to know even what a real gnlmn *owes* is somethink instructif and agreeable.

But to my tail. The very day after my master had made the inquiries concerning Mr. Dawkins, witch I mentioned already, he met Mr. Blewitt on the stairs; and byoutiffle it was to see how this gnlmn, who had before been almost cut by my master, was now received by him. One of the sweatest smiles I ever saw was now vizzable on Mr. Deuceace's countenance. He held out his hand, covered with a white kid glove, and said in the most frenly tone of vice posbill, 'What? Mr. Blewitt? It is an age

since we met. What a shame that such near naybors should see each other so seldom !

Mr. Blewitt, who was standing at his door, in a pe-green dressing-gown, smoakin a segar, and singin a hunting coarus, looked surprised, flattered, and then suspicious.

‘Why, yes,’ says he, ‘it is, Mr. Deuceace, a long time.’

‘Not, I think, since we dined at Sir George Hookey’s. By the by, what an evening that was—hay, Mr. Blewitt ? What wine ! what capital songs ! I recollect your “May-day in the morning”—cuss me, the best comick song I ever heard. I was speaking to the Duke of Doncaster about it only yesterday. You know the duke, I think.’

Mr. Blewitt said, quite surly, ‘No, I don’t.’

‘Not know him !’ cries master ; ‘why, hang it, Blewitt ! he knows *you*, as every sporting man in England does, I should think. Why, man, your good things are in everybody’s mouth at Newmarket.’

And so master went on chaffin Mr. Blewitt. That genlman at fust answered him quite short and angry : but, after a little more flumery, he grew as pleased as posbill, took in all Deuceace’s flatry, and bleeved all his lies. At last the door shut, and they both went into Mr. Blewitt’s chambers together.

Of course I can’t say what past there ; but in an hour master kem up to his own room as yaller as mustard, and smellin sadly of backo smoke. I never see any genlman more sick than he was ; *he’d been smoakin seagars* along with Blewitt. I said nothink, in course, tho’ I’d often heard him xpress his horrow of backo, and knew very well he would as soon swallow pizon as smoke. But he wasn’t a chap to do a thing without a reason : if he’d been smoakin, I warrant he had smoked to some porpus.

I didn’t hear the convysation between ’em ; but Mr. Blewitt’s man did : it was,—‘Well, Mr. Blewitt, what capital seagars ! Have you one for a friend to smoak ?’ (The old fox, it wasn’t only the *seagars* he was a smoakin !)

‘Walk in,’ says Mr. Blewitt ; and they began a chaffin together ; master very ankshous about the young gintleman who had come to live in our chambers, Mr. Dawkins, and always coming back to that subject,—saying that people on the same stairkis ot to be frenly ; how glad he’d be, for his part, to know Mr. Dick Blewitt, and *any friend of his*, and so on. Mr. Dick, howsever, seamed quite

aware of the trap laid for him. 'I really don't no this Dawkins,' says he: 'he's a chismonger's son, I hear; and tho' I've exchanged visits with him, I doant intend to continyou the acquaintance,—not wishin to assoshate with that kind of pipples.' So they went on, master fishin, and Mr. Blewitt not wishin to take the hook at no price.

'Confound the vulgar thief!' muttard my master, as he was laying on his sophy, after being so very ill; 'I've poisoned myself with his infernal tobacco, and he has foiled me. The cursed swindling boor! he thinks he'll ruin this poor cheesemonger, does he? I'll step in, and warn him.'

I thought I should bust a laffin, when he talked in this style. I knew very well what his 'warning' meant,—lockin the stable-door, but stealin the hoss fust.

Next day, his strattygam for becoming acquainted with Mr. Dawkins, we exicuted, and very pritty it was.

Besides potry and the flook, Mr. Dawkins, I must tell you, had some other parshallities—wiz., he was very fond of good eatin and drinkin. After doddling over his music and boox all day, this young genlmn used to sally out of evenings, dine sumptuously at a tavern, drinkin all sots of wine along with his friend Mr. Blewitt. He was a quiet young fellow enough at fust; but it was Mr. B. who (for his own porpuses, no doubt) had got him into this kind of life. Well, I needn't say that he who eats a fine dinner, and drinks too much overnight, wants a bottle of soda-water, and a gril, praps, in the morning. Such was Mr. Dawkinses case; and reglar almost as twelve o'clock came, the waiter from Dix Coffy-House was to be seen on our stairkis, bringing up Mr. D.'s hot breakfast.

No man would have thought there was anythink in such a trifling cirkumstance; master did, though, and pounced upon it like a cock on a barleycorn.

He sent me out to Mr. Morell's in Pickledilly, for wot's called a Strasbug-pie—in French, a '*patty defau graw*.' He takes a card, and nails it on the outside case (patty defau graws come generally in a round wooden box, like a drum); and what do you think he writes on it? why, as follos:—'*For the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace, &c., &c., &c. With Prince Talleyrand's compliments.*'

Prince Tallyram's eompliments, indeed! I laff when I think of it, still, the old surpint! He was a surpint, that Deuceace, and no mistake.

Well, by a most extrornary piece of ill-luck, the nex day punctially as Mr. Dawkinses brexfas was coming *up* the stairs, Mr. Halgernon Percy Deuceace was going *down*. He was as gay as a lark, humming an Oppra tune, and twizzting round his head his hevvy gold-headed cane. Down he went very fast, and by a most unlucky axdent struck his cane against the waiter's tray, and away went Mr. Dawkinses gril, kayann, kitchup, soda-water, and all! I can't think how my master should 'have choas such an exact time; to be sure, his windo looked upon the cort, and he could see every one who came into our door.

As soon as the axdent had took place, master was in such a rage as, to be sure, no man ever was in befor; he swear at the waiter in the most dreddfle way; he threatend him with his stick, and it was only when he see that the waiter was rayther a bigger man than hissself that he was in the least pazyfyied. He returned to his own chambres; and John, the waiter, went off for more gril to Dikes Coffy-House.

'This is a most unlucky axdent, to be sure, Charles,' says master to me, after a few minits paws, during witch he had been and wrote a note, put it into an anvelope, and sealed it with his bigg seal of arms. 'But stay—a thought strikes me—take this note to Mr. Dawkins, and that pye you brought yesterday; and hearkye, you scoundrel, if you say where you got it I will break every bone in your skin!'

These kind of prommises were among the few which I knew him to keep: and as I loved boath my skinn and my boans, I carried the noat, and, of cors, said nothink. Waiting in Mr. Dawkinses chambus for a few minnits, I returned to my master with an anser. I may as well give both of these documence, of which I happen to have taken coppies.

I

'THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE TO T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ.

'TEMPLE, Tuesday.

'Mr. Deuceace presents his compliments to Mr. Dawkins, and begs at the same time to offer his most sincere apologies and regrets for the accident which has just taken place.

'May Mr. Deuceace be allowed to take a neighbour's privilege, and to remedy the evil he has occasioned to the best of his power? If Mr. Dawkins will do him the favour

to partake of the contents of the accompanying case (from Strasburg direct, and the gift of a friend, on whose taste as a gourmand Mr. Dawkins may rely), perhaps he will find that it is not a bad substitute for the *plat* which Mr. Deuceace's awkwardness destroyed.

'It will also, Mr. Deuceace is sure, be no small gratification to the original donor of the *pâté*, when he learns that it has fallen into the hands of so celebrated a *bon vivant* as Mr. Dawkins.

'*T. S. Dawkins, Esq., &c. &c. &c.*'

II

'FROM T. S. DAWKINS, ESQ., TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE

'Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins presents his grateful compliments to the Hon. Mr. Deuceace, and accepts with the greatest pleasure Mr. Deuceace's generous proffer.

'It would be one of the *happiest moments* of Mr. Smith Dawkins's life, if the Hon. Mr. Deuceace would *extend his generosity* still further, and condescend to partake of the repast which his *munificent politeness* has furnished.

'TEMPLE, Tuesday.'

Many and many a time, I say, have I grind over these letters, which I had wrote from the original by Mr. Bruffy's copyin clark. Deuceace's flam about Prince Tallyram was puffickly successful. I saw young Dawkins blush with delite as he red the note; he toar up for or five sheets before he composed the answer to it, which was as you red abuff, and roat in a hand quite trembling with pleasyer. If you could but have seen the look of triumph in Deuceace's wicked black eyes, when he read the noat! I never see a deamin yet, but I can phansy 1, a holding a writhing soal on his pitchfrock, and smilin like Deuceace. He dressed himself in his very best clothes, and in he went, after sending me over to say that he would xcept with pleasyour Mr. Dawkins's invite.

The pie was cut up, and a most frenly conversation begun betwixt the two genlmin. Deuceace was quite captivating. He spoke to Mr. Dawkins in the most re-speckful and flatrin manner,—agread in every think he said,—prazed his taste, his furniter, his coat, his classick nollodge, and his playin on the ffoot; you'd have thought,

to hear him, that such a polygon of exlens as Dawkins did not breath,—that such a modist, sinsear, honrabble genlmn as Deuceace was to be seen no where xcept in Pump Cort. Poor Daw was complitly taken in. My master said he'd introduce him to the Duke of Doncaster, and Heaven knows how many nobs more, till Dawkins was quite intawsicated with pleasyour. I know as a fac (and it pretty well shows the young genlmn's carryter), that he went that very day and ordered 2 new coats, on porpos to be introjuiced to the lords in.

But the best joak of all was at last. Singin, swagrin, and swarink—up stares came Mr. Dick Blewitt. He flung open Mr. Dawkins's door, shouting out, 'Daw, my old buck, how are you?' when, all of a sudden, he sees Mr. Deuceace: his jor dropt, he turned chocky white, and then burnin red, and looked as if a stror would knock him down. 'My dear Mr. Blewitt,' says my master, smilin, and offring his hand, 'how glad I am to see you. Mr. Dawkins and I were just talking about your pony! Pray sit down.'

Blewitt did; and now was the question, who should sit the other out; but, law bless you! Mr. Blewitt was no match for my master; all the time he was fidgetty, silent, and sulky; on the contry, master was charmin. I never herd such a flo of conversatin, or so many wittacisms as he uttered. At last, completely beat, Mr. Blewitt took his leaf; that instant master followed him; and passin his arm through that of Mr. Dick, led him into our chambers, and began talkin to him in the most affabl and affeckshnat manner.

But Dick was too angry to listen; at last, when master was telling him some long story about the Duke of Doncaster, Blewitt burst out—

'A plague on the Duke of Doncaster! Come, come, Mr. Deuceace, don't you be running your rigs upon me; I an't the man to be bamboozl'd by long-winded stories about dukes and duchesses. You think I don't know you; every man knows you, and your line of country. Yes, you're after young Dawkins there, and think to pluck him; but you shan't,—no, by — you shant.' (The reader must recklect that the oaths which interspussed Mr. B's convysation I have lift out.) Well, after he'd fired a wolley of em. Mr. Deuceace spoke as cool as possbill.

'Heark ye, Blewitt. I know you to be one of the most

infernal thieves and scoundrels unhung. If you attempt to hector with me, I will cane you ; if you want more, I'll shoot you ; if you meddle between me and Dawkins, I will do both. I know your whole life, you miserable swindler and coward. I know you have already won two hundred pounds of this lad, and want all. I will have half, or you never shall have a penny.' It's quite true that master knew things ; but how was the wonder.

I couldn't see Mr. B.'s face during this dialogue, bein on the wrong side of the door ; but there was a considderable paws after-thuse complymints had passed between the two genlmn,—one walkin quickly up and down the room,—tother, angry and stupid sittin down, and stampin with his foot.

'Now listen to this, Mr. Blewitt,' continues master at last ; 'if you're quiet, you shall half this fellow's money : but venture to win a shilling from him in my absence, or without my consent, and you do it at your peril.'

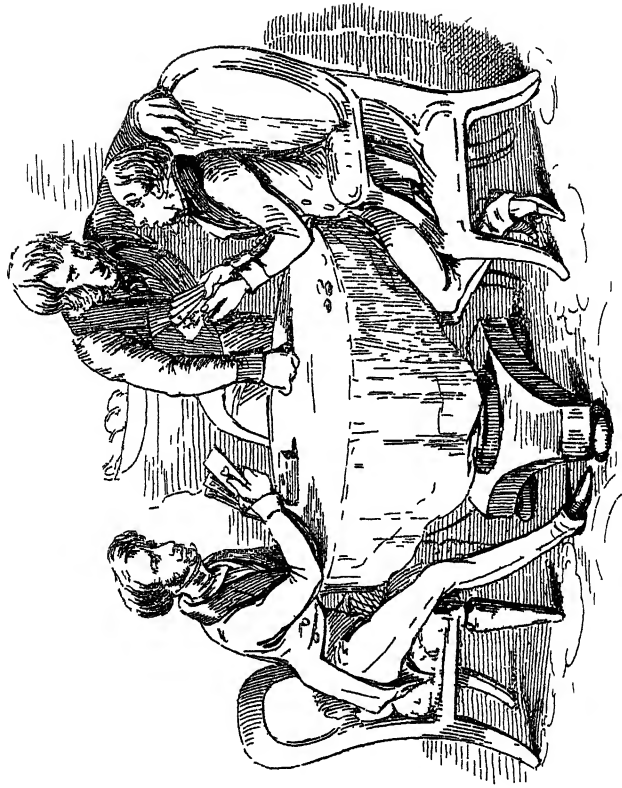
'Well, well, Mr. Deuceace,' cries Dick, 'it's very hard, and I must say, not fair : the game was of my startin, and you've no right to interfere with my friend.'

'Mr. Blewitt, you are a fool ! You professed yesterday not to know this man, and I was obliged to find him out for myself. I should like to know by what law of honour I am bound to give him up to you ?'

It was charmir to hear this pair of raskles talkin about *honour*. I declare I could have found it in my heart to warn young Dawkins of the precious way in which these chaps were going to serve him. But if *they* didn't know what honour was, *I* did ; and never, never did I tell tails about my masters when in their sarvice—*out*, in cors, the hobligation is no longer binding.

Well, the nex day there was a gran dinner at our chambers. White soop, turbit, and lobstir sos ; saddil of Scoch muttn, grous, and M'Arony ; wines, shampang, hock, maderia, a bottle of poart, and ever so many of clarrit. The compny presint was three ; wiz., the Honrabble A. P. Deuceace, R. Blewitt, and Mr. Dawkins, Exquires. My i, how we genlmn in the kitchin did enjy it. Mr. Blewittes man eat so much grous (when it was brot out of the parlor), that I reely thought he would be sik ; Mr. Dawkinses genlmn (who was only about 13 years of age) grew so il with M'Arony and plumb-puddn, as to be

4



MR. DAWKINS ADVISES WITH MR. BLEWITT UPON A DIFFICULT POINT AT ÉCARTÉ

obleegeed to take sefral of Mr. D.'s pils, which $\frac{1}{2}$ kild him. But this is all promiscuous I an't talkin of the survants now, but the masters.

Would you bleeve it ? After dinner and praps 8 bottles of wine between the 3, the genlmn sat down to *écarty*. It's a game where only 2 plays, and where, in coarse, when there's ony 3, one looks on.

Fust, they playd crown pints, and a pound the bett. At this game they were wonderful equill ; and about supper-time (when grilled am, more shampang, devld biskits, and other things, was brot in) the play stood thus Mr. Dawkins had won 2 pounds ; Mr. Blewitt, 30 shillings ; the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace having lost 3*l.* 10*s.* After the devvle and the shampang the play was a little higher. Now it was pound pints, and five pound the bet. I thought, to be sure, after hearing the complymints between Blewitt and master in the morning, that now poor Dawkins's time was come.

Not so · Dawkins won always, Mr. B. betting on his play, and giving him the very best of advice. At the end of the evening (which was about five o'clock the nex morning) they stopt. Master was counting up the skore on a card.

'Blewitt,' says he, 'I've been unlucky. I owe you—let me see—yes, five-and-forty pounds ?'

'Five-and-forty,' says Blewitt, 'and no mistake !'

'I will give you a cheque,' says the honrabble genlmn.

'Oh ! don't mention it, my dear sir !' But master got a grate sheet of paper, and drew him a check on Messeers. Pump, Algit, and Co., his bankers.

'Now,' says master, 'I've got to settle with you, my dear Mr. Dawkins. If you had backd your luck, I should have owed you a very handsome sum of money. *Voyons*, thirteen points at a pound—it is easy to calculate ;' and drawin out his puss, he clinked over the table 13 goolden suverings, which shon till they made my eyes wink.

So did pore Dawkinsees, as he put out his hand, all trembling, and drew them in.

'Let me say,' added master, 'let me say (and I've had some little experience), that you are the very best *écarté* player with whom I ever sat down.'

Dawkinsees eyes glissened as he put the money up, and said, 'Law, Deuceace, you flatter me.'

Flatter him ! I should think he did. It was the very think which master ment.

'But mind you, Dawkins,' continyoud he, 'I must have my revenge ; for I'm ruined—positively ruined—by your luck.'

'Well, well,' says Mr. Thomas Smith Dawkins, as pleased as if he had gained a millium, 'shall it be to-morrow ? Blewitt, what say you ?'

Mr. Blewitt agreed, in course. My master, after a little demurring, consented too. 'We'll meet,' says he, 'at your chambers. But mind, my dear fello, not too much wine . I can't stand it at any time, especially when I have to play *écarté* with you.'

Pore Dawkins left our rooms as happy as a prins. 'Here, Charles,' says he, and flung me a sovring. Pore fellow ! pore fellow ! I knew what was a comin !

But the best of it was, that these 13 sovring which Dawkins won, *master had borrowed them from Mr. Blewitt !* I brought 'em, with 7 more, from that young genlman's chambers that very morning : for, since his interview with master, Blewitt had nothing to refuse him.

Well, shall I continue the tail ? If Mr. Dawkins had been the least bit wiser, it would have taken him six months befoar he lost his money : as it was, he was such a con-founded ninny, that it took him a very short time to part with it.

Nex day (it was Thursday, and master's acquaintance with Mr. Dawkins had only commenced on Tuesday), Mr. Dawkins, as I said, gev his party,—dinner at 7. Mr. Blewitt and the two Mr. D.'s as befoar. Play begins at 11. This time I knew the bisniss was pretty serious, for we suvvants was packed off to bed at 2 o'clock. On Friday, I went to chambers—no master—he kem in for 5 minutes at about 12, made a little toilit, ordered more devvles and soda-water, and back again he went to Mr. Dawkins's.

They had dinner there at 7 again, but nobody seamed to eat, for all the vittles came out to us genlman : they had in more wine though, and must have drunk at least 2 dozen in the 36 hours.

At ten o'clock, however, on Friday night, back my master came to his chambers. I saw him as I never saw

him before, namly, reglar drunk. He staggered about the room, he danced, he hickipd, he swoar, he flung me a heap of silver, and, finely, he sunk down exosted on his bed ; I pullin off his boots and close, and making him comfrabble.

When I had removed his garmints, I did what it's the duty of every servant to do—I emtied his pockits, and looked at his pockit-book and all his letters : a number of axdents have been prevented that way.

I found there, among a heap of things, the following pretty dockyment :

I. O. U.

£4700.

THOMAS SMITH DAWKINS.

Friday, 16th January.

There was another bit of paper of the same kind—‘I. O. U. four hundred pounds, Richard Blewitt :’ but this, in cors, ment nothink.

Nex mornin, at nine, master was up, and as sober as a judg. He drest, and was off to Mr. Dawkins. At 10, he ordered a cab, and the two genlmn went together.

‘Where shall he drive, sir ?’ says I.

‘Oh, tell him to drive to THE BANK.’

Pore Dawkins ! his eyes red with remors and sleepless drunkenniss, gave a shudder and a sob, as he sunk back in the vehicle ; and they drove on.

That day he sold out every hapny he was worth, xccept five hundred pounds.

Abowt 12 master had returned, and Mr. Dick Blewitt came stridin up the stairs with a sollum and important hair.

‘Is your master at home ?’ says he.

‘Yes, sir,’ says I ; and in he walks. I, in coars, with my ear to the keyhole, listning with all my mite.

‘Well,’ says Blewitt, ‘we maid a pretty good night of it, Mr. Deuceace. You’ve settled, I see, with Dawkins.’

‘Settled !’ says master. ‘Oh, yes—yes—I’ve settled with him.’

‘Four thousand seven hundred, I think?’

‘About that—yes.’

‘That makes my share—let me see—two thousand three hundred and fifty; which I’ll thank you to fork out.’

‘Upon my word—why—Mr. Blewitt,’ says master, ‘I don’t really understand what you mean.’

‘*You don’t know what I mean!*’ says Blewitt, in an accent such as I never before heard; ‘You don’t know what I mean! Did you not promise me that we were to go shares? Didn’t I lend you twenty sovereigns the other night to pay our losings to Dawkins? Didn’t you swear, on your honour as a gentleman, to give me half of all that might be won in this affair?’

‘Agreed, sir,’ says Deuceace; ‘agreed.’

‘Well, sir, and now what have you to say?’

‘Why, *that I don’t intend to keep my promise!* You infernal fool and ninny! do you suppose I was labouring for you? Do you fancy I was going to the expense of giving a dinner to that jackass yonder, that you should profit by it? Get away, sir! Leave the room, sir! Or, stop—here—I will give you four hundred pounds—your own note of hand, sir, for that sum, if you will consent to forget all that has passed between us, and that you have never known Mr. Algernon Deuceace.’

I’ve seen pibble angry before now, but never any like Blewitt. He stormed, groaned, belloed, swear! At last, he fairly began blubbling; now cussing and nashing his teeth, now praying dear Mr. Deuceace to grant him mercy.

At last, master flung open the door (Heaven bless us! it’s well I didn’t tumble, hed over eels, into the room!), and said, ‘Charles, show the gentleman down stairs!’ My master looked at him quite steddly. Blewitt slunk down, as misrabble as any man I ever see. As for Dawkins, Heaven knows where he was!

‘Charles,’ says my master to me, about an hour afterwards, ‘I’m going to Paris; you may come, too, if you please.’

C. YELLOWPLUSH.

IV

SKIMMINGS FROM 'THE DAIRY OF GEORGE IV'

[*Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1838.]CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQ., TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.¹

DEAR WHY,—Takin advantage of the Crissmiss holydays, Sir John and me (who is a member of parlyment) had gone down to our place in Yorkshire for six wicks, to shoot grows and woodcox, and enjoy old English hospatalaty. This ugly Canady bisniss unluckaly put an end to our sports in the country, and brot us up to Buckly Square as fast as four postorses could gallip. When there, I found your parcel, containing the two vollumes of a new book, witch, as I have been away from the literary world, and emplied solely in athlatic exorcises, have been laying neglected in my pantry, among my knife-cloaths, and dekanter, and blacking-bottles, and bed-room candles, and things.

This will, I'm sure, account for my delay in notussing the work. I see sefral of the papers and magazeens have been befoarhand with me, and have given their apinions concerning it: specially the *Quotly Review*, which has most mussilessly cut to peases the author of this *Dairy of the Times of George IV*.²

That it's a woman who wrote it is evydent from the style of the writing, as well as from certain proofs in the book itself. Most suttnly a femail wrote this *Dairy*; but who this *Dairy-maid* may be, I, in coarse, cant conjecter: and indeed, common gallantry forbids me to ask. I can only judge of the book itself, which, it appears to me, is clearly trenching upon my ground and favrite subjicks, viz. fashnabble life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility, gentry, and rile fammly.

¹ These Memoirs were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and it may be stated for the benefit of the unlearned in such matters, that 'Oliver Yorke' is the assumed name of the editor of that periodical.

² Dairy illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth, interspersed with original Letters from the late Queen Carolhne, and from various other distinguished Persons.

'Tôt ou tard, tout se sçait.'—MAINTENON.

In 2 vols. London, 1838. Henry Colburn.

But I bare no mallis—infamation is infamation, and it doesn't matter where the infamy comes from ; and whether the *Dairy* be from that distinguished pen to witch it is ornarily attributed—whether, I say, it comes from a lady of honor to the late quean, or a scullion to that diffunct majisty, no matter ; all we ask is nollidge, never mind how we have it. Nollidge, as our cook says, is like trikel-possit—its always good, though you was to drink it out of an old shoo.

Well, then, although this *Dairy* is likely searusly to injur my pussonal intrests, by fourstalling a deal of what I had to say in my private memoars—though many, many guineas, is taken from my pockit, by cuttin short the tail of my narratif—though much that I had to say in souperior languidge, greased with all the ellygance of my orytory, the benefick of my classicle reading, the chawms of my agreble wit, is thus abruply brot befor the world by an inferior genus, neither knowing nor writing English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am puffickly prepared to say, to gainsay which no man can say a word—yet I say, that I say I consider this publication welkom. Far from viewing it with enfy, I greet it with applaws ; because it increases that most exlent specious of nollidge, I mean ' FASHNABBLE NOLLIDGE ;' compayred to witch all other nollidgeis nonsince—a bag of goold to a pare of snuffers.

Could Lord 'Broom, on the Canady question, say moar ? or say what he had to say better ? We are marters, both of us, to prinsple ; and every body who knows eather knows that we would sacrafice anythink rather than that. Fashion is the goddiss I adoar. This delightful work is an offering on her srine ; and as sich all her wushippers are bound to hail it. Here is not a question of trumpry lords and hon-rabbles, generals and barronites, but the crown itself, and the king and queen's actions ; witch may be considered as the crown jewels. Here's princes, and grand-dukes and airsparent, and Heaven knows what ; all with blood-royal in their veins, and their names mentioned in the very fust page of the peeridge. In this book you become so intmate with the Prince of Wales, that you may follow him, if you please, to his marridge-bed ; or, if you prefer the Princiss Charlotte, you may have with her an hour's tator-tator.¹

¹ Our estimable correspondent means, we presume, *tête-à-tête*.—O. Y.

Now, though most of the remarkable extrax from this book have been given already (the cream of the *Dairy*, as I wittily say), I shall trouble you, nevertheless, with a few ; partly because they can't be repeated too often, and because the toan of obsyvation with' witch they have been genrally received by the press, is not igsackly such as I think they merit. How, indeed, can these common magaseen and newspaper pipples know anythink of fash-nabble life, let alone ryal ?

Conseaving, then, that the publication of the *Dairy* has done reel good on this scoar, and may probly do a deal moor, I shall look through it, for the porpus of selecting the most ellygant passidges, and which I think may be peculiarly adapted to the reader's benefick.

For you see, my dear Mr. Yorke, that in the fust place, that this is no common catchpny book, like that of most authors and authoresses who write for the base looker of gain. Heaven bless you ! the Dairy-maid is above anything musnary. She is a woman of rank, and no mistake ; and is as much above doin a common or vulgar action as I am superaor to taking beer after dinner with my cheese. She proves that most satisfackarily, as we see in the following passidge :—

' Her royal highness came to me, and having spoken a few phrases on different subjects, produced all the papers she wishes to have published : her whole correspondence with the Prince relative to Lady J——'s dismissal ; his subsequent neglect of the Princess ; and, finally, the acquittal of her supposed guilt, signed by the Duke of Portland, etc., at the time of the secret inquiry : when, if proof could have been brought against her, it certainly would have been done ; and which acquittal, to the disgrace of all parties concerned, as well as to the justice of the nation in general, was not made public at the time. A common criminal is publicly condemned or acquitted. Her Royal Highness commanded me to have these letters published forthwith, saying, ' You may sell them for a great sum.' At first (for she had spoken to me before concerning this business), I thought of availing myself of the opportunity ; but upon second thoughts, I turned from this idea with detestation : for, if I do wrong by obeying her wishes and endeavouring to serve her, I will do so at least from good and disinterested motives, not from any sordid views. The Princess commands me, and I will obey her, whatever may be the issue ; but not for fare or fee. I own I tromble, not so much for myself, as for the idea that she is not taking the best and most dignified way of having these papers published. Why make a secret of it at all ? If wrong it should not be done ; if right

it should be done openly, and in the face of her enemies. In her Royal Highness's case, as in that of wronged Princes in general, why do they shrink from straightforward dealings, and rather have recourse to crooked policy? I wish, in this particular instance, I could make her Royal Highness feel thus: but she is naturally indignant at being falsely accused, and will not condescend to an avowed explanation.'

Can anythink be more just and honrabble than this? The Dairy-lady is quite fair and aboveboard. A clear stage, says she, and no favour! 'I won't do behind my back what I am ashamed of before my face: not I!' No more she does; for you see that, though she was offered this manyscrip by the princess *for nothink*, though she knew that she could actially get for it a large sum of money, she was above it, like an honest, noble, grateful, fashnabble woman, as she was. She aboars secrecy, and never will have recors to disguise or crookid polacy. This ought to be an ansure to them *Radicle sneerers*, who pretend that they are the equals of fashnabble pepple; whereas it's a well-known fact, that the vulgar roagues have no notion of honour.

And after this positif declaration, which reflex honor on her ladyship (long life to her! I've often waited behind her chair!)—after this positif declaration that, even for the porpus of *defending* her missis, she was so hi-mindid as to refuse anythink like a peculiarly consideration, it is actially asserted in the public prints by a booxeller, that he has given her *a thousand pound* for the *Dairy*. A thousand pound! nonsince!—it's a phigment! a base libel! This woman take a thousand pound, in a matter where her dear mistriss, frend, and benyfactriss was concerned! Never! A thousand baggonits would be more prefrabble to a woman of her xqizzit feelins and fashion.

But, to proseed. It's been objected to me, when I wrote some of my expearunces in fashnabble life, that my languidge was occasionally vulgar, and not such as is generally used in those exquizzit famlies which I frequent. Now, I'll lay a wager that there is in this book, wrote as all the world knows, by a rele lady, and speakin of kings and queens as if they were as common as sand-boys—there is in this book more wulgarity than ever I displayed, more nastiness than ever I would dare *to think on*, and more bad grammar than ever I wrote since I was a boy at school.

As for authografy, evry genlman has his own : never mind spellin, I say, so long as the sence is right.

Let me here quot a letter from a corresponsent of this charming lady of honour ; and a very nice corryspondent he is, too, without any mistake :

'Lady O——, poor Lady O—— ! knows the rules of prudence, I fear me, as imperfectly as she doth those of the Greek and Latin Grammars : or she hath let her brother, who is a sad swine, become master of her secrets, and then contrived to quarrel with him. You would see the outline of the *mélange* in the newspapers ; but not the report that Mr. S—— is about to publish a pamphlet, as an addition to the Harleian Tracts, setting forth the amatory adventures of his sister. We shall break our necks in haste to buy it, of course crying 'Shameful' all the while ; and it is said that Lady O—— is to be cut, which I cannot entirely believe. Let her tell two or three old women about town that they are young and handsome, and give some well-timed parties, and she may still keep the society which she hath been used to. The times are not so hard as they once were, when a woman could not construe Magna Charta with anything like impunity. People were full as gallant many years ago. But the days are gone by wherein my lord-protector of the commonwealth of England was wont to go a love-making to Mrs. Fleetwood, with the Bible under his arm.

'And so Miss Jacky Gordon is really clothed with a husband at last, and Miss Laura Manners left without a mate ! She and Lord Stair should marry and have children, in mere revenge. As to Miss Gordon, she's a Venus well suited for such a Vulcan,—whom nothing but money and a title could have rendered tolerable, even to a kitchen wench. It is said that the matrimonial correspondence between this couple is to be published, full of sad scandalous relations, of which you may be sure scarcely a word is true. In former times, the Duchess of St. A——'s made use of these elegant epistles in order to intimidate Lady Johnstone : but that *ruse* would not avail ; so in spite, they are to be printed. What a cargo of amiable creatures ! Yet will some people scarcely believe in the existence of Pandemonium.

'*Tuesday morning*.—You are perfectly right respecting the hot rooms here, which we all cry out against, and all find very comfortable—much more so than the cold sands and bleak neighbourhood of the sea ; which looks vastly well in one of Vander Velde's pictures hung upon crimson damask, but hideous and shocking in reality. H—— and his "elle" (talking of parties) were last night at Cholmondeley House, but seem not to ripen in their love. He is certainly good-humoured, and I believe, good-hearted, so deserves a good wife ; but his *cara* seems a genuine London miss, made up of many affectations. Will she form a comfortable helpmate ? For me, I like not her origin, and deem many strange things to run in blood, besides madness and the Hanoverian evil.

'*Thursday*.—I verily do believe that I shall never get to the end of this small sheet of paper, so many unheard of interruptions have I had ; and now I have been to Vauxhall, and caught the tooth-ache. I was of Lady E. B——m and H——'s party : very dull—the Lady giving us all a supper after our promenade—

“ Much ado was there, God wot
She would love, but he would not.”

He ate a great deal of ice, although he did not seem to require it ; and she *faisoit les yeux doux*, enough not only to have melted all the ice which he swallowed, but his own hard heart into the bargain. The thing will not do. In the meantime, Miss Long hath become quite cruel to Wellesley Pole, and divides her favour equally between Lords Killeen and Kilworth, two as simple Irishmen as ever gave birth to a bull. I wish to Hymen that she were fairly married, for all this pother gives one a disgusting picture of human nature.'

A disgusting pictur of human nature, indeed—and isn't he who moralises about it, and she to whom he writes, a couple of pretty heads in the same piece ? Which, Mr. Yorke, is the wust, the scandle or the scandle-mongers ? See what it is to be a moral man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes together all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquentance—he goes to a ball, and laffs or snears at everybody there—he is asked to a dinner, and brings away, along with meat and wine to his heart's content, a sour stomick filled with nasty stories of all the people present there. He has such a squeamish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him. And what has he got to say to his delicate female frend ? Why that—

Fust. Mr. S. is going to publish indescnt stoaries about Lady O——, his sister, which everybody's goin to by.

Nex. That Miss Gordon is going to be cloathed with an usband ; and that all their matrimonial corryspondins is to be published too.

3. That Lord H. is goin to be married ; but there's something rong, in his wife's blood.

4. Miss Long has cut Mr. Wellesley, and is gone after two Irish lords.

Wooden you phancy, now, that the author of such a letter, instead of writin about pippel of tip-top qualaty was describin Vinegar Yard ? Would you beleave that the lady he was a ritin to was a chased, modist lady of honour, and mother of a famly ? *O trumperry ! O morris !* as Homer says, this is a higeous pictur of manners, such as I weap to think of, as evry moral man must weap.

The above is one pritty pictur of nearly fashnabble life : what follows is about families even higher situated than the most fashnabble. Here we have the princessregient. her daughter the Princess Sharlot, her grandmamma the old quean, and her madjisty daughters the two princesses. If this is not high life, I don't know where it is to be found ; and it's pleasing to see what affeckshn and harmny rains in such an exolted spear.

'*Sunday 24th.*—Yesterday, the princess went to meet the Princess Charlotte at Kensington. Lady — told me that, when the latter arrived, she rushed up to her mother, and said, "For God's sake, be civil to her," meaning the Duchess of Leeds, who followed her. Lady — said she felt sorry for the latter ; but when the Princess of Wales talked to her, she soon became so free and easy, that one could not have any *feeling* about her *feelings*. Princess Charlotte, I was told, was looking handsome, very pale, but her head more becomingly dressed,—that is to say, less dressed than usual. Her figure is of that full round shape which is now in its prime ; but she disfigures herself by wearing her bodice so short, that she literally has no waist. Her feet are very pretty ; and so are her hands and arms, and her ears, and the shape of her head. Her countenance is expressive, when she allows her passions to play upon it ; and I never saw any face, with so little shade, express so many powerful and varied emotions. Lady — told me that the Princess Charlotte talked to her about her situation, and said, in a very quiet, but determined way, she *would not bear it*, and that as soon as Parliament met, she intended to come to Warwick House, and remain there ; that she was also determined not to consider the Duchess of Leeds as her *governess* but only as her *first lady*. She made many observations on other persons and subjects ; and appears to be very quick, very penetrating, but imperious and wilful. There is a tone of romance, too, in her character, which will only serve to mislead her.

'She told her mother that there had been a great battle at Windsor between the Queen and the Prince, the former refusing to give up Miss Knight from her own person to attend on Princess Charlotte as sub-governess. But the Prince-Regent had gone to Windsor himself, and insisted on her doing so ; and the "old Beguin" was forced to submit, but has been ill ever since : and Sir Henry Halford declared it was a complete breaking up of her constitution—to the great delight of the two Princesses, who were talking about this affair. Miss Knight was the very person they wished to have ; they think they can do as they like with her. It has been ordered that the Princess Charlotte should not see her mother alone for a single moment ; but the latter went into her room, stuffed a pair of large shoes full of papers, and having given them to her daughter, she went home. Lady — told me everything was written down and sent to Mr. Brougham *next day*.'

See what dishcord will creep even into the best reglated famlies. Here are six of 'em—viz., the quean and her two daughters, her son, and his wife and daughter ; and the manner in which they hate one another is a compleat puzzle.

The Prince hates	{	his mother.
		his wife.
		his daughter.

Princess Charlotte hates her father.

Princess of Wales hates her husband.

The old quean, by their squobbles, is on the pint of death ; and her two jewtiful daughters are delighted at the news. What a happy, fashnabble, Christian famly ! O Mr. Yorke, Mr. Yorke, if this is the way in the drawin rooms, I'm quite content to live below, in pease and charaty with all men ; writin, as I am now, in my pantry, or els havin a quite game at cards in the servants-all. With *us* there's no bitter, wicked, quarling of this sort. *We* don't hate our children, or bully our mothers, or wish em ded when they're sick, as this Dairy-woman says kings and queans do. When we're writing to our friends or sweethearts, *we* don't fill our letters with nasty stoaries, takin away the carrieter of our fellow-servants, as this maid of honour's amusin, moral, frend does. But, in coarse, its not for us to judge of our betters ; these great people are a supearur race, and we can't comprehend their ways.

Do you recklect—it's twenty years ago now—how a bewtiffle princess died in givin buth to a poar baby, and how the whole nation of Hengland wep, as though it was one man, over that sweet woman and child, in which were sentered the hopes of every one of us, and of which each was as proud as of his own wife or infnt ? Do, you recklet how pore fellows spent their last shillin to buy a black crape for their hats, and clergymen cried in the pulpit, and the whole country through was no better than a great dismal funeral ? Do you recklect, Mr. Yorke, who was the person that we all took on so about ? We called her the Princis Sharlot of Wales ; and we valyoud a single drop of her blood more than the whole heartless body of her father. Well, we looked up to her as a kind of saint or angle, and blest God (such foolish loyal English pipples as we ware in those days) who had sent this sweet lady to rule over us. But Heaven bless you ! it was only souperstition. She was no

better than she should be, as it turns out—or at least the Dairy-maid says so—no better?—if my daughters or yours was $\frac{1}{2}$ so bad, we'd as leaf be dead ourselves, and they hanged. But listen to this pritty charritable story, and a truce to reflexshuns :—

'Sunday, January 9, 1814.—Yesterday, according to appointment, I went to Princess Charlotte. Found at Warwick House the harp-player Dizzi; was asked to remain and listen to his performance, but was talked to during the whole time, which completely prevented all possibility of listening to the music. The Duchess of Leeds and her daughter were in the room, but left it soon. Next arrived Miss Knight, who remained all the time I was there. Princess Charlotte was very gracious—showed me all her *bonny dyes*, as B—— would have called them—pictures, and cases, and jewels, etc. She talked in a very desultory way, and it would be difficult to say of what. She observed her mother was in very low spirits. I asked her how she supposed she could be otherwise? This *questioning* answer saves a great deal of trouble, and serves two purposes—i.e., avoids committing oneself, or giving offence by silence. There was hung in the apartment one portrait, amongst others, that very much resembled the Duke of D——. I asked Miss Knight whom it represented. She said that was not known; it had been supposed a likeness of the Pretender, when young. This answer suited my thoughts so comically I could have laughed, if one ever did at courts anything but the contrary of what one was inclined to do.

Princess Charlotte has a very great variety of expression in her countenance—a play of features, and a force of muscle, rarely seen in connection with such soft and shadeless colouring. Her hands and arms are beautiful; but I think her figure is already gone, and will soon be precisely like her mother's: in short, it is the very picture of her, and *not in miniature*. I could not help analysing my own sensations during the time I was with her, and thought more of them than I did of her. Why was I at all flattered, at all more amused, at all more supple to this young Princess, than to her who is only the same sort of person set in the shade of circumstances and of years? It is that youth, and the approach of power, and the latent views of self-interest, sway the heart and dazzle the understanding. If this is so with a heart not, I trust, corrupt, and a head not particularly formed for interested calculations, what effect must not the same causes produce on the generality of mankind?

'In the course of the conversation, the Princess Charlotte contrived to edge in a good deal of *tum-de-dy*, and would, if I had entered into the thing, have gone on with it, while looking at a little picture of herself, which had about thirty or forty different dresses to put over it, done on *isinglass*, and which allowed the general colouring of the picture to be seen through its transparency. It was, I thought, a pretty enough conceit, though rather like dressing up a doll. "Ah!" said Miss Knight, "I am not content though, madame

—for I yet should have liked one more dress—that of the favourite Sultana.”

“No, no!” said the Princess, “I never was a favourite, and never can be one,”—looking at a picture which she said was her father’s, but which I do not believe was done for the Regent any more than for me, but represented a young man in a hussar’s dress—probably a former favourite.

‘The Princess Charlotte seemed much hurt at the little notice that was taken of her birthday. After keeping me for two hours and a half she dismissed me; and I am sure I could not say what she said, except that it was an *olio* of *decousus* and heterogeneous things, partaking of the characteristics of her mother, grafted on a younger scion. I dined *tête-à-tête* with my dear old aunt; hers is always a sweet and soothing society to me.’

There’s a pleasing, lady-like, moral extrack for you! An innocent young thing of fifteen has picturs of *two* lovers in her room, and expex a good number more. This dellygate young creature *edges* in a good deal of *tumdedy* (I can’t find it in Johnson’s Dixony), and would have *gone on with the thing* (ellygence of languidge), if the dairy-lady would have let her.

Now, to tell you the truth, Mr. Yorke, I doant beleave a single syllible of this story. This lady of honner says, in the fust place, that the princess would have talked a good deal of *tumdedy*: which means, I suppose, indeasnsy, if she, the lady of honner *would have let her*. This is a good one! Why, she lets every body else talk *tumdedy* to their hearts’ content; she lets her friends *write* *tumdedy*, and, after keeping it for a quarter of a sentry, she *prints* it. Why, then, be so squeamish about *hearing* a little! And, then, there’s the stoary of the two portricks. This woman has the honner to be received in the frendlyest manner by a British princess; and what does the grateful loyal creature do? 2 picturs of the princess’s relations are hanging in her room, and the dairy-woman swears away the poor young princess’s carrickter, by swearing they are picturs of her *lovers*. For shame, oh, for shame! you slanderin backbitin dairy-woman you! If you told all them things to your ‘dear old aunt,’ on going to dine with her, you must have had very ‘sweet and soothing society,’ indeed.

I had marked out many moar extrax, which I intended to write about; but I think I have said enough about this Dairy: in fack, the butler, and the gals in the servants’

hall are not well pleased that I should go on readin this naughty book ; so we'll have no more of it, only one pas-sidge about Pollytics, witch is sertnly quite new :—

'No one was so likely to be able to defeat Bonaparte as the Crown Prince, from the intimate knowledge he possessed of his character. Bernadotte was also instigated against Bonaparte by one who not only owed him a personal hatred, but who possessed a mind equal to his, and who gave the Crown Prince both information and advice how to act. This was no less a person than Madame de Stael. It was not, as some have asserted, *that she was in love with Bernadotte* ; for, at the time of their intimacy, *Madame de Stael was in love with Rocca*. But she used her influence (which was not small), with the Crown Prince, to make him fight against Bonaparte, and to her wisdom may be attributed much of the success which accompanied his attack upon him. Bernadotte has raised the flame of liberty, which seems fortunately to blaze all around. May it liberate Europe ; and from the ashes of the laurel may olive branches spring up, and overshadow the earth !'

There's a discuvery ! that the overthrow of Boneypart is owing to *Madame de Stael* ! What nonsince for Colonel Southey or Doctor Napier to write histories of the war with that Capsican hupstart and murderer, when here we have the whole affair explained by the lady of honour !

'*Sunday, April 10, 1814.*—The incidents which take place every hour are miraculous. Bonaparte is deposed, but alive ; subdued, but allowed to choose his place of residence. The island of Elba is the spot he has selected for his ignominious retreat. France is holding forth repentant arms to her banished sovereign. The Poissardes who dragged Louis XVI to the scaffold are presenting flowers to the Emperor of Russia, the restorer of their legitimate king ! What a stupendous field for philosophy to expatiate in ! What an endless material for thought ! What humiliation to the pride of mere human greatness ! How are the mighty fallen ! Of all that was great in Napoleon, what remains ? Despoiled of his usurped power, he sinks to insignificance. There was no moral greatness in the man. The meteor dazzled, scorched, is put out—utterly, and for ever. But the power which rests in those who have delivered the nations from bondage, is a power that is delegated to them from Heaven ; and the manner in which they have used it is a guarantee for its continuance. The Duke of Wellington has gained laurels unstained by any useless flow of blood. He has done more than conquer others—he has conquered himself : and in the midst of the blaze and flush of victory, surrounded by the homage of nations, he has not been betrayed into the commission of any act of cruelty or wanton offence. He was as cool and self-possessed under the blaze and dazzle of fame as a common man would be under

the shade of his garden-tree, or by the hearth of his home. But the tyrant who kept Europe in awe is now a pitiable object for scorn to point the finger of derision at : and humanity shudders as it remembers the scourge with which this man's ambition was permitted to devastate every home tie, and every heartfelt joy.'

And now, after this sublime passidge, as full of awfle reflections and pious sentiments as those of Mrs. Cole in the play, I shall only quot one little extrak more :—

'All goes gloomily with the poor Princess. Lady Charlotte Campbell told me she regrets not seeing all these curious personages ; but she says, the more the Princess is forsaken, the more happy she is at having offered to attend her at this time. *This is very amiable in her*, and cannot fail to be gratifying to the Princess.'

So it is—wery amiable, wery kind and considtrate in her, indeed. Poor Princess ; how lucky you was to find a frend who loved you for your own sake, and when all the rest of the wuld turned its back kep steady to you. As for beleaving that Lady Sharlot had any hand in this book,¹ Heaven forbid ! she is all gratitude, pure gratitude, depend upon it. *She* would not go for to blacken her old frend and patron's carrickter, after having been so outragusly faithful to her ; *she* wouldn't do it, at no price, depend upon it. How sorry she must be that others an't quite so squemish, and show up in this indesent way the follies of her kind, genrus, foolish bennyfactris !

V

FORING PARTS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1838.]

It was a singular proof of my master's modesty, that though he had won this andsome sum of Mr. Dawkins, and was inclined to be as extravygant and osntatious as any man I ever seed, yet, wen he determined on going to Paris, he didn't let a single frend know of all them winnings of his, didn't acquaint my Lord Crabs, his father, that he

¹ The 'authorized' announcement, in the *John Bull* newspaper, sets this question at rest. It is declared that her ladyship is not the writer of the *Diary*.—O. Y.

was about to leave his natif shoars—neigh—didn't even so much as call together his tradesmin, and pay off thier little bills befor his departure.

On the contry, 'Chawles,' said he to me, 'stick a piece of paper on my door,' which is the way that lawyers do, 'and write "Back at seven" upon it.' Back at seven I wrote, and stuck it on our outer oak. And so mistearus was Deuceace about his continental tour (to all except me), that when the landriss brought him her account for the last month (amountain, at the very least, to 2*l.* 10*s.*), master told her to leave it till Monday mornin, when it should be properly settled. It's extrodny how ickonomical a man becomes, when he's got five thousand lbs. in his pocket.

Back at 7 indeed ! At 7 we were a roalin on the Dover Road, in the Reglator Coach—master inside, me out. A strange company of people there was, too, in that wehicle,—3 sailors ; an Italyin, with his music-box and munky ; a missionary, going to convert the heathens in France ; 2 oppra girls (they call 'em figure-aunts), and the figure-aunts' mothers inside ; 4 Frenchmin, with gingybred caps, and mustashes, singing, chattering, and jesticklating in the most vonderful vay. Such compliments as passed between them and the figure-aunts ! such a munchin of biskits and sippin of brandy ! such *O mong Jews*, and *O sacrrrés*, and *kill fay frwaws* ! I didn't understand their languidge at that time, so of course can't igsplain much of their conversation ; but it pleased me, nevertheless, for now I felt that I was reely going into foring parts, which, ever sins I had had any edication at all, was always my fondest wish. Heavin bless us ! thought I, if these are specimeens of all Frenchmen, what a set they must be. The pore Italyin's monky, sittin mopin and meluncolly on his box was not half so ugly, and seamed quite as reasonable.

Well, we arrived at Dover—Ship Hotel—weal cutlets half a ginny, glas of ale a shilling, glas of neagush, half-a-crownd, a hapn'y-worth of wax-lites four shillings, and so on. But master paid without grumbling ; as long as it was for himself he never minded the expens : and nex day we embarked in the packit for Balong sir-mare—which means in French, the town of Balong sityouated on the sea. I who had heard of foring wonders, expected this to

be the fust and greatest : phansy, then, my disapintment, when we got there, to find this Balong, not situated on the sea, but on the *shoar*.

But, oh ! the gettin there was the bisniss. How I did wish for Pump Court agin, as we were tawsing abowt in the Channel ! Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion ?—‘ The sea, the sea, the open sea ! ’ as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little vessel, and I’d looked to master’s luggitch and mine (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher), as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waives, black and frothy, like fresh drawn porter, a dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keal like a wedge, splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flaffin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a getting ready the basins and things, the capting proudly tredding the deck and giving orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans—then, then I felt, for the first time, the mite, the madgistry of existence. ‘ Yellowplush, my boy,’ said I, in a dialogue with myself, ‘ your life is now about to comens—your carear, as a man, dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious, forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games—throw off your childish habbits with your inky clerk’s jackit—throw up your—’

Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A fealin, in the fust place singular, in the next place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had come upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and now I found myself in a sityouation which Dellixy for Bids me to describe. Suffis to say, that now I dixcovered what basins was made for—that for many, many hours, I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intense and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers tramplink over my body—the panes of purgatory going on inside. When we’d been about four hours in this sityouation (it seam’d to me four ears), the steward comes to that part of the deck where we servants were all huddled up together, and calls out ‘ Charles ! ’

‘ Well,’ says I, gurgling out a faint ‘ yes, what’s the matter ? ’



THE CALAIS PACKET—MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S EMOTIONS ON FIRST GOING
TO SEA

‘ You’re wanted.’

‘ Where ?’

‘ Your master’s verry ill,’ says he, with a grin.

‘ Master be hanged !’ says I, turning round more miserable than ever. I woodn’t have moved that day for twenty thousand masters—no, not for the Empror of Russia or the Pop of Room.

Well, to cut this sad subjik short, many and many a voyitch have I sins had upon what Shakspur calls ‘ the wasty dip,’ but never such a retched one as that from Dover to Balong, in the year Anna Domino 1818. Steamers were scarce in those days ; and our journey was made in a smack. At last, when I was in a stage of despere and exostion as reely to phansy myself at Death’s doar, we got to the end of our journy. Late in the evening we hailed the Gaelic shoars, and hankered in the arbour of Balong sir Mare.

It was the entrans of Parrowdice to me and master ; and as we entered the calm water, and saw the comfrabble lights gleaming in the houses, and felt the roal of the vessel degreasing, never was two mortials gladder, I warrant, than we were. At length our capting drew up at the key, and our journey was down. But such a bustle and clatter, such jabbering, such shrieking and swaring, such wollies of oafs and axications as saluted us on landing, I never knew ! We were boarded, in the fust place, by custom-house officers in cock-hats, who seased our luggitch, and called for our passpots : then a crowd of inn-waiters came, tumbling and screaming on deck—‘ Dis way, sare,’ cries one ; ‘ Hotel Meurice,’ says another ; ‘ Hotel de Bang,’ screeches another chap—the tower of Babyle was nothink to it. The fust thing that struck me on landing was a big fellow with ear-rings, who very nigh knock me down, in wrenching master’s carpet-bag out of my hand, as I was carrying it to the hotell. But we got to it safe at last ; and, for the fust time in my life, I slep in a foring country.

I shan’t describe this town of Balong, which, as it has been visited by not less (on an avaridg) than two milliums of English since I fust saw it twenty years ago, is tolrabably well known already. It’s a dingy, meliumcolly place, to my mind ; the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down ’em. As for wooden shoes, I saw few of ’em ; and for frogs, upon my honour, I never see a single Frenchman swallow one, which I had been led to

beleave was their reglar, though beastly, custom. One thing which amazed me was the singlar name which they give to this town of Balong. It's divided, as every boddly knows, into an upper town (sitouate on a mounting, and surrounded by a wall, or *bullyvar*), and a lower town, which is on the level of the sea. Well, will it be believed that they call the upper town the *Hot Veal*, and the other the *Base Veal*, which is, on the contry, genrally good in France, though the beaf it must be confest, is exscrabble.

It was in the Base Veal that Deuceace took his lodgian, at the Hotel de Bang, in a very crooked street called the Rue del Ascew ; and if he'd been the Archbishop of Devonshire, or the Duke of Canterbury, he could not have given himself greater hairs, I can tell you. Nothink was too fine for us now ; we had a sweet of rooms on the first floor, which belonged to the prime minister of France (at least the landlord said they were the *premier's*) ; and the Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace, who had not paid his landriss, and came to Dover in a coach, seamed now to think that goold was too vulgar for him, and a carridge and six would break down with a man of his weight. Shampang flew about like ginger-pop, besides bordo, clarit, burgundy, burgong, and other wines, and all the delixes of the Balong kitchins. We stopped a fortnit at this dull place, and did nothing from morning till night excep walk on the beach, and watch the ships going in and out of arber : with one of them long, sliding opira-glasses, which they call, I don't know why, tallow-scoops. Our amusements for the fortnit we stopped here were boath numerous and daliteful : nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say. In the morning before breakfast we boath walked on the Peer ; master in a blue mareen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry ; both provided with long sliding opira-glasses, called as I said (I don't know Y, but I spose it's a scientafick term) tallow-scoops. With these we igsamined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbles, the dead cats, the fishwimmin, and the waives (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumbling over l and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry firmy*.

After brexfast, down we went again (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine,—for my place in this foring town

was a complete *shiny cure*), and putting our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we egsamined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on ; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner till bed-time, and bed-time lasted till nex day, when came brexfast, and dinner, and tally-scooping, as befoar. This is the way with all people of this town, of which, as I've heard say, there is ten thousand happy English, who lead this plesnt life from year's end to year's end.

Beside this, there's billiards and gambling for the gentlemen, a little dancing for the gals, and scandle for the dowyers. In none of these amusements did we partake. We were a *little* too good to play crown pints at cards, and never get paid when we won ; or to go dangling after the portionless gals, or amuse ourselves with slops and penny-wist along with the old ladies. No, no ; my master was a man of fort nown, and behayved himself as sich. If ever he condysended to go into the public room of the Hotel de Bang—the French—(doubtless for reasons best known to themselves) call this a sallymanjy—he swoar more and lowder than any one there ; he abyoused the waiters, the wittles, the wines. With his glas in his i, he staired at every body. He took always the place before the fire. He talked about ' My carridge,' ' My currier,' ' My servant ;' and he did wright. I've always found through life, that if you wish to be respected by English people, you must be insalent to them, especially if you are a sprig of nobiliaty. We *like* being insulted by noablemen,—it shows they're familiar with us. Law bless us ! I've known many and many a genlmn about town who'd rather be kicked by a lord than not be noticed by him ; they've even had an aw of *me*, because I was a lord's footman. While my master was hectoring in the parlor, at Balong, pretious airs I gave myself in the kitching, I can tell you ; and the consequints was, that we were better served, and moar liked, than many pipple with twice our merit.

Deuceace had some particklar plans, no doubt, which kep him so long at Balong ; and it clearly was his wish to act the man of fortune there for a little time before he tried the character of Paris. He purchased a carridge, he hired a currier, he rigged me in a fine new livry blazin with lace, and he passed through the Balong bank a thousand pounds of the money he had won from Dawkins, to his credit at a Paris house ; showing the Balong bankers at the same time,

that he'd plenty moar in his potfolie. This was killin two birds with one stone; the bankers' clerks spread the nuse over the town, and in a day after master had paid the money every old dowyger in Balong had looked out the Crab's family podigree in the Peeridge, and was quite intimate with the Deuceace name and estates. If Sattn himself were a Lord, I do beleave there's many vurtuous English mothers would be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Now, though my master had thought fitt to leave town without excommunicating with his father on the subject of his intended continental tripe, as soon as he was settled at Balong he roat my lord Crabbs a letter, of which I happen to have a copy. It run thus :—

‘BOULOGNE, January 25.

‘MY DEAR FATHER,—I have long, in the course of my legal studies, found the necessity of a knowledge of French, in which language all the early history of our profession is written, and have determined to take a little relaxation from chamber reading, which has seriously injured my health. If my modest finances can bear a two months' journey, and a residence at Paris, I propose to remain there that period.

‘Will you have the kindness to send me a letter of introduction to Lord Bobtail, our ambassador? My name, and your old friendship with him, I know would secure me a reception at his house; but a pressing letter from yourself would at once be more courteous, and more effectual.

‘May I also ask you for my last quarter's salary? I am not an expensive man, my dear father, as you know; but we are no chameleons, and fifty pounds (with my little earnings in my profession) would vastly add to the *agrémens* of my continental excursion.

‘Present my love to all my brothers and sisters. Ah! how I wish the hard portion of a younger son had not been mine, and that I could live without the dire necessity for labour, happy among the rural scenes of my childhood, and in the society of my dear sisters and you! Heaven bless you, dearest father, and all those beloved ones now dwelling under the dear old roof at Sizes.

‘Ever your affectionate son,

‘ALGERNON.’

‘*The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, &c.*

‘*Sizes Court, Bucks.*’

To this affeckshnat letter his lordship replied, by return of poast, as follos :

‘MY DEAR ALGERNON,—Your letter came safe to hand, and I enclose you the letter for Lord Bobtail as you desire. He is a kind man, and has one of the best cooks in Europe.

‘We were all charmed with your warm remembrances of us, not having seen you for seven years. We cannot but be pleased at the family affection which, in spite of time and absence, still clings so fondly to home. It is a sad, selfish world, and very few who have entered it can afford to keep those fresh feelings which you have, my dear son.

‘May you long retain them, is a fond father’s earnest prayer. Be sure, dear Algernon, that they will be through life your greatest comfort, as well as your best worldly ally; consoling you in misfortune, cheering you in depression, aiding and inspiring you to exertion and success.

‘I am sorry, truly sorry, that my account at Coutts’s is so low, just now, as to render a payment of your allowance for the present impossible. I see by my book that I owe you now nine quarters, or 450*l*. Depend on it, my dear boy, that they shall be faithfully paid over to you on the first opportunity.

‘By the way, I have enclosed some extracts from the newspapers, which may interest you; and have received a very strange letter from a Mr. Blewitt, about a play transaction, which, I suppose, is the case alluded to in these prints. He says you won 4700*l*. from one Dawkins; that the lad paid it; that he, Blewitt, was to go what he calls “snacks” in the winning; but that you refused to share the booty. How can you, my dear boy, quarrel with these vulgar people, or lay yourself in any way open to their attacks? I have played myself a good deal, and there is no man living who can accuse me of a doubtful act. You should either have shot this Blewitt or paid him. Now, as the matter stands, it is too late to do the former; and, perhaps, it would be Quixotic to perform the latter. My dearest boy! recollect through life that *you never can afford to be dishonest with a rogue*. Four thousand seven hundred pounds was a great *coup* to be sure.

‘As you are now in such high feather, can you, dearest Algernon! lend me five hundred pounds? Upon my soul

and honour, I will repay you. Your brothers and sisters send you their love. I need not add, that you have always the blessings of your affectionate father.

‘CRABS.’

‘P.S.—Make it 500, and I will give you my note of hand for a thousand.’

I neednt say that this did not *quite* enter into Deuceace’s eyedeers. Lend his father 500 pound, indeed! He’d as soon have lent him a box on the year! In the fust place, he hadn seen old Crabs for seven years, as that nobleman remarked in his epistol; in the secknd he hated him, and they hated each other; and nex, if master had loved his father ever so much, he loved somebody else better—his father’s son, namely: and sooner than deprive that exlent young man of a penny, he’d have sean all the fathers in the world hangin at Newgat, and all the ‘beloved ones,’ as he called his sisters, the Lady Deuceacisses, so many convix at Bottomy Bay.

The newspaper parrografs showed that, however secret *we* wished to keep the play transaction, the public knew it now full well. Blewitt, as I found after, was the author of the libels which appeared right and left:

‘GAMBLING IN HIGH LIFE:—the *Honorable* Mr. De—c—ce again!—This celebrated whist-player has turned his accomplishments to some profit. On Friday, the 16th January, he won five thousand pounds from a *very* young gentleman, Th—m—s Sm—th D—wk—ns, Esq., and lost two thousand five hundred to R. Bl—w—tt, Esq., of the T—mple. Mr. D. very honourably paid the sum lost by him to the honourable whist-player, but we have not heard that, *before his sudden trip to Paris*, Mr. D—uc—ce paid *his* losings to Mr. Bl—w—tt.’

Nex came a ‘Notice to Corrypondents:’

‘Fair Play asks us, if we know of the gambling doings of the notorious Deuceace? We answer, *WE DO*; and, in our very next Number, propose to make some of them public.’

They didn’t appear, however; but, on the contry, the very same newspeper, which had been before so abusiff of Deuceace, was now loud in his praise. It said:

‘A paragraph was inadvertently admitted into our paper of last week, most unjustly assailing the character of a gentleman of high

birth and talents, the son of the exemplary E—rl of Cr—bs. We repel, with scorn and indignation, the dastardly falsehoods of the malignant slanderer who vilified Mr. De—ce—ce, and beg to offer that gentleman the only reparation in our power for having thus tampered with his unsullied name. We disbelieve the *ruffian* and *his story*, and most sincerely regret that such a tale, or *such a writer*, should ever have been brought forward to the readers of this paper.'

This was satisfactory, and no mistake: and much pleased we were at the denial of this conshentious editor. So much pleased that master sent him a ten-pound noat, and his complymints. He'd sent another to the same address, *before* this parrowgraff was printed; *why*, I can't think: for I woodnt suppose any thing musnary in a littery man.

Well, after this bisniss was concluded, the currier hired, the carridge smartened a little, and me set up in my new livries, we bade ajew to Bulong in the grandest state posbill. What a figure we cut! and, my i, what a figger the postillion cut! A cock-hat, a jackit made out of a cow's skin (it was in cold weather), a pig-tale about 3 fit in length, and a pair of boots! Oh, sich a pare! A bishop might almost have preached out of one, or a modrat-sized famly slep in it. Me and Mr. Schwigshhnaps, the currier, sate behind, in the rumbill; master aloan in the inside, as grand as a Turk, and rapt up in his fine fir-cloak. Off we sett, bowing gracefly to the crowd; the harniss-bells jinglin, the great white hosses snortin, kickin, and squeelin, and the postilium cracking his wip, as loud as if he'd been drivin her majesty the quean.

Well, I shant describe our voyitch. We passed sefral sitties, willitches, and metrappolishes; sleeping the fust night at Amiens, witch, as everyboddy knows, is famous ever since the year 1802 for what's called the Pease of Amiens. We had some, very good, done with sugar and brown sos, in the Amiens way. But after all the boasting about them, I think I like our marrowphats better.

Speaking of wedgytables, another singler axdent happened here concernin them. Master, who was brex-fasting before going away, told me to go and get him his fur travling-shoes. I went and toald the waiter of the inn, who stared, grinned (as these chaps always do), said '*Bong*' (which means, very well), and presently came back.

I'm blest if he didnt bring master a plate of cabbitch!

Would you bleave it, that now, in the nineteenth sentry, when they say there's schoolmasters abroad, these stewpid French jackasses are so extonishingly ignorant as to call a *cabbidge* a *shoo*! Never, never let it be said, after this, that these benighted, souperstitious, misrabble *savidges*, are equill, in any respeck, to the great Brittish people. The moor I travvle, the moor I see of the world, and other natiums, I am proud of my own, and despise and deplore the retchid ignorance of the rest of Yourup.

My remark on Parris you shall have by an early opportunity. Me and Deuceace played some curious pranx there, I can tell you.

VI

MR. DEUCEACE AT PARIS

[*Fraser's Magazine*, May to July, 1838.]

CHAPTER I

THE TWO BUNDLES OF HAY

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE GRIFFIN, K.C.B., was about seventy-five years old when he left this life, and the East Engine army, of which he was a distinguished ornyment. Sir George's first appearance in Injar was in the character of a cabbing-boy to a vessel; from which he rose to be clerk to the owners at Calcutta, from which he became all of a sudden a capting in the Company's service; and so rose and rose, until he rose to be a leftenant-general, when he stopped rising altogether—hopping the twig of this life, as drummers, generals, dustmen, and emperors, must do.

Sir George did not leave any mal hair to perpetuate the name of Griffin. A widow of about twenty-seven, and a daughter avaritching twenty-three, was left behind to deploar his loss, and share his proppaty. On old Sir George's deth, his intresting widdo and orfan, who had both been with him in Injar, returned home—tried London for a few months, did not like it, and resolved on a trip to Paris, where very small London people become very great

ones, if they've money, as these Griffinses had. The intelligent reader need not be told that Miss Griffin was not the daughter of Lady Griffin; for though marritches are made tol'rably early in Injer, people are not quite so precoashoos as all that: the fact is, Lady G. was Sir George's second wife. I need scarcely add, that Miss Matilda Griffin was the offspring of his fust marritch.

Miss Leonora Kicksey, a ansum, lively Islington gal, taken out to Calcutta, and, amongst his other goods, very comfortably disposed of by her uncle, Capting Kicksey, was one-and-twenty when she married Sir George at seventy-one; and the 13 Miss Kickseys, nine of whom kep a school at Islington (the other 4 being married variously in the city), were not a little envious of my lady's luck, and not a little proud of their relationship to her. One of 'em, Miss Jemima Kicksey, the oldest, and by no means the least ugly of the sett, was staying with her ladyship, and gev me all the partecklars. Of the rest of the famly, being of a lo sort, I in course no nothink; *my* acquaintance, thank my stars, don't lie among them, or the likes of them.

Well, this Miss Jemima lived with her younger and more fortunat sister, in the qualaty of companion, or toddy. Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave, as lead the life she did! Every body in the house despised her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the tea, she whipped the chocklate, she cleaned the Canary birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking pocket, or rettycule; and fetched and carried her handkercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spaniel. All night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills (nobody ever thought of asking *her* to dance!); when Miss Griffing sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carriage, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now in my lady's *secknd-best* old clothes (the ladies'-maids always got the prime leavings): a liloc sattn gown, crumpled, blotched, and greasy; a pair of white sattn shoes, of the colour of Inger rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartifishl flowers run to sead, and a bird of Parrowdice perched on the top

of it, melumcolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in his unfortunate tail.

Besides this ornyment to their saloon, Lady and Miss Griffin kept a number of other servants in the kitching; 2 ladies'-maids; 2 footmin, six feet high each, crimson coats, goold knots, and white cassymear pantyloons; a coachmin to match; a page: and a Shassure, a kind of servant only known among forriners, and who looks more like a major-general than any other mortal, wearing a cock-hat, a unicorn covered with silver lace, mustashos, eplets, and a sword by his side. All these to wait upon two ladies; not counting a host of the fair six, such as cooks, scullion, housekeepers, and so forth.

My Lady Griffin's lodging was at forty pound a week, in a grand sweet of rooms in the Plas Vandome at Paris. And, having thus described their house, and their servants' hall, I may give a few words of description concerning the ladies themselves.

In the fust place, and in coarse, they hated each other. My lady was twenty-seven—a widdo of two years—fat, fair, and rosy. A slow, quiet, cold-looking woman, as those fair-haired gals generally are, it seemed difficult to rouse her either into likes or dislikes; to the former, at least. She never loved any body but *one*, and that was herself. She hated, in her calm, quiet way, almost every one else who came near her—every one, from her neighbour the duke, who had slighted her at dinner, down to John the footman, who had torn a hole in her train. I think this woman's heart was like one of them lithografic stones, you *can't rub out any thing* when once it's drawn or wrote on it; nor could you out of her ladyship's stone—heart, I mean—in the shape of an affront, a slight, or real or phansied injury. She boar an exlent, irreproachable character, against which the tongue of scandal never wagged. She was allowed to be the best wife posbill—and so she was; but she killed her old husband in two years, as dead as ever Mr. Thurtell killed Mr. William Weare. She never got into a passion, not she—she never said a rude word; but she'd a genius—a genius which many women have—of making *a hell* of a house, and tort'ring the poor creatures of her family, until they were wellnigh drove mad.

Miss Matilda Griffin was a good deal uglier, and about

as amiable as her mother-in-law. She was crooked, and squinted; my lady, to do her justice, was straight, and looked the same way with her i's. She was dark, and my lady was fair—sentimental, as her ladyship was cold. My lady was never in a passion—Miss Matilda always; and awfille were the scenes which used to pass between these 2 women, and the wickid, wickid quarls which took place. Why did they live together? There was the mistry. Not related, and hating each other like pison, it would surely have been easier to remain seprat, and so have detested each other at a distans.

As for the fortune which old Sir George had left, that, it was clear, was very considrable—300 thowsnd lb. at the least, as I have heard say. But nobody knew how it was disposed of. Some said that her ladyship was sole mistriss of it, others that it was divided, others that she had only a life inkum, and that the money was all to go (as was natral) to Miss Matilda. These are subjix which are not, praps, very interesting to the British public; but were mighty important to my muster, the Honrable Algernon Percy Deuceace, esquire, barrister - at - law, etsettler, etsettler.

For I've forgot to inform you that my master was very intimat in this house; and that we were now comfortably settled at the Hotel Mirabew (pronounced Marobo in French), in the Rew delly Pay, at Paris. We had our cab, and two riding horses; our banker's book, and a thousand pounds for a balants at Lafitt's; our club at the corner of the Rew Gramong; our share in a box at the oppras, our apartments, spacious and elygant; our swarries at court; our dinners at his excellency Lord Bobtail's and elsewhere. Thanks to poar Dawkins's five thousand pound, we were as complete gentlemen as any in Paris.

Now my master, like a wise man as he was, seasing himself at the head of a smart sum of money, and in a country where his debts could not bother him, determined to give up for the present every think like gambling—at least, high play; as for losing or winning a ralow of Napoleums at whist or ecarty, it did not matter: it looks like money to do such things, and gives a kind of respectability. 'But as for play, he wouldn't—O no! not for worlds!—do such a thing.' He *had* played, like other young men of fashn and won and lost [old fox! he didn't say he had

paid]; but he had given up the amusement, and was now determined, he said, to live on his inkum. The fact is, my master was doing his very best to act the respectable man: and a very good game it is, too; but it requires a precious great roag to play it.

He made his appearans reglar at church—me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the psalms and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you'd have thought, as I gravily laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before service began, that such a pious, proper, morl, young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they spoke of him, and vowed they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and, oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortunately, most of them were poor; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.

Well, about this time my Lady Griffin and Miss G. made their appearants at Parris, and master, who was up to snough, very soon changed his noat. He sate near them at chapple, and sung hims with my lady: he danced with 'em at the embassy balls; he road with them in the Boy de Balong and the Shandeleasies (which is the French High Park); he roat potry in Miss Griffin's halbim, and sang jewets along with her and Lady Griffin; he brought sweat-meats for the puddle-dog; he gave money to the footmin, kissis and gloves to the sniggering ladies-maids; he was sivvle even to poar Miss Kicksey; there wasn't a single soal at the Griffinses that didn't adoar this good young man.

The ladies, if they hated befoar, you may be sure detested each other now wuss than ever. There had been always a jallowsey between them; miss jellows of her mother-in-law's bewty; madam of miss's espree; miss taunting my lady about the school at Islington, and my lady snearing at miss for her squint and her crookid back. And now came a stronger caws. They both fell in love with Mr. Deuceace—my lady, that is to say, as much as she could, with her cold selfish temper. She liked Deuce-

ace, who amused her and made her laff. She liked his manners, his riding, and his good loox; and being a *per-vinew* herself, had a dubble respect for real aristocratick flesh and blood. Miss's love, on the contry, was all flams and fury. She'd always been at this work from the time she had been at school, where she very nigh run away with a French master; next with a footman (which I may say, in confidence, is by no means unnatral or unusyouall, as *I could show if I liked*); and so had been going on sins fifteen. She reglarly flung herself at Deuceace's head—such sighing, crying, and ogling, I never see. Often was I ready to bust out laffin, as I brought master skoars of rose-coloured *billydoos*, folded up like cockhats, and smellin like barber's shops, which this very tender young lady used to address to him. Now, though master was a scoundrill, and no mistake, he was a gentlemin, and a man of good breeding; and miss *came a little too strong* (pardon the vulgarity of the xpression) with her hardor and attachmint, for one of his taste. Besides, she had a crookid spine, and a squint; so that (supposing their fortns tollerably equal) Deuceace reely preferred the mother-in-law.

Now, then, it was his bisniss to find out which had the most money. With an English famly this would have been easy: a look at a will at Doctor Commons'es would settle the matter at once. But this India naybob's will was at Calcutty, or some outlandish place; and there was no getting sight of a copy of it. I will do Mr. Algernon Deuceace the justass to say, that he was so little musnary in his love for Lady Griffin, that he would have married her gladly, even if she had ten thousand pounds less than Miss Matilda. In the meantime, his plan was to keep 'em both in play, until he could strike the best fish of the two—not a difficult matter for a man of his genus; besides, Miss was hooked for certain.

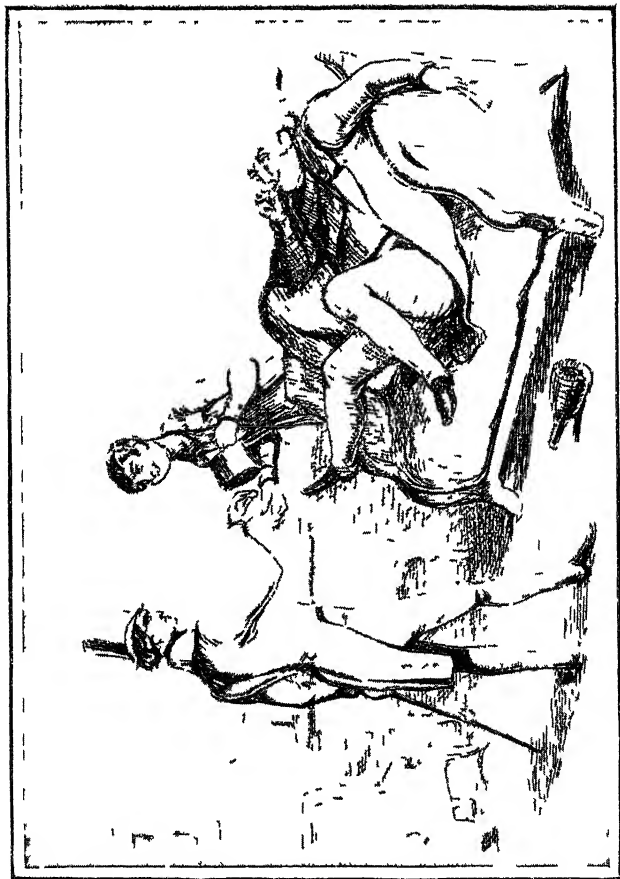
CHAPTER II

'HONOUR THY FATHER'

I SAID that my master was adoared by every person in my Lady Griffin's establishmint. I should have said by every person excep one,—a young French gnlmn, that is, who, before our appearants, had been mighty partiklar with my

lady, occupying by her side exactly the same position which the Honorable Mr. Deuceace now held. It was bewtiffle and headifying to see how coolly that young nobleman kicked the poor Shevallia de L'Orge out of his shoes, and how gracefully he himself stepped into 'em. Munseer de L'Orge was a smart young French gentleman, of about my master's age and good looks, but not possesst of half my master's impidence. Not that that quallaty is uncommon in France; but few, very few, had it to such a degree as my exlent employer, Mr. Deuceace. Besides De L'Orge was reglarly and reely in love with Lady Griffin, and master only pretending: he had, of coars, an advantitch, which the poor Frenchman never could git. He was all smiles and gaty, while Delorge was ockward and melumcolly. My master had said twenty pretty things to Lady Griffin, befor the shevalier had finished smoothing his hat, staring at her, and sighing fit to bust his weskit. O luv, luv! *This* isn't the way to win a woman, or my name's not Fitzroy Yellowplush! Myself, when I begun my carear among the fair six, I was always sighing and moping, like this poor Frenchman. What was the con-squints? The foar fust women I adoared lafft at me, and left me for something more lively. With the rest I have edopted a diffrent game, and with tolrible suxess, I can tell you. But this is eggatism, which I aboar.

Well, the long and the short of it is, that Munseer Ferdinand Hyppolite Xavier Stanislas, Shevalier de L'Orge, was reglar cut out by Munseer Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire. Poor Ferdinand did not leave the house—he hadn't the heart to do that—nor had my lady the desire to dismiss him. He was usefle in a thousand different ways, gitting oppra boxes, and invitations to French swarries, bying gloves, and O de Colong, writing French noats, and such like. Always let me recommend an English famly, going to Paris, to have at least one young man of the sort about them. Never mind how old your ladyship is, he will make love to you; never mind what errints you send him upon, he'll trot off and do them. Besides, he's always quite and well-dressst, and never drinx moar than a pint of wine at dinner, which (as I say) is a pint to consider. Such a conveniants of a man was Munseer de L'Orge—the greatest use and comfort to my lady possbill; if it was but to laff at his bad pronounciatium



MR. DEUCEACE PAYING FOR HIS PAPA'S CIGARS

of English, it was somethink amusink : the fun was to pit him against poar Miss Kicksey, she speakin French, and he our naytif British tong.

My master, to do him justace, was perfickly sivrle to this poar young Frenchman ; and having kicked him out of the place which he occupied, sertingly treated his fallen anymy with every respect and consideration. Poar modist down-hearted little Ferdinand adoared my lady as a god-dice ; and so he was very polite, likewise, to my master—never ventring once to be jellows of him, or to question my Lady Griffin's right to change her lover, if she choase to do so.

Thus, then, matters stood ; master had two strinx to his bo, and might take either the widdo or the orfn, as he preferred *com bong lwee somblay*, as the French say. His only pint was to discover how the money was disposed off, which evidently belonged to one or other, or boath. At any rate he was sure of one ; as sure as any mortal man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttn except unsertnty.

A very unixpected insdint here took place, which in a good deal changed my master's calkylations.

One night, after conducting the two ladies to the oppra, after suppink of white soop, sammy-deperdrow, and shampang glassy (which means, eyced), at their house in the Plas Vandom, me and master droav hoam in the cab, as happy as possbill.

'Chawls, you d—d scoundrel,' says he to me (for he was in an exlent humer), 'when I'm married, I'll dubbil your wagis.'

This he might do, to be sure, without injaring himself, seeing that he had as yet never paid me any. But, what then ? Law bless us ! things would be at a pretty pass if we suvvants only lived on our *wagis* ; our puckwisits is the thing, and no mistake.

I ixprest my gratatude as best I could ; swear that it wasnt for wagis I served him—that I would as leaf weight upon him for nothink ; and that never, never, so long as I livd, would I, of my own accord, part from such an exlent master. By the time these two spitches had been made—my spitch and his—we arrived at the Hotel Mirabeu ; which, as everybody knows, ain't very distant

from the Plas Vandome. Up we marched to our apart-
mince, me carrying the light and the cloax, master hum-
mink a hair out of the oppra, as merry as a lark.

I opened the door of our salong. There was lights
already in the room ; an empty shampang bottle roaring
on the floar, another on the table ; near which the sofy was
drawn, and on it lay a stout old genlmn, smoaking seagars
as if he'd bean in an inn tap-room.

Deuceace (who abommanates seagars, as I've already
shown) bust into a furious raige against the genlmn, whom
he could hardly see for the smoak ; and, with a number of
oaves quite unnecessary to repeat, asked him what bisniss
he'd there.

The smoaking chap rose, and, laying down his seagar,
began a ror of laffin, and said, 'What, Algy ! my boy !
don't you know me ?'

The reader may praps recklect a very affecting letter
which was published in the last chapter of these memoars ;
in which the writer requested a loan of five hundred pound
from Mr. Algernon Deuceace, and which boar the respected
signatur of the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Deuceace's own father.
It was that distinguished arastycrat who was now smokin
and laffin in our room.

My Lord Crabs was, as I preshumed, about 60 years old.
A stowt, burly, red-faced, bald-headed nobleman, whose
nose seemed blushing at what his mouth was continually
swallowing ; whose hand, praps, trembled a little ; and
whose thy and legg was not quite so full or as stedly as
they had been in former days. But he was a respecktabble,
fine-looking, old nobleman ; and though it must be confest,
½ drunk when we fust made our appearance in the salong,
yet by no means moor so than a reel noblemin ought to be.

'What, Algy ! my boy !' shouts out his lordship, advanc-
ing and seasing master by the hand, 'doan't you know your
own father ?'

Master seemed anythink but overhappy. 'My lord,'
says he, looking very pail, and speakin rayther slow, 'I
didn't—I confess—the unexpected pleasure—of seeing
you in Paris. The fact is, sir,' said he, recovering himself
a little ; 'the fact is, there was such a confounded smoke of
tobacco in the room, that I really could not see who the
stranger was who had paid me such an unexpected visit.'

'A bad habit, Algernon ; a bad habit,' said my lord,

lighting another seagar : ' a disgusting and filthy practice, which you, my dear child, will do well to avoid. It is at best, dear Algernon, but a nasty, idle pastime, unfitting a man as well for mental exertion as for respectable society : sacrificing, at once, the vigour of the intellect and the graces of the person. By the by, what infernal bad tobacco they have, too, in this hotel. Could not you send your servant to get me a few seagars at the Café de Paris ? Give him a five-franc piece, and let him go at once, that's a good fellow.'

Here his lordship hiccuped, and drank off a fresh tumbler of shampang. Very sulkily, master drew out the coin, and sent me on the errint.

Knowing the Café de Paris to be shut at that hour, I didn't say a word, but quietly establisht myself in the anteroom ; where, as it happened by a singler coinstdints, I could hear every word of the conversation between this exlent pair of relatifs.

' Help yourself, and get another bottle,' says my lord, after a sollum paws. My poar master, the king of all other compnies in which he moved, seamed here but to play secknd fiddill, and went to the cubbard, from which his father had already igstracted two bottils of his prime Sillary.

He put it down before his father, coft, spit, opened the windows, stirred the fire, yawned, clapt his hand to his forehead, and suttnly seamed as uneezy as a genlmn could be. But it was of no use ; the old one would not budg. ' Help yourself,' says he again, ' and pass me the bottil.'

' You are very good, father,' says master ; ' but really, I neither drink nor smoke.'

' Right, my boy : quite right. Talk about a good conscience in this life—a good *stomack* is everythink. No bad nights, no headachs—eh ? Quite cool and collected for your law studies in the morning ?—eh ?' And the old nobleman here grinned, in a manner which would have done credit to Mr. Grimoldi.

Master sate pale and wincing, as I've seen a pore soldier under the cat. He didn't anser a word. His exlent pa went on, warming as he continued to speak, and drinking a fresh glas at evry full stop.

' How you must improve, with such talents and such principles ! Why, Algernon, all London talks of your in-

dustry and perseverance : You're not merely a philosopher, man ; hang it ! you've got the philosopher's stone. Fine rooms, fine horses, champagne, and all for 200 a-year !

'I presume, sir,' says my master, 'that you mean the two hundred a-year which *you* pay me ?'

'The very sum, my boy ; the very sum !' cries my lord, laffin as if he would die. 'Why, that's the wonder ! I never pay the two hundred a-year, and you keep all this state up upon nothing. Give me your secret, O you young Trismegistus ! Tell your old father how such wonders can be worked, and I will—yes, then, upon my word, I will—pay you your two hundred a-year !'

'*Enfin*, my lord,' says Mr. Deuceace, starting up, and losing all patience, 'will you have the goodness to tell me what this visit means ? You leave me to starve, for all you care ; and you grow mighty facetious because I earn my bread. You find me in prosperity, and——'

'Precisely, my boy ; precisely. Keep your temper, and pass that bottle. I find you in prosperity ; and a young gentleman of your genius and acquirements asks me why I seek your society ? Oh, Algernon ! Algernon ! this is not worthy of such a profound philosopher. *Why* do I seek you ? Why, because you *are* in prosperity, O my son ! else, why the devil should I bother myself about you ? Did I, your poor mother, or your family, ever get from you a single affectionate feeling ? Did we, or any other of your friends or intimates, ever know you to be guilty of a single honest or generous action ? Did we ever pretend any love for you, or you for us ? Algernon Deuceace, you don't want a father to tell you that you are a swindler and a spendthrift ! I have paid thousands for the debts of yourself and your brothers ; and, if you pay nobody else, I am determined you shall repay me. You would not do it by fair means, when I wrote to you and asked you for a loan of money. I knew you would not. Had I written again to warn you of my coming, you would have given me the slip ; and so I came, uninvited, to *force* you to repay me. *That's* why I am here, Mr. Algernon ; and so help yourself and pass the bottle.'

After this speech, the old genlmn sunk down on the sofa, and puffed as much smoke out of his mouth as if he'd been the chimley of a steam-injian. I was pleased, I confess, with the sean, and liked to see this venrabble and virtuous

old man a nocking his son about the hed ; just as Deuceace had done with Mr. Richard Blewitt, as I've before shown. Master's face was, fust, red-hot ; next, chawk-white ; and then, sky-blew. He looked, for all the world, like Mr. Tippy Cooke in the tragady of *Frankinstang*. At last, he mannidged to speak.

'My lord,' says he, 'I expected when I saw you that some such scheme was on foot. Swindler and spendthrift as I am, at least it is but a family failing ; and I am indebted for my virtues to my father's precious example. Your lordship has, I perceive, added drunkenness to the list of your accomplishments ; and, I suppose, under the influence of that gentlemanly excitement, has come to make these preposterous propositions to me. When you are sober, you will, perhaps, be wise enough to know, that, fool as I may be, I am not such a fool as you think me ; and that if I have got money, I intend to keep it—every farthing of it, though you were to be ten times as drunk, and ten times as threatening, as you are now.'

'Well, well, my boy,' said Lord Crabs, who seemed to have been half-asleep during his son's oratium, and received all his sneers and surcasms with the most complete good-humour ; 'well, well, if you will resist—*tant pis pour toi*—I've no desire to ruin you, recollect, and am not in the slightest degree angry ; but I must and will have a thousand pounds. You had better give me the money at once ; it will cost you more if you don't.'

'Sir,' says Mr. Deuceace, 'I will be equally candid. I would not give you a farthing to save you from——'

Here I thought proper to open the doar, and, touching my hat, said, 'I have been to the Café de Paris, my lord, but the house is shut.'

'*Bon* : there's a good lad ; you may keep the five francs. And now, get me a candle and show me down stairs.'

But my master seized the wax taper. 'Pardon me, my lord,' says he. 'What ! a servant do it, when your son is in the room ? Ah, *par exemple*, my dear father,' said he, laughing, 'you think there is no politeness left among us.' And he led the way out.

'Good night, my dear boy,' said Lord Crabs.

'God bless you, sir,' says he. 'Are you wrapped warm ? Mind the step !'

And so this affeckshnate pair parted.

CHAPTER III

MINEWVRING

MASTER rose the nex morning with a dismal countinants—he seamed to think that his pa’s visit boded him no good. I heard him muttering at his brexfast, and fumbling among his hundred pound notes; once he had laid a parsle of them aside (I knew what he meant), to send ’em to his father. ‘But, no,’ says he at last, clutching them all up together again, and throwing them into his escritaw, ‘what harm can he do me? If he is a knave, I know another who’s full as sharp. Let’s see if we cannot beat him at his own weapons.’ With that, Mr. Deuceace drest himself in his best clothes, and marched off to the Plas Vandom, to pay his cort to the fair widdo and the intresting orfn.

It was abowt ten o’clock, and he propoased to the ladies, on seeing them, a number of planns for the day’s rackryation. Riding in the Body Balong, going to the Twillaries to see King Looy Disweet, (who was then the raining sufferin of the French crownd) go to Chapple, and, finely, a dinner at 5 o’clock at the Caffy de Parry; whents they were all to adjourn, to see a new peace at the theatre of the Pot St. Martin, called *Susannar and the Elders*.

The gals agreed to everythink, exsep the two last prepositiums. ‘We have an engagement, my dear Mr. Algernon,’ said my lady. ‘Look—a very kind letter from Lady Bobtail.’ And she handed over a pafewmd noat from that exolted lady. It ran thus:—

‘FEG. ST. HONORÉ, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1817.

‘MY DEAR LADY GRIFFIN,—It is an age since we met. Harassing public duties occupy so much myself and Lord Bobtail, that we have scarce time to see our private friends; among whom, I hope, my dear Lady Griffin will allow me to rank her. Will you excuse so very unceremonious an invitation, and dine with us at the Embassy to-day? We shall be *en petit comité*, and shall have the pleasure of hearing, I hope, some of your charming daughter’s singing in the evening. I ought, perhaps, to have addressed a separate note to dear Miss Griffin; but I hope she will

pardon a poor *diplomate*, who has so many letters to write, you know.

‘Farewell till seven, when I *positively must* see you both. Ever, dearest Lady Griffin, your affectionate

‘ELIZA BOBTAIL.’

Such a letter from the ambassdriss, brot by the ambador’s Shassure, and sealed with his seal of arms, would affect anybody in the middling ranx of life. It droav Lady Griffin mad with delight; and, long before my master’s arrivle, she’d sent Mortimer and Fitzclarence, her two footmin, along with a polite reply in the affummatiff.

Master read the noat with no such fealinx of joy. He felt that there was somethink a-going on behind the seans, and, though he could not tell how, was sure that some danger was near him. That old fox of a father of his had begun his M‘Inations pretty early!

Deuceace handed back the letter; sneared, and poohd, and hinted that such an invitation was an insult at best (what he called a *pees ally*); and, the ladies might depend upon it, was only sent because Lady Bobtail wanted to fill up two spare places at her table. But Lady Griffin and miss would not have his insinwations; they knew too fu lords ever to refuse an invitatium from any one of them. Go they would; and poor Deuceace must dine alone. After they had been on their ride, and had had their other amusemince, master came back with them, chatted, and laft; he was mighty sarkastix with my lady; tender and sentrymentle with miss; and left them both in high sperrits to perform their twollet, before dinner.

As I came to the door (for I was as famillyer as a servnt of the house), as I came into the drawing-room to announts his cab, I saw master very quietly taking his pocket-book (or *pot fool*, as the French call it) and thrusting it under one of the cushinx of the sofa. What game is this? thinx I.

Why, this was the game. In abowt two hours, when he knew the ladies were gon, he pretends to be vastly anxious abowt the loss of his potfolio; and back he goes to Lady Griffinses, to seek for it there.

‘Pray,’ says he, on going in, ‘ask Miss Kicksey if I may see her for a single moment.’ And down comes Miss Kicksey, quite smiling, and happy to see him.

‘Law, Mr. Deuceace!’ says she, trying to blush as hard

as ever she could, 'you quite surprise me! I don't know whether I ought, really, being alone, to admit a gentleman.'

'Nay, don't say so, dear Miss Kicksey! for do you know, I came here for a double purpose—to ask about a pocket-book which I have lost, and may, perhaps, have left here; and then, to ask you if you will have the great goodness to pity a solitary bachelor, and give him a cup of your nice tea?'

Nice tea! I thot I should have split; for, I'm blest if master had eaten a morsle of dinner!

Never mind: down to tea they sate. 'Do you take cream and sugar, dear sir?' says poar Kicksey, with a voice as tender as a tuttle-duff.

'Both, dearest Miss Kicksey!' answers master; and stowed in a power of sashong and muffinx which would have done honour to a washawoman.

I shan't describe the conversation that took place betwixt master and this young lady. The reader, praps, knows y Deuceace took the trouble to talk to her for an hour, and to swallow all her tea. He wanted to find out from her all she knew about the famly money matters, and settle at once which of the two Griffinses he should marry.

The poar thing, of cors, was no match for such a man as my master. In a quarter of an hour, he had, if I may use the igspression, 'turned her inside out.' He knew every thing that she knew, and that, poar creature, was very little. There was nine thousand a year, she had heard say, in money, in houses, in banks in Injar, and what not. Boath the ladies signed papers for selling or buying, and the money seemed equilly divided betwixt them.

Nine thousand a year! Deuceace went away, his cheex tingling, his heart beating. He, without a penny, could nex morning, if he liked, be master of five thousand per hannum!

Yes. But how? Which had the money, the mother or the daughter? All the tea-drinking had not taught him this piece of nollidge; and Deuceace thought it a pity that he could not marry both.

The ladies came back at night, mightaly pleased with their reception at the ambasdor's; and, stepping out of their carriage, bid coachmin drive on with a gentlemin, who had handed them out—a stout old gentlemin, who shook hands most tenderly at parting, and promised to



LORD CRABS BESTOWS ON THE LADIES HIS PARTING BENEDICTION

call often upon my Lady Griffin. He was so polite, that he wanted to mount the stairs with her ladyship; but no, she would not suffer it. 'Edward,' says she to the coachman, quite loud, and pleased that all the people in the hotel should hear her, 'you will take the carriage, and drive *his lordship* home.' Now, can you guess who his lordship was? The Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, to be sure; the very old genlman whom I had seen on such charming terms with his son the day before. Master knew this the nex day, and began to think he had been a fool to deny his pa the thousand pound.

Now, though the suckmstansies of the dinner at the ambasdor's only came to my years some time after, I may as well relate 'em here, word for word, as they was told me by the very genlman who waited behind Lord Crabseses chair.

There was only a '*petty comity*' at dinner, as Lady Bobtail said; and my Lord Crabs was placed betwixst the two Griffinses, being mighty ellygant and palite to both. 'Allow me,' says he to Lady G. (between the soop and the fish), 'my dear madam, to thank you—fervently thank you, for your goodness to my poor boy. Your ladyship is too young to experience, but, I am sure, far too tender not to understand the gratitude which must fill a fond parent's heart for kindness shown to his child. Believe me,' says my lord, looking her full and tenderly in the face, 'that the favours you have done to another have been done equally to myself, and awaken in my bosom the same grateful and affectionate feelings with which you have already inspired my son Algernon.'

Lady Griffin blusht, and droopt her head till her ringlets fell into her fish-plate: and she swallowed Lord Crabs's flumry just as she would so many musharuins. My lord (whose powers of slack-jaw was notoarious) nex addrast another spitch to Miss Griffin. He said he'd heard how Deuceace was *situated*. Miss blusht—what a happy dog he was—Miss blusht crimson, and then he sighed deeply, and began eating his turbat and lobster sos. Master was a good un at flumry; but, law bless you! he was no moar equill to the old man than a molehill is to a mounting. Before the night was over, he had made as much progress as another man would in a ear. One almost forgot his red nose and his big stomick, and his wicked leering i's, in his

gentle insinuating voice, his fund of annygoats, and, above all, the bewtiffe, morl, religious, and honrabble toan of his genral conversation. Praps you will say that these ladies were, for such rich pippel, mightily esaly captivated ; but recklect, my dear sir, that they were fresh from Injar,—that they'd not sean many lords,—that they adoared the peeridge, as every honest woman does in England who has proper feelinx, and has read the fashnabble novvles,—and that here at Paris was their fust step into fashnabble sositaty.

Well, after dinner, while Miss Matilda was singing '*Die tantie*,' or '*Dip your chair*,' or some of them sellabrated Italyian hairs (when she began this squall, hang me if she'd ever stop), my lord gets hold of Lady Griffin again, and gradgaly begins to talk to her in a very different strane.

'What a blessing it is for us all,' says he, 'that Algernon has found a friend so respectable as your ladyship.'

'Indeed, my lord ; and why ? I suppose I am not the only respectable friend that Mr. Deuceace has ?'

'No, surely ; not the only one he *has had* : his birth, and, permit me to say, his relationship to myself, have procured him many. But——' (here my lord heaved a very affecting and large sigh).

'But what ?' says my lady, laffing at the igspression of his dismal face. 'You don't mean that Mr. Deuceace has lost them or is unworthy of them ?'

'I trust not, my dear madam, I trust not ; but he is wild, thoughtless, extravagant, and embarrassed : and you know a man under these circumstances is not very particular as to his associates.'

'Embarrassed ? Good heavens ! He says he has two thousand a-year left him by a godmother ; and he does not seem even to spend his income—a very handsome independence, too, for a bachelor.'

My lord nodded his head sadly, and said,—'Will your ladyship give me your word of honour to be secret ? My son has but a thousand a-year, which I allow him, and is heavily in debt. He has played, madam, I fear ; and for this reason I am so glad to hear that he is in a respectable domestic circle, where he may learn, in the presence of far greater and purer attractions, to forget the dice-box, and the low company which has been his bane.'

My Lady Griffin looked very grave indeed. Was it true? Was Deuceace sincere in his professions of love, or was he only a sharper wooing her for her money? Could she doubt her informer? his own father, and, what's more, a real flesh and blood pear of parlyment? She determined she would try him. Praps she did not know she had liked Deuceace so much, until she kem to feel how much she should *hate* him, if she found he'd been playing her false.

The evening was over, and back they came, as wee've seen,—my lord driving home in my lady's carridge, her ladyship and Miss walking up stairs to their own apart-mince.

Here, for a wonder, was poor Miss Kicksy quite happy and smiling, and evidently full of a secret,—something mighty pleasant to judge from her loox. She did not long keep it. As she was making tea for the ladies (for in that house they took a cup regular before bedtime), 'Well, my lady,' says she, 'who do you think has been to drink tea with me?' Poar thing, a frendly face was an event in her life—a tea-party quite a hera!

'Why, perhaps, Lenoir, my maid,' says my lady, looking grave. 'I wish, Miss Kicksy, you would not demean yourself by mixing with my domestics. Recollect, madam, that you are sister to Lady Griffin.'

'No, my lady, it was not Lenoir; it was a gentleman, and a handsome gentleman, too.'

'Oh, it was Monsieur de l'Orge, then,' says miss; 'he promised to bring me some guitar-strings.'

'No, nor yet M. de l'Orge. He came, but was not so polite as to ask for me. What do you think of your own beau, the honourable Mr. Algernon Deuceace;' and, so saying, poar Kicksey clapped her hands together, and looked as joyffe as if she'd come into a fortin.

'Mr. Deuceace here; and why, pray?' says my lady, who recklected all that his exlent pa had been saying to her.

'Why, in the first place, he had left his pocket-book, and in the second, he wanted, he said, a dish of my nice tea, which he took, and stayed with me an hour, or moar.'

'And pray, Miss Kicksey,' said Miss Matilda, quite contemptushusly, 'what may have been the subject of your conversation with Mr. Algernon? Did you talk politics, or music, or fine arts, or metaphysics?' Miss M. being

what was called a *blue* (as most hump-backed women in sossiaty are), always made a pint to speak on these grand subjects.

‘No, indeed; he talked of no such awful matters. If he had, you know, Matilda, I should never have understood him. First we talked about the weather, next about muffins and crumpets. Crumpets, he said, he liked best; and then we talked (here Miss Kicksy’s voice fell) about poor dear Sir George in heaven! what a good husband he was, and——’

‘What a good fortune he left,—eh, Miss Kicksy?’ says my lady, with a hard, sneering voice, and a diabollicle grin.

‘Yes, dear Leonora, he spoke so respectfully of your blessed husband, and seemed so anxious about you and Matilda, it was quite charming to hear him, dear man!’

‘And pray, Miss Kicksy, what did you tell him?’

‘Oh, I told him that you and Leonora had nine thousand a-year, and——’

‘What then?’

‘Why nothing; that is all I know. I am sure, I wish I had ninety,’ says poor Kicksy, her eyes turning to heaven.

‘Ninety fiddlesticks! Did not Mr. Deuceace ask how the money was left, and to which of us?’

‘Yes; but I could not tell him.’

‘I knew it!’ says my lady, slapping down her teacup,—
‘I knew it!’

‘Well!’ says Miss Matilda, ‘and why not, Lady Griffin? There is no reason you should break your teacup, because Algernon asks a harmless question. He is not mercenary; he is all candour, innocence, generosity! He is himself blest with a sufficient portion of the world’s goods to be content; and often and often has he told me, he hoped the woman of his choice might come to him without a penny, that he might show the purity of his affection.’

‘I’ve no doubt,’ says my lady. ‘Perhaps the lady of his choice is Miss Matilda Griffin!’ and she flung out of the room, slamming the door, and leaving Miss Matilda to bust into tears, as was her reglar custom, and pour her loves and woas into the buzzom of Miss Kicksy.

CHAPTER IV

' HITTING THE NALE ON THE HEDD

THE nex morning, down came me and master to Lady Griffinses,—I amusing myself with the gals in the anty-room, he paying his devours to the ladies in the salong. Miss was thrumming on her gitter ; my lady was before a great box of papers, busy with accounts, bankers' books, lawyers' letters, and what not. Law bless us ! it's a kind of bisniss I should like well enuff, especially when my hannual account was seven or eight thousand on the right side, like my lady's. My lady in this house kep all these matters to herself. Miss was a vast deal too sentrimentle to mind business.

Miss Matilda's eyes sparkled as master came in ; she pinted gracefully to a place on the sofy beside her, which Deuceace took. My lady only looked up for a moment, smiled very kindly, and down went her head among the papers agen, as busy as a B.

' Lady Griffin has had letters from London,' says miss, ' from nasty lawyers and people. Come here and sit by me, you naughty man, you !'

And down sat master. ' Willingly,' says he, ' my dear Miss Griffin ; why, I declare, it is quite *tête-à-tête*.'

' Well,' says miss (after the prillimnary flumries, in coarse), ' we met a friend of yours at the embassy, Mr. Deuceace.'

' My father, doubtless ; he is a great friend of the ambassador, and surprised me myself by a visit the night before last.'

' What a dear delightful old man ! how he loves you, Mr. Deuceace !'

' Oh, amazingly !' says master, throwing his i's to heaven.

' He spoke of nothing but you, and such praises of you !'

Master breathed more freely. ' He is very good, my dear fater ; but blind, as all fathers are, he is so partial and attached to me.'

' He spoke of you being his favourite child, and regretted that you were not his eldest son. " I can but leave him the small portion of a younger brother," he said ; " but never mind, he has talents, a noble name, and an independence of his own."'

'An independence? yes, oh yes! I am quite independent of my father.'

'Two thousand pounds a year left you by your god-mother; the very same you told us, you know.'

'Neither more nor less,' says master, bobbing his head; 'a sufficiency, my dear Miss Griffin,—to a man of my moderate habits an ample provision.'

'By the by,' cries out Lady Griffin, interrupting the conversation, 'you who are talking about money matters there, I wish you would come to the aid of poor *me*! Come, naughty boy, and help me out with this long long sum.'

Didn't he go—that's all! My i, how his i's shone, as he skipt across the room, and seated himself by my lady!

'Look!' said she, 'my agents write me over that they have received a remittance of 7200 rupees, at 2s. 9d. a rupee. Do tell me what the sum is, in pounds and shillings;' which master did with great gravity.

'Nine hundred and ninety pounds. Good; I dare say you are right. I'm sure I can't go through the fatigue to see. And now comes another question. Whose money is this, mine or Matilda's? You see it is the interest of a sum in India, which we have not had occasion to touch; and, according to the terms of poor Sir George's will, I really don't know how to dispose of the money except to spend it. Matilda, what shall we do with it?'

'La, ma'am, I wish you would arrange the business yourself.'

'Well, then, Algernon, *you* tell me;' and she laid her hand on his, and looked him most pathetically in the face.

'Why,' says he, 'I don't know how Sir George left his money; you must let me see his will, first.'

'Oh, willingly.'

Master's chair seemed suddenly to have got springs in the cushions; he was obliged to *hold himself down*.

'Look here, I have only a copy, taken by my hand from Sir George's own manuscript. Soldiers, you know, do not employ lawyers much, and this was written on the night before going into action.' And she read, "'I, George Griffin," &c. &c.—you know how these things begin—"being now of sane mind"—um, um, um,—“leave to my friends, Thomas Abraham Hicks, a colonel in the H. E. I. Company's Service, and to John Monro Mackirkincroft

(of the house of Huffle, Mackirkincroft, and Dobbs, at Calcutta), the whole of my property, to be realized as speedily as they may (consistently with the interests of the property), in trust for my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin (born L. E. Kicksy), and my only legitimate child, Matilda Griffin. The interest resulting from such property to be paid to them, share and share alike; the principal to remain untouched, in the names of the said T. A. Hicks and J. M. Mackirkincroft, until the death of my wife, Leonora Emilia Griffin, when it shall be paid to my daughter, Matilda Griffin, her heirs, executors, or assigns.”

‘There,’ said my lady, ‘we won’t read any more; all the rest is stuff. But, now you know the whole business, tell us what is to be done with the money?’

‘Why, the money, unquestionably, should be divided between you.’

‘*Tant mieux*, say I, I really thought it had been all Matilda’s.’

There was a pause for a minute or two after the will had been read. Master left the desk at which he had been seated with her ladyship, paced up and down the room for a while, and then came round to the place where Miss Matilda was seated. At last he said, in a low, trembling voice,

‘I am almost sorry, my dear Lady Griffin, that you have read that will to me; for an attachment such as must seem, I fear, mercenary, when the object of it is so greatly favoured by worldly fortune. Miss Griffin—Matilda! I know I may say the word; your dear eyes grant me the permission. I need not tell you, or you, dear mother-in-law, how long, how fondly, I have adored you. My tender, my beautiful Matilda, I will not affect to say I have not read your heart ere this, and that I have not known the preference with which you have honoured me. *Speak it*, dear girl! from your own sweet lips, in the presence of an affectionate parent, utter the sentence which is to seal my happiness for life. Matilda, dearest Matilda! say, oh say, that you love me!’

Miss M. shivered, turned pail, rowled her eyes about, and fell on master’s neck, whispering hoarsely, ‘*I do!*’

My lady looked at the pair for a moment with her teeth grinding, her eyes glaring, her bosom throbbing, and her face chock white, for all the world like Madam Pasty, in the

oppra of *Mydear* (when she's goin to mudder her childring, you recklect), and out she flounced from the room, without a word, knocking down poar me, who happened to be very near the dor, and leaving my master along with his crook-back mistress.

I've repotted the speech he made to her pretty well. The fact is, I got it in a ruff copy, which, if any boddy likes, they may see at Mr. Fraziereses, only on the copy it's wrote, '*Lady Griffin, Leonora*' instead of '*Miss Griffin, Matilda*,' as in the abuff, and so on.

Master had hit the right nail on the head this time, he thought ; but his adventors an't over yet.

C. Y.

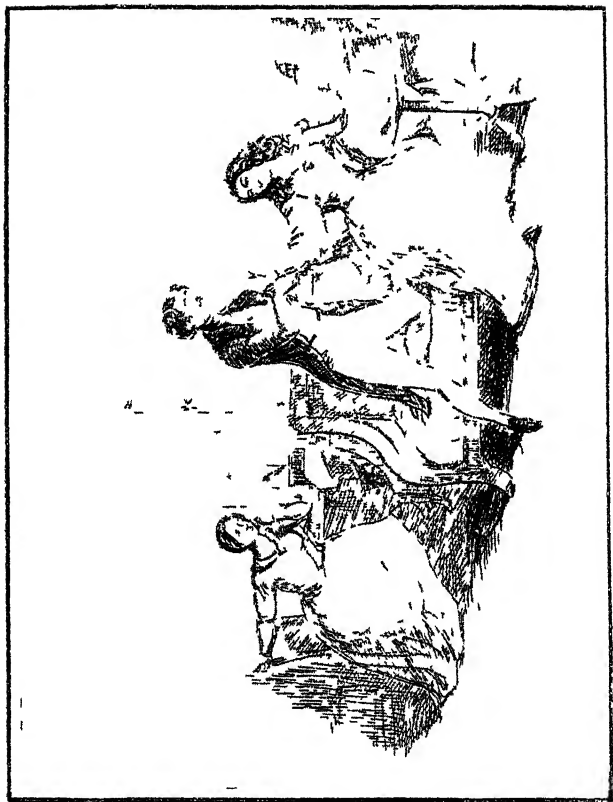
CHAPTER V

THE GRIFFIN'S CLAWS

WELL, master had hit the right nail on the head this time : thanx to luck—the crooked one, to be sure, but then it had the *gould nobb*, which was the part Deuceace most valued, as well he should ; being a connyshure as to the relletiff valyou of pretious metals, and much preferring virging goold like this to poor old battered iron like my Lady Griffin.

And so, in spite of his father (at which old noblemin Mr. Deuceace now snapt his fingers), in spite of his detts (which, to do him Justas, had never stood much in his way), and in spite of his povatty, idleness, extravagans, swindling, and debotcheries of all kinds (which an't *generally* very favorabble to a young man who has to make his way in the world) ; in spite of all, there he was, I say, at the topp of the trea, the fewcher master of a perfect fortun, the defianced husband of a fool of a wife. What can mortal man want more ? Vishns of ambishn now occupied his soal. Shooting boxes, oppra boxes, money boxes, always full ; hunters at Melton ; a seat in the House of Commins, Heaven knows what ! and not a poar foot-man, who only describes what he's seen, and can't in cors, pennytrate into the idears and the busms of men.

You may be shore that the three-cornerd noats came pretty thick now from the Griffinses. Miss was always a writing them befoar ; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, breakfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out) was



MR. DEUCEACE'S DISINTERESTED DECLARATION

puffickly intolrabble from the odor of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other sense with which they were impregnated. Here's the contense of three on 'em, which I've kep in my dex these twenty years as skewriosityes. Faw ! I can smel 'em at this very mint, as I am copying them down.

BILLY DOO. No. I

'Monday morning, 2 o'clock.

'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful, my soul's lord ! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day ? Twelve ! one ! two ! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession,—I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your

'MATILDA ?'

This was the *fust* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poar footmin, Fitzclarence, at sick o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extraordinary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him, when he red it ; he cramped it up, and he cust and swear, applying to the lady who roat, the genlmn that brought it, and me who introjuiced it to his notic, such a collection of epitafs as I seldum hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is thiss, for a fust letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong, and sentymentle. But that was her way ; she was always reading melancholy stoary books—Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of Mac Whirter, and such like.

After about 6 of them, master never yoused to read them ; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntses. The next letter is

No. II

'Beloved ! to what strange madnesses will passion lead one ! Lady Griffin, since your avowal yesterday, has not spoken a word to your poor Matilda ; has declared that she

will admit no one (heigho ! not even you, my Algernon) ; and has locked herself in her own dressing-room. I do believe that she is *jealous*, and fancies that you were in love with *her* ! Ha, ha ! I could have told her *another tale*—*n'est-ce pas ?* Adieu, adieu, adieu ! A thousand, thousand, million kisses !

‘ M. G.

‘ Monday afternoon, 2 o'clock.’

There was another letter kem before bedtime ; for though me and master called at the Griffinses, we wairnt aloud to enter at no price. Mortimer and Fitzclarensen grind at me, as much as to say we were going to be relations ; but I dont spose master was very sorry when he was obleached to come back without seeing the fare object of his affeckshns.

Well, on Chewsdy there was the same game ; ditto on Wensday ; only, when we called there, who should we see but our father, Lord Crabs, who was waiving his hand to Miss Kicksey, and saying *he should be back to dinner at 7*, just as me and master came up the stares. There was no admittns for us though. ‘ Bah ! bah ! never mind,’ says my lord, taking his son affeckshnately by the hand. ‘ What, two strings to your bow ; ay, Algernon ? The dowager a little jealous, miss a little lovesick. But my lady’s fit of anger will vanish, and I promise you, my boy, that you shall see your fair one to-morrow.’

And, so saying, my lord walked master down stares, looking at him as tender and affeckshnat, and speaking to him as sweet as posbil. Master did not know what to think of it. He never new what game his old father was at ; only he somehow felt that he had got his head in a net, in spite of his suxess on Sunday. I knew it—I knew it quite well, as soon as I saw the old genlmn igsammin him, by a kind of smile which came over his old face, and was somethink betwixt the angellic and the direbollicle.

But master’s dowts were cleared up nex day, and everything was bright again. At brexfast, in comes a note with inclosier, boath of witch I here copy :

‘ No. IX

‘ Thursday morning.

‘ Victoria. Victoria ! Mamma has yielded at last ; not her consent to our union, but her consent to receive you as before ; and has promised to forget the past. Silly

woman, how could she ever think of you as anything but the lover of your Matilda? I am in a whirl of delicious joy and passionate excitement. I have been awake all this long night, thinking of thee, my Algernon, and longing for the blissful hour of meeting.

‘Come!’

‘M. G.’

This is the inclosier from my lady :

‘I will not tell you that your behaviour on Sunday did not deeply shock me. I had been foolish enough to think of other plans, and to fancy your heart (if you had any) was fixed elsewhere than on one at whose foibles you had often laughed with me, and whose person at least cannot have charmed you.

‘My step-daughter will not, I presume, marry without at least going through the ceremony of asking my consent ; I cannot, as yet, give it. Have I not reason to doubt whether she will be happy in trusting herself to you ?

‘But she is of age, and has the right to receive in her own house all those who may be agreeable to her,—certainly you, who are likely to be one day so nearly connected with her. If I have honest reason to believe that your love for Miss Griffin is sincere ; if I find in a few months that you yourself are still desirous to marry her, I can, of course, place no further obstacles in your way.

‘You are welcome, then, to return to our hotel. I cannot promise to receive you as I did of old ; you would despise me if I did. I can promise, however, to think no more of all that has passed between us, and yield up my own happiness for that of the daughter of my dear husband.

‘L. E. G.’

Well, now, an’t this a manly, straitforard letter enough, and natral from a woman whom we had, to confess the truth, treated most scuvvily? Master thought so, and went and made a tender, respeckful speach to Lady Griffin (a little flumry costs nothink). Grave and sorroffe he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low adgitayted voice, calld Hevn to witness how he deplored that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnt ideer ; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would accept the same, and a deal moar flumry of the kind, with dark,

sollum, glansis of the eyes, and plenty of white pocket hankercher.

He thought he'd made all safe. Poar fool ! he was in a net—sich a net as I never yet see set to ketch a roag in.

CHAPTER VI

THE JEWEL

THE Shevalier de l'Orge, the young Frenchmin whom I wrote of in my last, who had been rather shy of his visits while master was coming it so very strong, now came back to his old place by the side of Lady Griffin ; there was no love now, though, betwixt him and master, although the shevallier had got his lady back agin, Deuceace being compleatly devoted to his crookid Veanus.

The shevalier was a little, pale, moddist, insinifishnt creature ; and I shoodn't have thought, from his appearants, would have the heart to do harm to a fli, much less to stand befor such a tremendous tiger and fire-eater as my master. But I see putty well, after a week, from his manner of going on—of speakin at master, and lookin at him, and olding his lips tight when Deuceace came into the room, and glaring at him with his i's, that he hated the Honrabble Algernon Percy.

Shall I tell you why ? Because my Lady Griffin hated him ; hated him wuss than pison, or the devvle, or even wuss than her daughter-in-law. Praps you phansy that the letter you have juss red was honest ; praps you amadgin that the sean of the reading of the wil came on by mere chans, and in the reglar cors of suckmstansies : it was all a *game*, I tell you—a reglar trap ; and that extrodnar clever young man, my master, as neatly put his foot into it, as ever a pocher did in fesnt preserve.

The shevalier had his q from Lady Griffin. When Deuceace went off the feald, back came De l'Orge to her feet, not a witt less tender than befor. Por fellow, por fellow ! he really loved this woman. He might as well have foln in love with a boreconstructor ! He was so blinded and beat by the power wich she had got over him, that if she told him black was white he'd beleave it, or if she ordered him to commit murder, he'd do it—she wanted something very like it, I can tell you.

I've already said how, in the fust part of their acquaintance, master used to laff at De l'Orge's bad English, and funny ways. The little creature had a thowsnd of these ; and being small, and a Frenchman, master, in cors, looked on him with that good-humoured kind of contemp which a good Brittn ot always to show. He rayther treated him like an intelligent munky than a man, and ordered him about as if he'd bean my lady's footman.

All this munseer took in very good part, until after the quarl betwist master and Lady Griffin ; when that lady took care to turn the tables. Whenever master and miss were not present (as I've heard the servants say), she used to laff at shevalliay for his obeajance and sivillatty to master. ' For her part, she wondered how a man of his birth could act a servnt ; how any man could submit to such contemsheous behaviour from another ; and then she told him how Deuceace was always snearing at him behind his back ; how, in fact, he ought to hate him corjaly, and how it was suttnly time to show his sperrit.'

Well, the poar little man beleaved all this from his hart, and was angry or pleased, gentle or quarlsum, igsactly as my lady liked. There got to be frequent rows betwist him and master ; sharp words flung at each other across the dinner-table ; dispewts about handing ladies their smeling-botls, or seeing them to their carridge ; or going in and out of a roam fust, or any such nonsince.

' For Hevn's sake,' I heerd my lady, in the midl of one of these tiffs, say, pail, and the tears trembling in her i's, ' do, do be calm, Mr. Deuceace. Monsieur de l'Orge, I beseech you to forgive him. You are, both of you, so esteemed, lov'd, by members of this family, that for its peace as well as your own, you should forbear to quarrel.'

It was on the way to the Sally Mangy that this brangling had begun, and it ended jest as they were seating themselves. I shall never forgit poar little De l'Orge's eyes, when my lady said '*both* of you.' He stair'd at my lady for a momint, turned pail, red, look'd wild, and then, going round to master, shook his hand as if he would have wrung it off. Mr. Deuceace only bowd and grind, and turned away quite stately ; miss heaved a loud O from her busm, and lookd up in his face with an igsfreshn, jest as if she could have eat him up with love ; and the little shevalliay sate down to his soop-plate, and wus so happy, that I'm

blest if he wasn't crying ! He thought the widdow had made her declaryation, and would have him ; and so thought Deuceace, who lookd at her for some time mighty bitter and contempshus, and then fell a talking with miss.

Now, though master didn't choose to marry Lady Griffin, as he might have done, he yet thought fit to be very angry at the notion of her marrying anybody else - and so, consquintly, was in a fewry at this confision which she had made regarding her parshaleaty for the French shevaleer.

And this I've perseaved in the cors of my expearants, through life, that when you vex him, a roag's no longer a roag ; you find him out at onst when he's in a passion, for he shows, as it ware, his cloven foot the very instnt you tread on it. At least, this is what *young* roags do ; it requires very cool blood and long practis to get over this pint, and not to show your pashn when you feel it, and snarl when you are angry. Old Crabs wouldn't do it ; being like another noblemin, of whom I heard the Duke of Wellington say, while waiting behind his graci's chair, that if you were kicking him from behind, no one standing before him wuld know it, from the bewtifle smiling igspreshn of his face. Young Master hadn't got so far in the thief's grammer, and, when he was angry, showd it. And it's also to be remarked (a very profownd observatin for a footmin, but we have i's though we *do* wear plush britchis), it's to be remarked, I say, that one of these chaps is much sooner maid angry than another, because honest men yield to other people, roags never do ; honest men love other people, roags only themselves ; and the slightest thing which comes in the way of thir beloved objects sets them fewrious. Master hadn't led a life of gambling, swindling, and every kind of debotch to be good tempered at the end of it, I prommis you.

He was in a pashun, and when he *was* in a pashn, a more insalent, insuffrable, overbearing broot didn't live.

This was the very pint to which my lady wished to bring him ; for I must tell you, that though she had been trying all her might to set master and the shevalliy by the years, she had suxcaded only so far as to make them hate each profowndly ; but somehow or other, the 2 cox wouldnt *fight*.

I doan't think Deuceace ever suspected any game on the

part of her ladyship, for she carried it on so admirably, that the quarls which daily took place betwixt him and the Frenchman never seemed to come from her ; on the contry, she acted as the reglar pease-maker between them, as I've just shown in the tiff which took place at the door of the Sally Mangy. Besides, the 2 young men, thoagh reddy enough to snarl, were natrally unwilling to cum to bloes. I'll tell you why : being friends, and idle, they spent their mornins as young fashnabbles genrally do, at billiads, fensing, riding, pistle-shooting, or some such improoving study. In billiads, master beat the Frenchmn hollow (and had won a pretious sight of money from him, but that's neither here nor there, or, as the French say, *ontry noo*) ; at pistle-shooting, master could knock down eight immidges out of ten, and De l'Orge seven ; and in fensing, the Frenchman could pink the Honorable Algernon down evry one of his weskit buttns. They'd each of them been out more than onst, for every Frenchman will fight, and master had been obleag'd to do so in the cors of his bisniss ; and knowing each other's curridg, as well as the fact that either could put a hundrid bolls running into a hat at 30 yards, they wairn't *very* willing to try such exparry-mence upon their own hats with their own heads in them. So you see they kep quiet, and only grould at each other.

But to-day Deuceace was in one of his thundering black humers ; and when in this way he wouldnt stop for man or devvle. I said that he walked away from the shevalliaiy, who had given him his hand in his sudden bust of joyffe good-humour, and who, I do bleave, would have hugd a she-bear, so very happy was he. Master walked away from him pale and hotty, and, taking his seat at table, no moor mindid the brandishments of Miss Griffin, but only replied to them with a pshaw, or a dam at one of us servnts, or abuse of the soop, or the wine ; cussing and swearing like a trooper, and not like a wel-bred son of a noble Brittish peer.

'Will your ladyship,' says he, slivering off the wing of a *pully ally bashymall*, 'allow me to help you ?'

'I thank you ! no ; but I will trouble Monsieur de l'Orge.' And towards that gnlmn she turned, with a most tender and fasnating smile.

'Your ladyship has taken a very sudden admiration for M. de l'Orge's carving. You used to like mine once.'

'You are very skilful ; but to-day, if you will allow me, I will partake of something a little simpler.'

The Frenchman helped ; and, being so happy, in cors, spilt the gravy. A great blob of brown sos spurted on to master's chick, and myandrewd down his shert collar and virging-white weskit.

'Confound you !' says he, 'M. de l'Orge, you have done this on purpose.' And down went his knife and fork, over went his tumbler of wine, a deal of it into poar Miss Griffinses lap, who looked fritened and ready to cry.

My lady bust into a fit of laffin, peel upon peel, as if it was the best joak in the world. De l'Orge giggled and grind too. '*Pardong*,' says he ; '*meal pardong, mong share munseer*.'¹ And he looked as if he would have done it again for a penny.

The little Frenchman was quite in exstasis ; he found himself all of a suddn at the very top of the trea ; and the laff for onst turned against his rivle, he actially had the ordassaty to propose to my lady in English to take a glass of wine.

'Veal you,' says he, in his jargin, 'take a glas of Madére viz me, mi ladi ?' And he looked round, as if he'd igsackly hit the English manner and pronounciation.

'With the greatest pleasure,' says Lady G., most graciously nodding at him, and gazing at him as she drank up the wine. She'd refused master befor, and *this* didn't increase his good humer.

Well, they went on, master snarling, snapping, and swearing, making himself, I must confess, as much of a blaggard as any I ever see ; and my lady employing her time betwist him and the shevalliay, doing every think to irritate master, and flatter the Frenchmn. Desert came ; and by this time, miss was stock-still with fright, the chevaleer half tipsy with pleasure and gratafied vannaty. My lady puffickly raygent with smiles, and master bloo with rage.

'Mr. Deuceace,' says my lady, in a most winning voice, after a little chaffing (in which she only worked him up moar and moar), 'may I trouble you for a few of those grapes ? they look delicious.'

¹ In the long dialogues, we have generally ventured to change the peculiar spelling of our friend, Mr. Yellowplush.

For answer, master seas'd hold of the grayp dish, and sent it sliding down the table to De l'Orge; upsetting, in his way, fruit-plates, glasses, dickanters, and Heaven knows what.

'Monsieur de l'Orge,' says he, shouting out at the top of his voice, 'have the goodness to help Lady Griffin. She wanted *my* grapes long ago, and has found out they are sour !'

There was a dead paws of a moment or so.

'*Ah !*' says my lady, '*vous osez m'insulter, devant mes gens, dans ma propre maison—c'est par trop fort, monsieur.*' And up she got, and flung out of the room. Miss followed her, screeching out, 'Mamma—for God's sake—Lady Griffin !' and here the door slammed on the pair.

Her ladyship did very well to speak French. *De l'Orge* would not have understood her else ; as it was he heard quite enough ; and as the door clikt too, in the presents of me, and Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence, the family footmen, he walks round to my master, and hits him a slap on the face, and says, '*Prends ça, menteur et lâche !*' Which means, 'Take that, you liar and coward !'—rayther strong igspreshns for one genlmn to use to another.

Master staggered back, and looked bewildered ; and then he gave a kind of scream, and then he made a run at the Frenchman, and then me and Mortimer flung ourselves upon him, whilst Fitzclarence embraced the shevallia.

'*A demain !*' says he, clinching his little fist, and walking away not very sorry to git off.

When he was fairly down stares, we let go of master ; who swallowed a goblit of water, and then pawsing a little, and pulling out his pus, he presented to Messeers Mortimer and Fitzclarence a luydor each. 'I will give you five more to-morrow,' says he, 'if you will promise to keep this secret.'

And then he walked into the ladies. 'If you knew,' says he, going up to Lady Griffin, and speaking very slow (in cors we were all at the keyhole), 'the pain I have endured in the last minute, in consequence of the rudeness and insolence of which I have been guilty to your ladyship, you would think my own remorse was punishment sufficient, and would grant me pardon.'

My lady bowed, and said she didn't wish for explanations. Mr. Deuceace was her daughter's guest, and not hers; but she certainly would never demean herself by sitting again at table with him. And so saying, out she bolted again.

'Oh! Algernon! Algernon!' says miss, in tears, 'what is this dreadful mystery—these fearful, shocking quarrels? Tell me, has anything happened? Where, where is the chevalier?'

Master smiled, and said, 'Be under no alarm, my sweetest Matilda. De l'Orge did not understand a word of the dispute; he was too much in love for that. He is but gone away for half an hour, I believe; and will return to coffee.'

I knew what master's game was, for if miss had got a hinkling of the quarrel betwixt him and the Frenchman, we should have had her screaming at the Hôtel Mirabeau, and the juice and all to pay. He only stopt for a few minuits, and cumfitted her, and then drove off to his friend, Captain Bullseye, of the Rifles; with whom, I spose, he talked over this unplesnt bisniss. We fownd, at our hotel, a note from De l'Orge, saying where his secknd was to be seen.

Two mornings after there was a parrowgraf in *Gallynanny's Messinger*, which I hear beg leaf to transcribe:—

'*Fearful Duel.*—Yesterday morning, at six o'clock, a meeting took place in the Bois de Boulogne, between the Hon. A. P. D—ce—ce, a younger son of the Earl of Cr—bs, and the Chevalier de l'O—. The chevalier was attended by Major de M—, of the Royal Guard, and the Hon. Mr. D— by Captain B—lls—ye, of the British Rifle Corps. As far as we have been able to learn the particulars of this deplorable affair, the dispute originated in the house of a lovely lady (one of the most brilliant ornaments of our embassy), and the duel took place on the morning ensuing.

'The chevalier (the challenged party, and the most accomplished amateur swordsman in Paris) waived his right of choosing the weapons, and the combat took place with pistols.

'The combatants were placed at forty paces, with directions to advance to a barrier which separated them only eight paces. Each was furnished with two pistols. Monsieur de l'—O— fired almost immediately, and the ball took effect in the left wrist of his antagonist, who dropped the pistol which he held in that hand. He fired, however, directly with his right, and the chevalier fell to the ground, we fear mortally wounded. A ball has entered above his hip-joint, and there is very little hope that he can recover.

'We have heard that the cause of this desperate duel was a blow, which the chevalier ventured to give to the Hon. Mr. D. If so, there is some reason for the unusual and determined manner in which the duel was fought.

'Mr. Deu—a—e returned to this hotel; whither his excellent father, the Right Hon. Earl of Cr—bs, immediately hastened on hearing of the sad news, and is now bestowing on his son the most affectionate parental attention. The news only reached his lordship yesterday at noon, while at breakfast with his excellency, Lord Bobtail, our Ambassador. The noble Earl fainted on receiving the intelligence; but in spite of the shock to his own nerves and health, persisted in passing last night by the couch of his son.'

And so he did. 'This is a sad business, Charles,' says my lord to me, after seeing his son, and settling himself down in our salong. 'Have you any segars in the house? And, hark ye, send me up a bottle of wine and some luncheon. I can certainly not leave the neighbourhood of my dear boy.'

CHAPTER VII

THE CONSQUINSIES

THE shevalliy did not die, for the ball came out of it's own accord, in the midst of a violent fever and inflamayshn which was brot on by the wound. He was kept in bed for 6 weeks though, and did not recover for a long time after.

As for master, his lot, I'm sorry to say, was wuss than that of his advisory. Inflammation came on too; and, to make an ugly story short, they were obliged to take off his hand at the rist.

He bore it, in cors, like a Trojin, and in a month he too was well, and his wound heel'd; but I never see a man look so like a devvle as he used sometimes, when he looked down at the stump!

To be sure, in Miss Griffinses eyes, this only indeered him the mor. She sent twenty noats a day to ask for him, calling him her beloved, her unfortnat, her hero, her wictim, and I dono what. I've kep some of the noats as I tell you, and curiously sentimentle they are, beating the sorrows of Mac Whirter all to nothink.

Old Crabs used to come offen, and consumed a power of wine and seagars at our house. I bleave he was at Paris

because there was an exycution in his own house in England ; and his son was a sure find (as they say) during his illness, and couldn't deny himself to the old genlmn. His eveninx my lord spent reglar at Lady Griffin's, where, as master was ill, I didn't go any more now, and where the shevalier wasn't there to disturb him.

'You see how that woman hates you, Deuceace,' says my lord, one day, in a fit of cander, after they had been talking about Lady Griffin : '*she has not done with you yet, I tell you fairly.*'

'Curse her,' says master, in a fury, lifting up his maim'd arm—'curse her, but I will be even with her one day. I am sure of Matilda ; I took care to put that beyond the reach of a failure. The girl must marry me for her own sake.'

'*For her own sake!* O ho ! Good, good !' My lord lifted his i's, and said, gravely, 'I understand, my dear boy : it is an excellent plan.'

'Well,' says master, grinning fearcely and knowingly at his exlent old father, 'as the girl is safe, what harm can I fear from the fiend of a stepmother ?'

My lord only gev a long whizzle, and, soon after, taking up his hat, walked off. I saw him sawnter down the Plas Vandome, and go in quite calmly to the old door of Lady Griffinses hotel. Bless his old face ! such a puffickly good-natured, kind-hearted, merry, selfish old scoundrel, I never shall see again.

His lordship was quite right in saying to master that 'Lady Griffin hadn't done with him.' No moar she had. But she never would have thought of the nex game she was going to play, *if somebody hadn't put her up to it.* Who did ? If you red the above passidge, and saw how a venerable old genlmn took his hat, and sauntered down the Plas Vandome (looking hard and kind at all the nursery-maids—*buns* they call them in France—in the way), I leave you to guess who was the author of the nex skeam : a woman, suttnly, never would have pitcht on it.

In the fuss payper which I wrote concerning Mr. Deuceace's adventures, and his kind behayviour to Messeers Dawkins and Blewitt, I had the honor of laying before the public a skidewl of my masters detts, in witch was the following itim :

'Bills of xchange and I.O.U.'s, 4963*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.*'

The I.O.U.s were trifling, say a thowsnd pound. The bills amountid to four thowsnd moar.

Now, the lor is in France, that if a genlmn gives these in England, and a French genlmn gits them in any way, he can pursew the Englishman who has drawn them, even though he should be in France. Master did not know this fact—labouring under a very common mistak, that, when onst out of England, he might wissle at all the debts he left behind him.

My Lady Griffin sent over to her slissators in London, who made arrangemints with the persons who possest the fine collection of ortografs on stampt paper which master had left behind him; and they were glad enuff to take any oppertunity of getting back their money.

One fine morning, as I was looking about in the courtyard of our hotel, talking to the servant gals, as was my reglar custom, in order to improve myself in the French languidge, one of them comes up to me and says, 'Tenez, Monsieur Charles, down below in the office there is a bailiff, with a couple of gendarmes, who is asking for your master—*a-t-il des dettes par hasard ?*'

I was struck all of a heap—the truth flasht on my mind's hi. 'Toinette,' says I, for that was the gal's name—'Toinette,' says I, giving her a kiss, 'keep them for two minnits, as you valyou my affeckshn;' and then I gave her another kiss, and ran up stares to our chambers. Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt; it was lucky for him that he had the strength to move. 'Sir, sir,' says I, 'the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life.'

'Bailiffs,' says he: 'nonsense! I don't, thank Heaven, owe a shilling to any man.'

'Stuff, sir,' says I, forgetting my respeck; 'don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment.'

As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were sure enough!

What was to be done? Quick as litening, I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gown, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the dor.

There they were—the bailiff—two jondarms with him—

Toinette, and an old waiter. When Toinette sees master, she smiles, and says. 'Dis donc, Charles ! où est, donc, ton maître ? Chez lui, n'est-ce pas ? C'est le jeune homme à monsieur,' says she, curtsying to the bailiff.

The old waiter was just going to blurt out, 'Mais ce n'est pas !' when Toinette stops him, and says, 'Laissez donc passer ces messieurs, vieux bête ;' and in they walk, the 2 jón d'arms taking their post in the hall.

Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and touching *my* hat, says, 'Have you any orders about the cab, sir ?'

'Why, no, Chawls,' says I ; 'I shan't drive out to-day.'

The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers), and says in French, as master goes out, 'I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, *au nom de la loi*, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques François Lebrun, of Paris ;' and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them sure enough.

'Take a chair, sir,' says I ; and down he sits ; and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad axdent, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busum, and so on.

At last after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. 'Hola !' says he ; 'gendarmes ! à moi ! à moi ! Je suis floué, volé,' which means, in English, that he was reglar sold.

The jondarmes jumped into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing-gownd, and, flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs ever seen.

I then pinted myjestickly—to what do you think ?—to my PLUSH TITES ! those sellabrated ingsspressables which have rendered me faymous in Yourope.

Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servnts rord out laffing ; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can



MR. YELLOWPLUSH DISPLAYING HIS CREDENTIALS

tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.

CHAPTER VIII

THE END OF MR. DEUCEACE'S HISTORY. LIMBO

My tail is droring rabidly to a close : my suvvice with Mr. Deuceace didn't continyou very long after the last chapter, in which I described my admiral strattyjam, and my singlar self-devocean. There's very few servnts, I can tell you, who'd have thought of such a contrivance, and very few moar would have eggsycuted it when thought of.

But, after all, beyond the trifling advantich to myself in selling master's roab de sham, which you, gentle reader, may remember I woar, and in dixcovering a fipun note in one of the pockets,—beyond this, I say, there was to poar master very little advantich in what had been done. It's true he had escaped. Very good. But Frans is not like Great Brittin ; a man in a livry coat, with 1 arm, is pretty easly known, and caught, too, as I can tell you.

Such was the case with master. He coodn leave Paris, moarover, if he would. What was to become, in that case, of his bride—his unchbacked hairis ? He knew that young lady's *temprimong* (as the Parishers say) too well to let her long out of his site. She had nine thousand a-yer. She'd been in love a duzn times befor, and mite be agin. The Honrabble Algernon Deuceace was a little too wide awake to trust much to the constnsy of so very inflammable a young creacher. Heavn bless us, it was a marycle she wasn't earlier married ! I do bleave (from suttn seans that past betwigest us) that she'd have married me, if she hadn't been sejuiced by the supearor rank and indianuity of the genlmn in whose surface I was.

Well, to use a common igspreshn, the beaks were after him. How was he to manitch ? He coodn get away from his debts, and he wooden quit the fare object of his affeckshns. He was ableejd, then, as the French say, to lie perdew,—going out at night, like a howl out of a hivy-bush, and returning in the daytime to his roast. For its a maxum in France (and I wood it were followed in England),

that after dark no man is libbe for his detts; and in any of the royal gardens—the Twillaries, the Pally Roil, or the Lucksimbug, for example—a man may wander from sunrise to evening, and hear nothing of the ojus dunns: they an't admitted into these places of public enjyment and rondyvoo any more than dogs; the centuries at the garden-gate having orders to shuit all such.

Master, then, was in this uncomfrable situation—neither liking to go nor to stay! peeping out at nights to have an interview with his miss; ableagd to shuffle off her repeated questions as to the reason of all this disgeise, and to talk of his two thowsnd a-year, jest as if he had it and didn't owe a shilling in the world.

Of course, now, he began to grow mighty eager for the marritch.

He roat as many noats as she had done befor; swear against delay and cerymony; talked of the pleasures of Hyming, the ardship that the ardor of two arts should be allowed to igspire, the folly of waiting for the consent of Lady Griffin. She was but a step-mother, and an unkind one. Miss was (he said) a major, might marry whom she liked; and suddnly had paid Lady G. quite as much attention as she ought, by paying her the compliment to ask her at all.

And so they went on. The curious thing was, that when master was pressed about his cause for not coming out till night-time, he was misterus; and Miss Griffin, when asked why she wooden marry, igsprest, or rather, *didn't* igsprest, a simlar secrazy. Wasn't it hard? the cup seemed to be at the lip of both of 'em, and yet somehow, they could not manitch to take a drink.

But one morning, in reply to a most desprat epistol wrote by my master over night, Deuceace, delighted, gits an answer from his soal's beluffd, which ran thus:—

MISS GRIFFIN TO THE HON. A. P. DEUCEACE

'DEAREST,—You say you would share a cottage with me; there is no need, luckily, for that! You plead the sad sinking of your spirits at our delayed union. Beloved, do you think *my* heart rejoices at our separation? You bid me disregard the refusal of Lady Griffin, and tell me that I owe her no further duty.

‘Adored Algernon! I can refuse you no more. I was willing not to lose a single chance of reconciliation with this unnatural stepmother. Respect for the memory of my sainted father bid me do all in my power to gain her consent to my union with you; nay, shall I own it? prudence dictated the measure; for to whom should she leave the share of money accorded to her by my father’s will but to my father’s child?’

‘But there are bounds beyond which no forbearance can go; and, thank Heaven, we have no need of looking to Lady Griffin for sordid wealth—we have a competency without her. Is it not so, dearest Algernon?’

‘Be it as you wish, then, dearest, bravest, and best. Your poor Matilda has yielded to you her heart long ago; she has no longer need to keep back her name. Name the hour, and I will delay no more; but seek for refuge in your arms from the contumely and insult which meet me ever here.

‘MATILDA.

‘P.S. Oh, Algernon! if you did but know what a noble part your dear father has acted throughout, in doing his best endeavours to further our plans, and to soften Lady Griffin! It is not *his* fault that she is inexorable as she is. I send you a note sent by her to Lord Crabs; we will laugh at it soon, *n’est-ce pas?*’

II

‘MY LORD,—In reply to your demand for Miss Griffin’s hand, in favour of your son, Mr. Algernon Deuceace, I can only repeat what I before have been under the necessity of stating to you,—that I do not believe a union with a person of Mr. Deuceace’s character would conduce to my step-daughter’s happiness, and therefore *refuse my consent*. I will beg you to communicate the contents of this note to Mr. Deuceace; and implore you no more to touch upon a subject which you must be aware is deeply painful to me.

‘I remain your lordship’s most humble servant,

‘L. E. GRIFFIN.

‘THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CRABS.’

‘Hang her ladyship!’ says my master, ‘what care I for it?’ As for the old lord who’d been so afishous in his kindniss and advice, master recknsiled that pretty well,

with thinking that his lordship knew he was going to marry ten thousand a-year, and igspected to get some share of it ; for he roat back the following letter to his father, as well as a flaming one to miss :

‘ Thank you, my dear father, for your kindness in that awkward business. You know how painfully I am situated just now, and can pretty well guess *both the causes* of my disquiet. A marriage with my beloved Matilda will make me the happiest of men. The dear girl consents, and laughs at the foolish pretensions of her mother-in-law. To tell you the truth, I wonder she yielded to them so long. Carry your kindness a step further, and find for us a parson, a licence, and make us two into one. We are both major, you know ; so that the ceremony of a guardian’s consent is unnecessary.

‘ Your affectionate

‘ ALGERNON DEUCEACE.

‘ How I regret that difference between us some time back ! Matters are changed now, and shall be more still *after the marriage.*’

I knew what my master meant,—that he would give the old lord the money after he was married : and as it was probble that miss would see the letter he roat, he made it such as not to let her see two clearly in to his present uncomfrable situation.

I took this letter along with the tender one for miss, reading both of ’em, in course, by the way. Miss, on getting hers, gave an inegspressable look with the white of her i’s, kist the letter, and prest it to her busm. Lord Crabs read his quite calm, and then they fell-a talking together ; and told me to wait awhile, and I should git an anser.

After a deal of counseltation, my lord brought out a card, and there was simply written on it,

To-morrow, at the Ambassador’s, at Twelve.

‘ Carry that back to your master, Chawls,’ says he, ‘ and bid him not to fail.’

You may be sure I stept back to him pretty quick, and

gave him the card and the mессinge. Master looked sattsatisfied with both ; but suttnly not over happy ; no man is the day before his marridge ; much more his marridge with a hump-back, Harriss though she be.

Well, as he was a-going to depart this bachelor life, he did what every man in such suckmstansies ought to do ; he made his will,—that is, he made a disipation of his property, and wrote letters to his creditors telling them of his lucky chance ; and that after his marridge he would sutnly pay them every stiver. *Before*, they must know his povvaty well enough to be sure that paymint was out of the question.

To do him justas, he seam'd to be inclined to do the thing that was right, now that it didn't put him to any inkinvenients to do so.

'Chawls,' says he, handing me over a tenpun-note, 'Here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs : when you are married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary.'

His vallit ! praps his butler ! Yes, thought I, here's a chance—a vallit to ten thousand a-year. Nothing to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my whiskers grow ; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day ; muffings every night in the house-keeper's room ; the pick of the gals in the servents' hall ; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppra bone reglar once a-week. I knew what a vallit was as well as any genlmn in service ; and this I can tell you, he's genrally a hapier, idler, handsomer, mor genlmnly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlmn *will* leave their silver in their weskit pockets ; more suxess among the gals ; as good dinners, and as good wine—that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in corse they will be if they know which way their interest lies.

But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*. It wasn't roat in the book of fate that I was to be Mr. Deuceace's vallit.

Days will pass at last—even days befor a wedding, (the longist and unpleasantist day in the whole of a man's life, I can tell you, excep, may be, the day before his hanging) ; and at length Aroarer dawned on the suspicious morning which was to unite in the bonds of Hyming the Honrable Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire, and Miss Matilda

Griffin. My master's wardrobe wasn't so rich as it had been ; for he'd left the whole of his nicknax and trumpry of dressing cases and rob dy shams, his bewtifle museum of varnished boots, his curous colleckshn of Stulz and Staub coats, when he had been ableaged to quit so sudnly our pore dear lodginx at the Hôtel Mirabew ; and, being incog at a friend's house, and contentid himself with ordring a couple of shoots of cloves from a common tailor, with a suffisht quantaty of linning.

Well, he put on the best of his coats—a blue ; and I thought it my duty to ask him whether he'd want his frock again : and he was good natured and said, ' Take it and be hanged to you.' And half-past eleven o'clock came, and I was sent to look out at the door, if there were any suspicious charicters (a precious good nose I have to find a bailiff out, I can tell you, and an i which will almost see one round a corner) ; and presnly a very modest green glass-coach droave up, and in master stopt. I didn't, in corse, appear on the box ; because, being known, my appearints might have compromised master. But I took a short cut, and walked as quick as posibl down to the Rue de Foburg St. Honoré, where his exlnsy the English ambasdor lives, and where marridges are always performed betwigst English folk at Paris.

There is, almost nex door to the ambasdor's hotel, another hotel, of that lo kind which the French call cabby-rays, or wine-houses ; and jest as master's green glass-coach pulled up, another coach drove off, out of which came two ladies, whom I knew pretty well,—suffiz, that one had a humpback, and the ingenious reader well knew why *she* came there ; the other was poor Miss Kicksey, who came to see her turned off.

Well, master's glass-coach droav up jest as I got within a few yards of the door ; our carridge, I say, droav up, and stopt. Down gits coachmin to open the door, and comes I to give Mr. Deuceace an arm, when—out of the cabaray shoot four fellows, and draw up betwigst the coach and embassy-doar ; two other chaps go to the other doar of the carridge, and, opening it, one says—'*Rendez vous, M. Deuceace ! Je vous arrête au nom de la loi !*' (which means, ' Get out of that, Mr. D. ; you are nabbed, and no mistake). ' Master turned gashly pail, and sprung to the

other side of the coach, as if a serpint had stung him. He flung open the door, and was for making off that way ; but he saw the four chaps standing betwist libbarty and him. He slams down the front window, and screams out, '*Fouettez, cocher !*' (which means, 'Go it, coachmin !') in a despart loud voice ; but coachmin wooden go it, and besides, was off his box.

The long and short of the matter was, that jest as I came up to the door two of the bums jumped into the carridge. I saw all ; I knew my duty, and so very mornfly I got up behind.

'*Tiens,*' says one of the chaps in the street ; '*c'est ce drôle qui nous a floué l'autre jour.*' I knew 'em, but was too melumcolly to smile.

'*Où irons-nous donc ?*' says coachmin to the genlmn who had got inside.

A deep voice from the intearor shouted out, in reply to the coachmin, '*À SAINTE PELAGIE !*'

And now, praps, I ot to dixcribe to you the humours of the prizn of Sainte Pelagie, which is the French for Fleat, or Queen's Bentch ; but on this subject I'm rather shy of writing, partly because the admiral Boz has, in the history of Mr. Pickwick, made such a dixcripshun of a prizn, that mine wooden read very amyously afterwids ; and, also, because, to tell you the truth, I didn't stay long in it, not being in a humer to waist my igsistance by passing away the ears of my youth in such a dull place.

My fust errint now was, as you may phansy, to carry a noat from my master to his destined bride. The poar thing was sadly taken aback, as I can tell you, when she found, after remaining two hours at the Embassy, that her husband didn't make his appearance. And so, after staying on and on, and yet seeing no husband, she was forsed at last to trudge dishconslit home, where I was already waiting for her with a letter from my master.

There was no use now denying the fact of his arrest, and so he confest it at onst ; but he made a cock-and-bull story of treachery of a friend, infimous fodgery, and Heaven knows what. However, it didn't matter much ; if he had told her that he had been betrayed by the man in the moon, she would have bleavd him.

Lady Griffin never used to appear now at any of my

visits. She kep one drawing-room, and Miss dined and lived alone in another; they quarld so much that praps it was best they should live apart; only my Lord Crabs used to see both, comfortin' each with that winning and innsnt way he had. He came in as Miss, in tears, was lisning to my account of master's seizure, and hopin that the prsn wasn't a horrid place, with a nasty horrid dunjeon, and a dreadfle jailer, and nasty horrid bread and water. Law bless us! she had borrod her ideers from the novvles she had been reading!

'O my lord, my lord,' says she, 'have you heard this fatal story?'

'Dearest Matilda, what? For Heaven's sake, you alarm me! What—yes—no—is it—no, it can't be! Speak!' says my lord, seizing me by the choler of my coat, 'what has happened to my boy?'

'Please you, my lord,' says I, 'he's at this moment in prsn, no wuss,—having been incarserated about two hours ago.'

'In prison! Algernon in prison! 'tis impossible! Imprisoned, for what sum? Mention it, and I will pay to the utmost farthing in my power.'

'I'm sure your lordship is very kind,' says I (recklecting the sean betwixgst him and master, whom he wanted to diddil out of a thowsand lb.); 'and you'll be happy to hear he's only in for a trifle. Five thousand pound is, I think, pretty near the mark.'

'Five thousand pounds!—confusion!' says my lord, clasping his hands, and looking up to heaven, 'and I have not five hundred! Dearest Matilda, how shall we help him?'

'Alas, my lord, I have but three guineas, and you know how Lady Griffin has the——'

'Yes, my sweet child, I know what you would say; but be of good cheer—Algernon, you know, has ample funds of his own.'

Thinking my lord meant Dawkins's five thousand, of which, to be sure, a good lump was left, I held my tung: but I cooden help wondering at Lord Crab's igstream compashn for his son, and miss, with her 10,000*l.* a-year, havin' only 3 guineas in her pockit.

I took home (bless us, what a home?) a long and very inflamable letter from Miss, in which she dixscribed her own sorrow at the disappointment; swear she lov'd him only

the moar for his misfortns ; made light of them ; as a pusson for a paltry sum of five thousand pound ought never to be cast down, 'specially as he had a certain independence in view ; and vowd that nothing, nothing, should ever injuice her to part from him, etsettler, etsettler.

I told master of the conversation which had past betwixt me and my lord, and of his handsome offers, and his horrow at hearing of his son's being taken ; and likewise mentioned how strange it was that miss should only have 3 guineas, and with such a fortn : bless us, I should have thot that she would always have carried a hundred thowsnd lb. in her pockit !

At this master only said Pshaw ! But the rest of the story about his father seemed to dixquiet him a good deal, and he made me repeat it over agin.

He walked up and down the room agytated, and it seam'd as if a new lite was breaking in upon him.

'Chawls,' says he, 'did you observe—did Miss—did my father seem *particularly intimate* with Miss Griffin ?'

'How do you mean, sir ?' says I.

'Did Lord Crabs appear very fond of Miss Griffin ?'

'He was suttnly very kind to her.'

'Come, sir, speak at once ; did Miss Griffin seem very fond of his lordship ?'

'Why, to tell the truth, sir, I must say she seemed *very* fond of him.'

'What did he call her ?'

'He called her his dearest gal.'

'Did he take her hand ?'

'Yes, and he——'

'And he what ?'

'He kist her, and told her not to be so wery down-hearted about the misfortn which had hapnd to you.'

'I have it now !' says he, clinching his fist, and growing gashly pail—'I have it now—the infernal old hoary scoundrel ! the wicked unnatural wretch ! He would take her from me !' And he poured out a volley of oaves which are impossbill to be repeatid here.

I thot as much long ago : and when my lord kem with his vizits so pretious affecksht at my Lady Griffinses, I expected some such game was in the wind. Indeed, I'd heard a somethink of it from the Griffinses servnts, that my lord was mighty tender with the ladies.

One thing, however, was evident to a man of his in-tleckshal capassaties ; he must either marry the gal at onst, or he stood very small chance of having her. He must git out of limbo immediantly, or his respectid father might be stepping into his vaykint shoes. Oh ! he saw it all now—the fust attempt at arest, the marridge fixt at 12 o'clock, and the bayliffs fixt to come and intarup the marridge !—the jewel, praps, betwigest him and De l'Orge : but no, it was the *woman* who did that—a *man* don't deal such fowl blows, igspecially a father to his son : a woman may, poar thing !—she's no other means of reventch, and is used to fight with underhand wepns all her life through.

Well, whatever the pint might be, this Deuceace saw pretty clear that he'd been beat by his father at his own game—a trapp set for him onst, which had been defitted by my presnts of mind—another trap set afterwids, in which my lord had been suxesfle. Now, my lord, roag as he was, was much too good-naterd to do an unkind ackshn, mearly for the sake of doing it. He'd got to that pich that he didn't mind injaries—they were all fair play to him—he gave 'em, and reseav'd them, without a thought of mallis. If he wanted to injer his son, it was to benefick himself. And how was this to be done ? By getting the hairiss to himself, to be sure. The Honrabble Mr. D. didn't say so, but I knew his feelinx well enough—he regretted that he had not given the old genlmn the money he askt for.

Poar fello ! he thought he had hit it ; but he was wide of the mark after all.

Well, but what was to be done ? It was clear that he must marry the gal at any rate—*cootky coot*, as the French say ; that is, marry her, and hang the igspeence.

To do so he must first git out of prisn—to get out of prisn he must pay his debts—and to pay his debts, he must give every shilling he was worth. Never mind : four thousand pound is a small stake to a reglar gambler, igspecially when he must play it, or rot for life in prisn, and when, if he plays it well, it will give him ten thousand a-year.

So, seeing there was no help for it, he maid up his mind, and accordingly wrote the follyng letter to Miss Griffin :—

' MY ADORED MATILDA,—Your letter has indeed been a comfort to a poor fellow, who had hoped that this night would have been the most blessed in his life, and now finds

himself condemned to spend it within a prison wall ! You know the accursed conspiracy which has brought these liabilities upon me, and the foolish friendship which has cost me so much. But what matters ? We have, as you say, enough, even though I must pay this shameful demand upon me ; and five thousand pounds are as nothing, compared to the happiness which I lose in being separated a night from thee ! Courage, however ! If I make a sacrifice, it is for you ; and I were heartless indeed, if I allowed my own losses to balance for a moment against your happiness.

‘ Is it not so, beloved one ? *Is* not your happiness bound up with mine, in a union with me ? I am proud to think so—proud, too, to offer such a humble proof as this of the depth and purity of my affection.

‘ Tell me that you will still be mine ; tell me that you will be mine to-morrow ; and to-morrow these vile chains shall be removed, and I will be free once more—or if bound, only bound to you ! My adorable Matilda ! my betrothed bride ! write to me ere the evening closes, for I shall never be able to shut my eyes in slumber upon my prison couch, until they have been first blest by the sight of a few words from thee ! Write to me, love ! write to me ! I languish for the reply which is to make or mar me for ever.

‘ Your affectionate

‘ A. P. D.’

Having polisht off this epistol, master intrustid it to me to carry, and bade me, at the same time to try and give it into Miss Griffin’s hand alone. I ran with it to Lady Griffinses. I found miss, as I desired, in a solitary condition ; and I presented her with master’s pafewmed Billy.

She read it, and the number of size to which she gave vint, and the tears which she shed, beggar digscription. She wep and sighed until I thought she would bust. She claspt my hand even in her’s, and said, ‘ O Charles ! is he very, very miserable ?’

‘ He is, ma’am,’ says I ; ‘ very miserable indeed—nobody, upon my honour, could be miserablerer.’

On hearing this pethetic remark, her mind was made up at onst : and sitting down to her eskrewtaw, she immediately ableaged master with an answer. Here it is in black and white.

‘My prisoned bird shall pine no more, but fly home to its nest in these arms! Adored Algernon, I will meet thee to-morrow at the same place, at the same hour. Then, then, it will be impossible for aught but death to divide us.
‘M. G.’

This kind of flumry style comes, you see, of reading novvles and cultivating littery purshuits in a small way. How much better is it to be puffickly ignorant of the hart of writing, and to trust to the writing of the heart. This is *my* style : artyfiz I despise, and trust compleatly to natur : but *revmong a no mootong*, as our continental friends remark : to that nice white sheep, Algernon Percy Deuceace, Exquire ; that wenrabble old ram, my Lord Crabs, his father ; and that tender and dellygit young lamb, Miss Matilda Griffi n.

She had just foaldded up into its proper triangular shape the noat transcribed abuff, and I was jest on the point of saying, according to my master’s orders, ‘Miss, if you please, the Honrabble Mr. Deuceace would be very much ableaged to you to keep the seminary which is to take place to morrow a profound se——,’ when my master’s father entered, and I fell back to the door. Miss, without a word, rusht into his arms, bust into tears agin, as was her reglar way (it must be confest she was of a very mist constitution), and showing to him his son’s note, cried, ‘Look my dear lord, how nobly your Algernon, *our* Algernon, writes to me. Who can doubt, after this, of the purity of his matchless affection?’

My lord took the letter, read it, seamed a good deal amyoused, and returning it to its owner, said, very much to my surprise, ‘My dear Miss Griffin, he certainly does seem in earnest ; and if you choose to make this match without the consent of your mother-in-law, you know the consequence, and are of course your own mistress.’

‘Consequences !—for shame, my lord ! A little money, more or less, what matters it to two hearts like ours?’

‘Hearts are very pretty things, my sweet young lady, but Three per-Cents. are better.’

‘Nay, have we not an ample income of our own, without the aid of Lady Griffin?’

My lord shrugged his shoulders. ‘Be it so, my love,’ says he. ‘I’m sure I can have no other reason to

prevent a union which is founded upon such disinterested affection.'

And here the conversation dropt. Miss retired, clasping her hands, and making play with the whites of her i's. My lord began trotting up and down the room, with his hands stuck in his britchis pockits, his countnince lighted up with igstream joy, and singing, to my inordnit igstonishment :

'See the conquering hero comes !

Tiddy diddy doll—tic'dydoll, doll, doll.'

He began singing this song, and tearing up and down the room like mad. I stood amazd—a new light broke in upon me. He wasn't going, then, to make love to Miss Griffin! Master might marry her! Had she not got the for——?

I say, I was just standing stock still, my eyes fixt, my hands puppindicklar, my mouf wide open and these igstrordinary thoughts passing in my mind, when my lord having got to the last 'doll' of his song, just as I came to the sillible 'for' of my ventriloquism, or inward spech—we had eatch jest reached the pint digscribed, when the meditations of both were sudnly stopt, by my lord, in the midst of his singin and trottin match, coming bolt up against poar me, sending me up against one end of the room, himself flying back to the other : and it was only after considrabble agitation that we were at length restored to anything like a liquilibrium.

'What, *you* here, you infernal rascal?' says my lord.

'Your lordship's very kind to notus me,' says I; 'I am here;' and I gave him a look.

He saw I knew the whole game.

And after whisling a bit, as was his habit when puzzled (I bleave he'd have only whisled if he had been told he was to be hanged in five minits), after whisling a bit, he stops sudnly, and coming up to me, says :

'Hearkye, Charles, this marriage must take place to-morrow.'

'Must it, sir?' says I; 'now, for my part, I don't think——'

'Stop, my good fellow; if it does not take place, what do you gain?'

This stagger'd me. If it didn't take place, I only lost a situation, for master had but just enough money to pay

his detts; and it wooden soot my book to serve him in prish or starving.

'Well,' says my lord, 'you see the force of my argument. Now, look here,' and he lugs out a crisp, fluttering, snowy HUNDRED-PUN NOTE! 'if my son and Miss Griffin are married to-morrow, you shall have this; and I will, moreover, take you into my service, and give you double your present wages.'

Flesh and blood cooden bear it. 'My lord,' says I, laying my hand upon my busm, 'only give me security, and I'm yours for ever.'

The old noblemin grind, and pattid me on the shoulder. 'Right, my lad,' says he, 'right—you're a nice promising youth. Here is the best security,' and he pulls out his pockit-book, returns the hundred pun bill, and takes out one for fifty. 'Here is half to-day; to-morrow you shall have the remainder.'

My fingers trembled a little as I took the pretty fluttering bit of paper, about five times as big as any sum of money I had ever had in my life. I cast my i upon the amount: it was a fifty sure enough—a bank post-bill, made payable to *Leonora Emilia Griffin*, and indorsed by her. The cat was out of the bag. Now, gentle reader, I spose you begin to see the game.

'Recollect from this day, you are in my service.'

'My lord, you overpoar me with your favioures.'

'Go to the devil, sir,' says he; 'do your duty, and hold your tongue.'

And thus I went from the service of the Honorabbe Algernon Deuceace to that of his exlnsy the Right Honorabbe Earl of Crabs.

On going back to prish, I found Deuceace locked up in that oajus place to which his igstravygansies had deservedly led him, and felt for him, I must say, a great deal of contempt. A raskle such as he—a swindler, who had robbed poar Dawkins of the means of igsistance; who had cheated his fellow-roag, Mr. Richard Blewitt, and who was making a musnary marridge with a disgusting creacher like Miss Griffin, didn merit any compashn on my part; and I determined quite to keep secret the suckmstansies of my privit interview with his exlnsy my present master.

I gev him Miss Griffinses trianglar, which he read with a

satisfied air. Then, turning to me, says he: 'You gave this to Miss Griffin alone?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You gave her my message?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you are quite sure Lord Crabs was not there when you gave either the message or the note?'

'Not there upon my honour,' says I.

'Hang your honour, sir! Brush my hat and coat, and go *call a coach*, do you hear?'

I did as I was ordered; and on coming back found master in what's called, I think, the *greffe* of the prison. The officer in waiting had out a great register, and was talking to master in the French tongue, in coarse; a number of poor prisoners were looking eagerly on.

'Let us see, my lord,' says he; 'the debt is 98,700 francs; there are capture expenses, interest so much; and the whole sum amounts to a hundred thousand francs, *moins* 13.'

Deuceace, in a very majestic way, takes out of his pocket-book four thousand pun notes. 'This is not French money, but I presume that you know it, M. Greffier,' says he.

The greffier turned round to old Solomon, a money-changer, who had one or two clients in the prison, and happened luckily to be there. 'Les billets sont bons,' says he, 'je les prendrai pour cent mille douze cent francs, et j'espère, my lord, de vous revoir.'

'Good,' says the greffier; 'I know them to be good and I will give my lord the difference, and make out his release.'

Which was done. The poor debtors gave a feeble cheer, as the great double iron gates swung open and clang to again, and Deuceace stepped out, and me after him to breathe the fresh air.

He had been in the place but six hours, and was now free again—free, and to be married to ten thousand a-year next day. But, for all that, he looked very faint and pale. He had put down his great stake; and when he came out of Sainte Pelagie, he had but fifty pounds left in the world!

Never mind—when once the money's down, make your mind easy; and so Deuceace did. He drove back to the Hôtel Mirabew, where he ordered an apartment, infinitely more splendid than before; and I pretty soon told Toinette,

and the rest of the suvvants, how nobly he behayved, and how he valyoud four thousnd pound no more than ditch water. And such was the consquincies of my praises, and the poplarity I got for us boath, that the delighted land-lady immediantly charged him dubble what she would have done, if it hadn been for my stoaries.

He ordered splendid apartmince, then, for the nex week, a carridge and four for Fontainebleau to-morrow at 12 precisely ; and having settled all these things, went quietly to the Roshy de Cancale, where he dined : as well he might, for it was now eight o'clock. I didn't spare the shompang neither that night, I can tell you ; for when I carried the note he gave me for Miss Griffin in the evening, informing her of his freedom, that young lady remarked my hagitated manner of walking and speaking, and said, 'Honest Charles ! he is flusht with the events of the day. Here, Charles, is a napoleon ; take it and drink to your mistress.'

I pockitid it, but I must say, I didn't like the money—it went against my stomick to take it.

CHAPTER IX

THE MARRIAGE

WELL, the nex day came : at 12 the carridge-and-four was waiting at the ambasdor's doar ; and Miss Griffin and the faithfle Kicksy were punctial to the apintment.

I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary—how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple—how one of the embassy footmin was called in to witness the marridge—how miss wep and fainted, as usial—and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the fust weak of the honey-moon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the steps, and bid the postilion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father.

'Is it all over, Chawls ?' said he.

'I saw them turned off at igsackly a quarter past 12, my lord,' says I.

'Did you give Miss Griffin the paper, as I told you, before her marriage ?'

‘I did, my lord, in the presents of Mr. Brown, Lord Bobtail’s man, who can swear to her having had it.’

I must tell you that my lord had made me read a paper which Lady Griffin had written, and which I was comishnd to give in the manner menshnd abuff. It ran to this effect :—

‘According to the authority given me by the will of my late dear husband, I forbid the marriage of Miss Griffin with the Honourable Algernon Percy Deuceace. If Miss Griffin persists in the union, I warn her that she must abide by the consequences of her act.

‘LEONORA EMILIA GRIFFIN.’

‘RUE DE RIVOLI, May 8, 1818.’

When I gave this to Miss as she entered the cortyard, a minnit before my master’s arrivle, she only read it contemptuously, and said, ‘I laugh at the threats of Lady Griffin;’ and she toar the paper in two, and walked on, leaning on the arm of the faithful and obleaging Miss Kicksey.

I picked up the paper for fear of axdents, and brot it to my lord. Not that there was any necessaty, for he’d kep a copy, and made me and another witniss (my Lady Griffin’s solissator) read them both, before he sent either away.

‘Good!’ says he; and he projuiced from his potfolio the fello of that bewchus fifty-pun note, which he’d given me yesterday. ‘I keep my promise, you see, Charles,’ says he. ‘You are now in Lady Griffin’s service, in the place of Mr. Fitzclarence, who retires. Go to Frojé’s, and get a livery.’

‘But, my lord,’ says I, ‘I was not to go into Lady Griffinses service, according to the bargain, but into—’

‘It’s all the same thing,’ says he; and he walked off. I went to Mr. Frojé’s, and ordered a new livry; and found, likewise, that our coachmin, and Munseer Mortimer had been there too. My lady’s livery was changed, and was now of the same color as my old coat, at Mr. Deuceace’s; and I’m blest if there wasn’t a tremenjious great earl’s corronit on the butins, instid of the Griffin rampint, which was worn befoar.

I asked no questions, however, but had myself measured;

and slep that night at the Plas Vandôme. I didn't go out with the carridge for a day or two, though; my lady only taking one footmin, she said, until *her new carridge* was turned out.

I think you can guess what's in the wind *now*!

I bot myself a dressing-case, a box of Ody colong, a few duzen lawn sherts and neckcloths, and other things which were necessary for a genlmn in my rank. Silk stockings was provided by the rules of the house. And I completed the bisniss by writing the follyng ginteel letter to my late master:—

'CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH, ESQUIRE, TO THE
HONOURABLE A. P. DEUCEACE

'SUR,—Suckmstansies have acurd sins I last had the honner of wating on you, which render it impossbil that I should remane any longer in your suvvice, I'll thank you to leave out my thinx, when they come home on Sattady from the wash.

'Your obeajnt servnt,

'CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.'

'PLAS VENDÔME.'

The athography of the abuv noat, I confess, is atrocious; but, *ke voolyvoov*? I was only eighteen, and hadn then the expearance in writing which I've enjide sins.

Having thus done my jewty in evry way, I shall prosead, in the nex chapter, to say what hapnd in my new place.

CHAPTER X

THE HONEY-MOON

THE weak at Fontingblow past quickly away; and at the end of it, our son and daughter-in-law—a pare of nice young tuttle-duvs—returned to their nest, at the Hotel Mirabew. I suspeck that the *cock* turtle-dove was preshos sick of his barging.

When they arriv'd, the fust thing they found on their table was a large parsle wrapt up in silver paper, and a newspaper, and a couple of cards, tied up with a peace of white ribbing. In the parsle was a hansume piece of plum-

cake, with a deal of sugar. On the cards was wrote, in Goffick characters,

Earl of Crabs.

And, in very small Italian,

Countess of Crabs.

And in the paper was the following parrowgraff :—

'MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Yesterday, at the British Embassy, the Right Honourable John Augustus Altamont Plantagenet, Earl of Crabs to Leonora Emilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Griffin, K.C.B. An elegant *déjeuné* was given to the happy couple, by his excellency, Lord Bobtail, who gave away the bride. The *élite* of the foreign diplomacy, the Prince Talleyrand, and Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, on behalf of H.M. the King of France, honoured the banquet and the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Crabs intend passing a few weeks at Saint Cloud.'

The above dockyments, along with my own triffling billy, of which I have also givn a copy, greated Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace on their arrivle from Fontingblo. Not being presnt, I can't say what Deuceace said, but I can fancy how he *lookt*, and how poor Mrs. Deuceace look't. They weren't much inclined to rest after the fiteeg of the junny, for, in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after their arrival at Paris, the hosses were put to the carridge agen, and down they came thundering to our country-house, at St. Cloud (pronounst by those absud Frenchmin Sing Kloo), to interrump our chaste loves, and delishs marridge injymments.

My lord was sittn in a crimson satan dress, lolling on a sofa at an open windy, smoaking seagars, as ushle; her ladyship, who, to du him justice, didn mind the smell, occupied another end of the room, and was working, in wusted, a pare of slippers, or an umbrellore case, or a coal skittle, or some such nonsints. You would have thought to have sean 'em that they had been married a sentry, at least. Well, I bust in upon this conjugal *tatortator*, and said, very much alarmed, 'My lord, here's your son and daughter-in-law.'

‘Well,’ says my lord, quite calm, ‘and what then?’

‘Mr. Deuceace!’ says my lady, starting up, and looking fritened.

‘Yes, my love, my son; but you need not be alarmed. Pray, Charles, say that Lady Crabs and I will be very happy to see Mr. and Mrs. Deuceace; and that they must excuse us receiving them *en famille*. Sit still, my blessing—take things coolly. Have you got the box with the papers?’

My lady pointed to a great green box—the same from which she had taken the papers, when Deuceace fust saw them,—and handed over to my lord a fine gold key. I went out, met Deuceace and his wife on the stepps, gave my messinge, and bowed them palitley in.

My lord didn’t rise, but smoaked away as usual (praps a little quicker, but I can’t say); my lady sate upright, looking handsom and strong. Deuceace walked in, his left arm tied to his breast, his wife and hat on the other. He looked very pale and frightened; his wife, poar thing! had her head berried in her handkerchief, and sobd fit to break her heart.

Miss Kicksey, who was in the room (but I didnt mention her, she was less than nothink in our house), went up to Mrs. Deuceace at onst, and held out her arms—she had a heart, that old Kicksey, and I respect her for it. The poor hunchback flung herself into miss’s arms, with a kind of whooping screech, and kep there for some time, sobbing in quite a historical manner. I saw there was going to be a sean, and so, in cors, left the door ajar.

‘Welcome to Saint Cloud, Algy, my boy!’ says my lord, in a loud, hearty voice. ‘You thought you would give us the slip, eh, you rogue? But we knew it, my dear fellow; we knew the whole affair—did we not, my soul? And, you see, kept our secret better than you did yours.’

‘I must confess, sir,’ says Deuceace, bowing, ‘that I had no idea of the happiness which awaited me, in the shape of a mother-in-law.’

‘No, you dog; no, no,’ says my lord, giggling; ‘old birds, you know, not to be caught with chaff, like young ones. But, here we are, all spliced and happy, at last. Sit down, Algernon; let us smoke a segar, and talk over the perils and adventures of the last month. My love,’ says my lord, turning to his lady, ‘you have no malice

against poor Algernon, I trust? Pray shake *his hand*.' (A grin.)

But my lady rose, and said, 'I have told Mr. Deuceace, that I never wished to see him, or speak to him, more. I see no reason, now, to change my opinion.' And, herewith, she sailed out of the room, by the door through which Kicksey had carried poor Mrs. Deuceace.

'Well, well,' says my lord, as Lady Crabs swept by, 'I was in hopes she had forgiven you; but I know the whole story, and I must confess, you used her cruelly ill. Two strings to your bow!—that was your game, was it, you rogue?'

'Do you mean, my lord, that you know all that past between me and Lady Grif—Lady Crabs, before our quarrel?'

'Perfectly—you made love to her, and she was almost in love with you; you jilted her for money, she got a man to shoot your hand off in revenge; no more dice-boxes, now, Deuceace; no more *sauter la coupe*. I can't think how the deuce you will manage to live without them.'

'Your lordship is very kind, but I have given up play altogether,' says Deuceace, looking mighty black and uneasy.

'Oh, indeed! Benedick has turned a moral man, has he? This is better and better. Are you thinking of going into the church, Deuceace?'

'My lord, may I ask you to be a little more serious?'

'Serious! *à quoi bon*? I am serious—serious in my surprise that, when you might have had either of these women, you should have preferred that hideous wife of yours.'

'May I ask you, in turn, how you came to be so little squeamish about a wife, as to choose a woman who had just been making love to your own son?' says Deuceace, growing fierce.

'How can you ask such a question? I owe forty thousand pounds—there is an execution at Size's Hall—every acre I have is in the hands of my creditors; and that's why I married her. Do you think there was any love? Lady Crabs is a dev'lish fine woman, but she's not a fool—she married me for my coronet, and I married her for her money.'

'Well, my lord, you need not ask me, I think, why I married the daughter-in-law.'

'Yes, but I *do*, my dear boy. How the deuce are you to live? Dawkins's five thousand pounds won't last for ever; and afterwards?'

'You don't mean, my lord,—you don't—I mean, you can't—D—!' says he, starting up, and losing all patience, 'you don't dare to say that Miss Griffin had not a fortune of ten thousand a year?'

My lord was rolling up, and wetting betwixt his lips, another segar; he lookt up, after he had lighted it, and said, quietly,

'Certainly, Miss Griffin had a fortune of ten thousand a year.'

'Well, sir, and has she not got it now? Has she spent it in a week?'

'*She has not got a sixpence now: she married without her mother's consent!*'

Deuceace sunk down in a chair; and I never see such a dreadful picture of despair as there was in the face of that retchid man!—he writhed, and nasht his teeth, he tore open his coat, and wriggled madly the stump of his left hand, until, fairly beat, he threw it over his livid pale face, and, sinking backwards, fairly wept alowd.

Bah! it's a dreddfle thing to hear a man crying! his pashn torn up from the very roots of his heart, as it must be before it can git such a vent. My lord, meanwhile, rolled his segar, lighted it, and went on.

'My dear boy, the girl has not a shilling. I wished to have left you alone in peace, with your four thousand pounds; you might have lived decently upon it in Germany, where money is at 5 per cent, where your duns would not find you, and a couple of hundred a year would have kept you and your wife in comfort. But, you see, Lady Crabs would not listen to it. You had injured her, and, after she had tried to kill you, and failed, she determined to ruin you, and succeeded. I must own to you that I directed the arresting business, and put her up to buying your protested bills; she got them for a trifle, and as you have paid them, has made a good two thousand pounds by her bargain. It was a painful thing, to be sure, for a father to get his son arrested; but *que voulez-vous?* I did not appear in the transaction; she would have you ruined; and it was absolutely necessary that *you* should marry before I could, so I pleaded your cause with Miss Griffin,

and made you the happy man you are. You rogue, you rogue ! you thought to match your old father, did you ? But, never mind ; lunch will be ready soon. In the meantime, have a segar, and drink a glass of Sauterne.'

Deuceace, who had been listening to this speech, sprung up wildly.

'I'll not believe it,' he said ; 'it's a lie, an infernal lie ! forged by you, you hoary villain, and by the murderess and strumpet you have married. I'll not believe it ; show me the will. Matilda ! Matilda !' shouted he, screaming hoarsely, and flinging open the door by which she had gone out.

'Keep your temper, my boy. You *are* vexed, and I feel for you : but don't use such bad language : it is quite needless, believe me.'

'Matilda !' shouted out Deuceace again ; and the poor crooked thing came trembling in, followed by Miss Kicksey.

'Is this true, woman ?' says he, clutching hold of her hand.

'What, dear Algernon ?' says she.

'What ?' screams out Deuceace,—'what ? Why, that you are a beggar, for marrying without your mother's consent—that you basely lied to me, in order to bring about this match—that you are a swindler, in conspiracy with that old fiend yonder, and the she-devil, his wife ?'

'It is true,' sobbed the poor woman, 'that I have nothing, but——'

'Nothing but what ? Why don't you speak, you drivelling fool ?'

'I have nothing !—but you, dearest, have two thousand a year. Is that not enough for us ? You love me for myself, don't you, Algernon ? You have told me so a thousand times—say so again, dear husband ; and do not, do not be so unkind.' And here she sank on her knees, and clung to him, and tried to catch his hand, and kiss it.

'How much did you say ?' says my lord.

'Two thousand a year, sir ; he has told us so a thousand times.'

'*Two thousand !* 'Two thou—ho, ho, ho !—haw ! haw ! haw !' roars my lord. 'That is, I vow, the best thing I ever heard in my life. My dear creature, he has not a shilling—not a single maravedi, by all the gods and goddesses.' And this exlnt noblemin began laffin louder than

ever ; a very kind and feeling genlmn he was, as all must confess.

There was a paws : and Mrs. Deuceace didn begin cussing and swearing at her husband as he had done at her : she only said, ' O Algernon ! is this true ? ' and got up, and went to a chair and wep in quiet.

My lord opened the great box. ' If you or your lawyers would like to examine Sir George's will, it is quite at your service ; you will see here the proviso which I mentioned, that gives the entire fortune to Lady Griffin—Lady Crabs that is ; and here, my dear boy, you see the danger of hasty conclusions. Her ladyship only showed you the *first page of the will* ; of course, she wanted to try you. You thought you made a great stroke in at once proposing to Miss Griffin—do not mind it, my love, he really loves you now very sincerely !—when, in fact, you would have done much better to have read the rest of the will. You were completely bitten, my boy—humbugged, bamboozled—aye, and by your old father, you dog. I told you I would, you know, when you refused to lend me a portion of your Dawkins money. I told you I would ; and I *did*. I had you the very next day. Let this be a lesson to you, Percy my boy ; don't try your luck again against such old hands ; look deuced well before you leap ; *audi alteram partem*, my lad, which means, read both sides of the will. I think lunch is ready ; but I see you don't smoke. Shall we go in ? '

' Stop, my lord,' says Mr. Deuceace, very humble ; ' I shall not share your hospitality—but—but you know my condition ; I am penniless—you know the manner in which my wife has been brought up——'

' The Honourable Mrs. Deuceace, sir, shall always find a home here, as if nothing had occurred to interrupt the friendship between her dear mother and herself.'

' And for me, sir,' says Deuceace, speaking faint, and very slow, ' I hope—I trust—I think, my lord, you will not forget me ? '

' Forget you, sir ; certainly not.'

' And that you will make some provision ? '

' Algernon Deuceace,' says my lord, getting up from the sophy, and looking at him with sich a jolly malignity, as I never see, ' I declare, before Heaven, that I will not give you a penny ! '

Hereupon my lord held out his hand to Mrs. Deuceace, and said, 'My dear, will you join your mother and me? We shall always, as I said, have a home for you.'

'My lord,' said the poor thing, dropping a curtsy, 'my home is with *him*!'

About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves were on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll in the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possible, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

My lord was expatiating to my lady upon the exquisite beauty of the scene, and pouring forth a host of butifles and virtuous sentiments suitable to the hour. It was delightful to hear him. 'Ah!' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies, a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!'

Lady Crabs did not speak, but pressed his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the influences of the scene, and lent on our goad sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly towards it.

Just at the place was a bench, and on the bench sat a poorly dressed woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd seen before. He was dressed in a shabby blue coat, with white seams and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantities of matted hair and whiskers disfigured his countenance. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn't take the slightest notice of him, but passed on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer likewise took our places. As we passed, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstream delixy and good nature, burst into a roar of laughter, peal upon peal, whooping and screaming, enough to frighten the evening silents.

DEUCEACE turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carridge, and pinto to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, *and struck the woman by his side.* She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing. CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

VII

MR. YELLOWPLUSH'S AJEW

[*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1838.]

THE end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondince. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public; becaws I fancy reely that we've become frends, and feal for my part a becoming greaf at saying ajew.

It's imposbill for me to continyow, however, a writin, as I have done—violettting the rules of authography, and trampling upon the fust princepills of English grammar. When I began, I knew no better: when I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accustmd to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last sex weeks I have been learning to spell: and when all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean—when all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambasdors and princes, following the splendid carridge of Marshle the Duke of Damlatiar, and blinking at the pearls and dimince of Prince Oystereasy—Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry—*his* eyes were fixt upon the spelling-book—his heart was bent upon mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*.

You shall here how. Ours, you know, is a Wig house; and ever sins his third son has got a place in the Treasury, his secknd a captingsy in the Guards, his fust, the secretary of embassy at Pekin, with a prospick of being appinted ambasdor at Loo Choo—ever sins master's sons have reseaved these attentions, and master himself has had the promis of a pearitch, he has been the most reglar, consistnt, honrabble Libbaral, in or out of the House of Commins.

Well, being a Whig, it's the fashn, as you know, to



THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE

reseave littery pipples; and accordingly, at dinner, tother day, whose name do you think I had to hollar out on the fust landing-place about a wick ago? After several dukes and markises had been enounced, a very gentell fly drives up to our doar, and out steps two gentlemen. One was pail, and wor spektickles, a wig, and a white neckcloth. The other was slim, with a hook nose, a pail fase, a small waist, a pare of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and a cata-rack of black satting tumbling out of his busm, and falling into a gilt velvet weskit. The little genlmn settled his wigg, and pulled out his ribbins; the younger one fluffed the dust of his shoos, looked at his wiskers in a little pockit-glas, settled his crevatt; and they both mounted up stairs.

'What name, sir?' says I, to the old genlmn.

'Name!—a! now, you thief o' the wurld,' says he, 'do you pretind nat to know *me*? Say it's the Cabinet Cyclopa—no, I mane the Litherary Chran—pscha!—bluthanowns!—say it's DOCTOR DIOCESIAN LARNER—I think he'll know me now—ay, Nid?' But the genlmn called Nid was at the botm of the stare, and pretended to be very busy with his shoo-string. So the little genlmn went up stares alone.

'DOCTOR DIOLESIIUS LARNER!' says I.

'DOCTOR ATHANASIIUS LARDNER!' says Greville Fitz-Roy, our secknd footman, on the fust landing-place.

'Doctor Ignatius Hopola!' says the groom of the chambers, who pretends to be a schollar; and in the little genlmn went. When safely housed, the other chap came; and when I asked him his name, said, in a thick, gobbling kind of voice:

'Sawedwadgeorgeearllittbulwig.'

'Sir what?' says I, quite agast at the name.

'Sawedwad—no, I mean *Mistawedwad* Lyttm Bulwig.'

My neas trembled under me, my i's fild with tiers, my voice shock, as I past up the venrabbble name to the other footman, and saw this fust of English writers go up to the drawing-room!

It's needless to mention the names of the rest of the compny, or to dixcribe the suckmstansies of the dinner. Suffiz to say that the two littery genlmn behaved very well, and seamed to have good appytights; igspecially the little Irishman in the Whig, who et, drunk, and talked as

much as $\frac{1}{2}$ a duzn. He told how he'd been presented at cort by his friend, Mr. Bulwig, and how the quean had received 'em both, a dignity undigscribable, and how her blessid majisty asked what was the bony fidy sale of the Cabinit Cyclopaedy, and how he (Doctor Larner) told her that, on his honner, it was under ten thowsnd.

You may guess that the Doctor, when he made this speach, was pretty far gone. The fact is, that whether it was the coronation, or the goodness of the wine (cappitle it is in our house, *I* can tell you), or the natral propensaties of the gests assembled, which made them so igspECIALly jolly, I don't know, but they had kep up the meating pretty late, and our poar butler was quite tired with the perpechual baskits of clarrit which he'd been called upon to bring up. So that about 11 o'clock, if I were to say they were merry, I should use a mild term; if I wer to say they were intawsicated, I should use an igspresshn more near to the truth, but less rispeckful in one of my situashn.

The company reseaved this annountsmint with mute extonishment.

'Pray, Doctor Larnder,' says a spiteful genlmn, willing to keep up the littery conversation, 'what is the Cabinet Cyclopaedia?'

'It's the littherary wontherr of the wurrl'd,' says he; 'and sure your lordship must have seen it; the latther numbers ispicially—cheap as durrt, bound in gleezed calico, six shillings a vollum. The illusthrious neems of Walther Scott, Thomas Moore, Docther Southey, Sir James Mackintosh, Docthor Donovan, and meself, are to be found in the list of conthributors. It's the Phaynix of Cyclopajies—a litheryary Bacon.'

'A what?' says the genlmn nex to him.

'A Bacon, shining in the darkness of our age; fild wid the pure end lambent flame of science, burning with the gorrgeous scintillations of divine litherature—a *monumentum*, in fact, *are perinnius*, bound in pink calico, six shillings a vollum.'

'This wigmawole,' said Mr. Bulwig (who seemed rather disgusted that his friend should take up so much of the convassation), 'this wigmawole is all vewy well; but it's cuwious that you don't wemember, in chawactewising the litewawy mewits of the vawious magazines, cwonicles, weviews, and encyclopaedias, the existence of a cwitical



THE TWO CELEBRATED LITERARY CHARACTERS AT SIR JOHN'S

weview and litewawy chwonicle, which, though the æwa of its appeawance is dated only at a vewy few months pwevious to the pwesent pewiod is, nevertheless, so we-markable for its intwinsic mewits as to be wead, not in the metwopolis alone, but in the countwy—not in Fwance merely, but in the west of Euwope—wheweuer our pure Wenglish is spoken, it stwetches its peaceful sceptre—pewused in Amewica, fwom New York to Niagawa—wepwinted in Canada, from Montweal to Towonto—and, as I am gwatified to hear fwom my fwend the governor of Cape Coast Castle, wegularly weceived in Afwica, and twanslated into the Mandingo language by the missionawies and the bushwangers. I need not say, gentlemen—sir—that is, Mr. Speaker—I mean, Sir John—that I allude to the Litewawy Chwonicle, of which I have the honour to be pwincipal contwibutor.'

'Very true, my dear Mr. Bullwig,' says my master; 'you and I being Whigs must, of course, stand by our own friends; and I will agree, without a moment's hesitation, that the Literary what-d'ye-calle'm is the prince of periodicals.'

'The Pwince of pewiodicals?' says Bullwig; 'my dear Sir John, it's the empowow of the pwess.'

'*Soit*,—let it be the emperor of the press, as you poetically call it: but, between ourselves, confess it,—Do not the Tory writers beat your Whigs hollow? You talk about magazines. Look at——'

'Look at hwat?' shouts out Larder. 'There's none, Sir Jan, compared to ourrs.'

'Pardon me, I think that——'

'It is Bentley's Mislany you mane?' says Ignatius, as sharp as a niddle.

'Why no; but——'

'O thin, it's Co'burn, sure; and that divvle Thayodor—a pretty paper, sir, but light—thrashy, milk-and-wathery—not sthrong, like the Litherary Chran—good luck to it.'

'Why, Doctor Lander, I was going to tell at once the name of the periodical,—it is FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

'FRASER!' says the Doctor. 'O thunder and turf!'

'FWASER!' says Bullwig. 'O—ah—hum—haw—yes—no—why,—that is weally—no, weally, upon my weputation, I never before heard the name of the pewiodical. By

the by, Sir John, what wemarkable good clawet this is ; is it Lawose or Laff—— ?’

Laff, indeed ! he cooden git beyond laff ; and I’m blest if I could kip it neither,—for hearing him pretend ignurnts, and being behind the skreend, settlin sumthink for the genlmn, I bust into such a raw of laffing as never was igseeded.

‘Hullo !’ says Bullwig, turning red. ‘Have I said anything impwobable, aw widiculous ? for, weally, I never befaw wecollect to have heard in society such a twemendous peal of cachinnation,—that which the twagic bard who fought at Mawathon has called an *anëwithmon gelasma*.’

‘Why, be the holy piper,’ says Larder, ‘I think you are dthrawing a little on your imagination. Not read *Fraser* ! Don’t believe him, my lord duke ; he reads every word of it, the rogue ! The boys about that magazine baste him as if he was a sack of oatmale. My reason for crying out, Sir Jan, was because you mintioned *Fraser* at all. Bullwig has every syllable of it be heart—from the paillitix down to the “Yellowplush Correspondence.”’

‘Ha, ha !’ says Bullwig, affecting to laff (you may be sure my years prickt up when I heard the name of the ‘Yellowplush Correspondence’). ‘Ha, ha ! why, to tell twuth, I *have* wead the covespondence to which you allude ; it’s a gweat favowite at court. I was talking with Spwing Wice and John Wussell about it the other day.’

‘Well, and what do you think of it ?’ says Sir John, looking mity waggish,—for he knew it was me who roat it.

‘Why, weally and twuly, there’s considewable cleverness about the cweature ; but it’s low, disgustingly low : it violates pwobability, and the orthogwaphy is so carefully inaccurate, that it requires a positive study to compwehend it.’

‘Yes, faith,’ says Larder, ‘the arthagraphy is detestible ; it’s as bad for a man to write bad spillin as it is for ’em to speak wid a brrouge. Idueation furst, and ganius afterwards. Your health, my lord, and good luck to you.’

‘Yaw wemark,’ says Bullwig, ‘is vewy appwopwiate. You will wecollect, Sir John, in Hewodotus (as for you, doctor, you know more about Iwish than about Gweek),—you will wecollect, without doubt, a stowy nawwated by that cwedulous though fascinating chwonicle, of a certain kind of sheep which is known only in a certain distwict of

Awabia, and of which the tail is so enormous, that it either dwaggles on the gwound, or is bound up by the shepherds of the country into a small wheelbawwow, or cart, which makes the chwonicker sneewingly wemark, that thus "the sheep of Awabia have their own chawiots." I have often thought, sir (this clawet is weally nectaweous)—I have often, I say, thought that the wace of man may be com-pawed to these Awabian sheep—genius is our tail, education our wheelbawwow. Without art and education to pwop it, this genius dwops on the gwound, and is polluted by the mud, or injured by the wocks upon the way : with the wheelbawwow it is stwengthened, incweased, and supported—a pwide to the owner, a blessing to mankind.'

'A very appropriate simile,' says Sir John ; 'and I am afraid that the genius of our friend Yellowplush has need of some such support.'

'*Aprapos*,' said Bullwig ; 'who is Yellowplush ? I was given to understand that the name was only a fictitious one, and that the papers were written by the author of the *Diary of a Physician* ; if so, the man has wonderfully improved in style, and there is some hope of him.'

'Bah !' says the Duke of Doublejowl ; 'everybody knows it's Barnard, the celebrated author of *Sam Slick*.'

'Pardon, my dear duke,' says Lord Bagwig ; 'it's the authoress of *High Life*, *Almacks*, and other fashionable novels.'

'Fiddlestick's end !' says Doctor Larnner ; 'don't be blushing, and pretending to ask questions : don't we know you, Bullwig ! It's you yourself, you thief of the world ; we smoked you from the very beginning.'

Bullwig was about indignantly to reply, when Sir John interrupted them, and said,—'I must correct you all, gentlemen ; Mr. Yellowplush is no other than Mr. Yellowplush : he gave you, my dear Bullwig, your last glass of champagne at dinner, and is now an inmate of my house and an ornament of my kitchen !'

'Gad !' says Doublejowl, 'let's have him up.'

'Hear, hear !' says Bagwig.

'Ah, now,' says Larnner, 'your grace is not going to call up and talk to a footman, sure ? Is it gintale ?'

'To say the least of it,' says Bullwig, 'the pwactice is iwwegular, and indecowous ; and I weally don't see how the interview can be in any way pwofitable.'

But the vices of the company went against the two littery men, and every body excep them was for having up poor me. The bell was wrung; butler came. 'Send up Charles,' says master; and Charles, who was standing behind the skreand, was persnly abliged to come in.

'Charles,' says master, 'I have been telling these gentlemen who is the author of the "Yellowplush Correspondence" in *Fraser's Magazine*.'

'It's the best magazine in Europe,' says the duke.

'And no mistake,' says my lord.

'Hwat!' says Larnner; 'and where's the Litherary Chran?'

I said myself nothink, but made a bough, and blusht like pickle cabbitch.

'Mr. Yellowplush,' says his grace, 'will you, in the first place, drink a glass of wine?'

I boughed agin.

'And what wine do you prefer, sir? humble port or imperial burgundy?'

'Why, your grace,' says I, 'I know my place, and aint above kitchin wines. I will take a glass of port, and drink it to the health of this honrabbble compny.'

When I'd swigged off the bumper, which his grace himself did me the honour to pour out for me, there was a silints for a minnit; when my master said:

'Charles Yellowplush, I have perused your memoirs in *Fraser's Magazine* with so much curiosity, and have so high an opinion of your talents as a writer, that I really cannot keep you as a footman any longer, or allow you to discharge duties for which you are now quite unfit. With all my admiration for your talents, Mr. Yellowplush, I still am confident that many of your friends in the servants' hall will clean my boots a great deal better than a gentleman of your genius can ever be expected to do—it is for this purpose that I employ footmen, and not that they may be writing articles in magazines. But—you need not look so red, my good fellow, and had better take another glass of port—I don't wish to throw you upon the wide world without means of a livelihood, and have made interest for a little place which you will have under government, and which will give you an income of eighty pounds per annum, which you can double, I presume, by your literary labours.'

'Sir,' says I, clasping my hands, and busting into tears, 'do not—for Heaven's sake, do not!—think of any such think, or drive me from your suvvice, because I have been fool enough to write in magaseens. Glans but one moment at your honor's plate—every spoon is as bright as a mirror; condysend to igsamine your shoes—your honour may see reflected in them the fases of every one in the company. I blacked them shoes, I cleaned that there plate. If occasionally I've forgot the footman in the litterary man, and committed to paper my remindicences of fashnabble life, it was from a sincere desire to do good, and promote nollitch: and I appeal to your honour,—I lay my hand on my busm, and in the fase of this noble company beg you to say, When you rung your bell, who came to you fust? When you stopt out at Brooke's till morning, who sate up for you? When you was ill, who forgot the natral dignities of his station, and answered the two-pair bell? O sir,' says I, 'I know what's what; don't send me away. I know them littery chaps, and, beleave me, I'd rather be a footman. The work's not so hard—the pay is better: the vittels incompyrably supearor. I have but to clean my things, and run my errints, and you put clothes on my back, and meat in my mouth: Sir! Mr. Bullwig! an't I right? shall I quit *my* station and sink—that is to say, rise—to *yours*?'

Bullwig was violently affected; a tear stood in his glistening i. 'Yellowplush,' says he, seizing my hand, 'you *are* right. Quit not your present occupation; black boots, clean knives, wear plush, all your life, but don't turn litterary man. Look at me. I am the first novelist in Europe. I have ranged with eagle wing over the wide regions of literature, and perched on every eminence in its turn. I have gazed with eagle eyes on the sun of philosophy, and fathomed the mysterious depths of the human mind. All languages are familiar to me, all thoughts are known to me, all men understood by me. I have gathered wisdom from the honeyed lips of Plato, as we wandered in the gardens of Acadames—wisdom, too, from the mouth of Job Johnson, as we smoked our 'backy in Seven Dials. Such must be the studies, and such is the mission, in this world, of the Poet-Philosopher. But the knowledge is only emptiness; the initiation is but misery; the initiated, a man shunned and bann'd by his fellows. O,' said Bullwig,

clasping his hands, and throwing his fine i's up to the chan-delier, 'the curse of Pwometheus descends upon his wace. Wath and punishment pursue them from genewation to genewation! Wo to genius, the heaven-scaler, the fire-stealer! Wo and thrice bitter desolation! Earth is the wock on which Zeus, wemorseless, stwetches his withing victim—men, the vultures that feed and fatten on him. Ai, Ai! it is agony eternal—gwoaning and solitawy despair! And you, Yellowplush, would penetwate these mystewies:—you would waise the awful veil, and stand in the twemen-dous Pwesence. Beware; as you value your peace, beware! Withdwaw, wash Neophyte! For Heaven's sake—O, for Heaven's sake!'—here he looked round with agony—'give me a glass of bwandy and water, for this clawet is beginning to disagwee with me.'

Bullwig having concluded this spitch, very much to his own sattasfackshn, looking round to the compny for aplaws, and then swigged off the glass of brandy and water, giving a sollum sigh as he took the last gulph; and then Doctor Ignatius, who longed for a chans, and, in order to show his independence, began flatly contradicting his friend, and addressed me, and the rest of the genlmn present, in the following manner:—

'Hark ye,' says he, 'my gossoon, doant be led asthray by the nonsense of that divil of a Bullwig. He's jillous of ye, my bhoy; that's the rale, undoubted thruth; and it's only to keep you out of litherary life that he's palavering you in this way: I'll tell you what—Plush, ye blackguard,—my honourable frind, the mimber there, has told me a hunder times by the smallest computation of his intense admiration of your talents, and the wonderful sthir they were making in the worlld. He can't bear a rival. He's mad with envy, hatred, oncharatableness. Look at him, Plush, and look at me. My father was not a juke exactly, nor aven a markis, and see, nevertheliss, to what a pitch I am come. I spare no ixpinse; I'm the iditor of a cople of pariodicals; I dthrive about in me carridge; I dine wid the lords of the land; and why—in the name of the piper that pled before Mosus, hwy? Because I'm a lihterary man. Because I know how to play me cards. Because I'm Dochter Larnar, in fact, and mimber of every society in and out of Europe. I might have remained all my life in Thrinity Colledge. and never made such an incom as

that offered you by Sir Jan ; but I came to London—to London, my boy, and now, see ! Look again at me friend, Bullwig. He is a gentleman, to be sure, and bad luck to 'im, say I ; and what has been the result of his lithrary labour ? I'll tell you what, and I'll tell this gintale society, by the shade of Saint Patrick, they're going to make him A BARINET.'

'A BARNET, Doctor !' says I ; 'you don't mean to say they're going to make him a barnet !'

'As sure as I've made meself a docthor,' says Larnar.

'What, a baronet, like Sir John ?'

'The divle a bit else.'

'And pray what for ?'

'What faw ?' says Bullwig. 'Ask the histowry of lit-watuwe what faw ? Ask Colburn, ask Bentley, ask Saunders and Otley, ask the gweat Bwewish nation, what faw ? The blood in my veins comes puwified thwough ten thousand years of chivalwous ancestwy ; but that is neither here nor there : my political principles—the equal wights which I have advocated—the gweat cause of fwedom that I have celebated, are known to all. But this, I confess, has nothing to do with the question. No, the question is this—on the thwone of litewature I stand unwivalled, pwe-eminent ; and the Bwewish government, honowing genius in me, compliments the Bwewish nation by lifting into the bosom of the heweditawy nobility, the most gifted member of the democwacy.' (The honrabble genlm here sunk down amidst repeated cheers.)

'Sir John,' says I, 'and my lord duke, the words of my rivrint frend, Ignatius, and the remarks of the honrabble genlmn who has just sate down, have made me change the detummination which I had the honor of igspressing just now.

'I igsept the eighty pound a-year ; knowing that I shall have plenty of time for pursuing my littery career, and hoping some day to set on that same bentch of barranites, which is deckarated by the presnts of my honrabble friend.

'Why shooden I ? It's trew I aint done anythink as *yet* to deserve such an honour ; and it's very probable that I never shall. But what then ?—*quaw dong*, as our friends say. I'd much rayther have a coat of arms than a coat of livry. I'd much rayther have my blud-red hand spralink in the middle of a shield, than underneath a tea-tray.

A barranit I will be, and, in consiquints, must cease to be a footmin.

'As to my politticle princepills, these, I confess, aint settled : they are, I know, necessary ; but they aint necessary *until askt for* ; besides, I reglar read the *Sattarist* newspaper, and so ignirince on this pint would be inigscusable.

'But if one man can git to be a doctor, and another a barranit, and another a capting in the navy, and another a countess, and another the wife of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope, I begin to perseave that the littery trade aint such a very bad un ; igspecially if you're up to snough, and know what's o'clock. I'll learn to make myself usefle, in the fust place ; then I'll larn to spell ; and, I trust, by reading the novvles of the honrabble member, and the scientifick treatiseses of the reverend doctor, I may find the secrit of suxess, and git a litell for my own share. I've sevrал friends in the press, having paid for many of those chaps' drink, and given them other treets ; and so I think I've got all the emilents of suxess ; therefore, I am detumined, as I said, to igsept your kind offer, and beg to withdraw the wuds which I made yous of when I refyoused your hoxpatable offer. I must, however——'

'I wish you'd withdraw yourself,' said Sir John, bursting into a most igstrorinary rage, 'and not interrupt the company with your infernal talk ! Go down, and get us coffee ; and, heark ye ! hold your impertinent tongue, or I'll break every bone in your body. You shall have the place, as I said ; and while you're in my service, you shall be my servant ; but you don't stay in my service after to-morrow. Go down stairs, sir ; and don't stand staring here !'

In this abrupt way, my evening ended : it's with a melancholy regret that I think what came of it. I don't wear plush any more. I am an altered, a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

I'm about a novvle (having made great progriss in spelling), in the style of my friend Bullwig ; and preparing for publication, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, *The Lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Washerwomen.*

CHARLES YELLOWPLUSH.

VIII

EPISTLES TO THE LITERATI

[*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1840.]

CH-S Y-LL-WPL-SH, ESQ., TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER
BT. JOHN THOMAS SMITH, ESQ., TO C—S Y—H, ESQ.

NOTUS

THE suckmstansies of the following harticle are as follos :—
Me and my friend, the sellabrated Mr. Smith, reckonized each other in the Haymarket Theatre, during the performints of the new play. I was settn in the gallery, and sung out to him (he was in the pit), to jine us after the play, over a glass of bear and a cold hoyster, in my pantry, the family being out.

Smith came as appinted. We descorsed on the subjick of the comady ; and, after sefral glases, we each of us agreed to write a letter to the other, giving our notiums of the pease. Paper was brought that momint ; and Smith writing his harticle across the knife-board, I dasht off mine on the dresser.

Our agreement was, that I (being remarkabble for my style of riting) should cretasize the languidge, whilst he should take up with the plot of the play ; and the candied reader will parding me for having holtered the original address of my letter, and directed it to Sir Edward himself ; and for having incopperated Smith's remarks in the midst of my own.

MAYFAIR, Nov. 30, 1839. Midnite.

HONRABBLE BARNET !—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think anythink would injuice me to come forrards again ; for I was content with my share of reputation, and propoas'd to add nothink to those immortal wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sally-brated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my re-apperants ?—a desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures ? Fiddlestick ! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die ? Nonsince—stuff : money's the secret, my dear Barnet,—money—*l'argong, gelt, spicunia*.

Here's quarter-day coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwigest you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y—— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fiteagued by his superhuman littery labors, or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter : my maxim, dear B, is on these pints to be as quiet as posbile. What the juice does the public care for you or me ? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a talking about ourselves an our igstrodnary merrats, woas, and injaries ? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a friendly way ; and praps you'll find my advise tolrabbly holesum.

Well, then,—if you care about the apinions, fur good or evil, of us poor suvvants, I tell you, in the most candied way, I like you, Barnet. I've had my fling at you in my day (for, *entry nou*, that last stoary I roat about you and Larnder was as big a bownsir as ever was)—I've had my fling at you ; but I like you. One may object to an im-mence deal of your writings, which, betwigest you and me, contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own ; but, in spite of this, there's the *stuff* in you : you've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps ; a kean i, igspecially for what's comic (as for your tradgady, it's mighty flatchulent), and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet ! not that I suppose you wil,—for, if I've formed a correck apinion of you from your wucks, you think your small-beear as good as most men's : every man does,—and why not ? We brew, and we love our own tap—amen ; but the pint betwigest us, is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shood they, my dear Barnet ? You may vow that they are fools ; or that the critix are your enemies ; or that the wuld should judge your poams by your critticle rules, and not their own : you may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man ! you're not so misrabbble after all ; your spirits need not be so *very* cast down ; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles,

pamphlicks, and little odd jobs here and there—your t'ree thowsnd a-year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why shouldn't you? Three thowsnd a-year is no such bad thing,—let alone the barnetcy: it must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skutching.

But don't you sea, that in a wuld naturally envious, wickid, and fond of a joak, this very barnetcy, these very cumplaints,—this ceaseless groning, and moning, and wining of yours, is igsackly the thing which makes people laff and snear more? If you were ever at a great school, you must recklect who was the boy most bullid, and buffitid, and purs Hewd—he who minded it most. He who could take a basting got but few; he who rord and wep because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed wuss and wuss. I recklect there was at our school, in Smithfield, a chap of this milksop, spoony sort, who appeared among the romping, ragged fellers in a fine flanning dressing-gownd, that his mama had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a way that his dear ma and aunts didn't know him: his fine flanning dressing-gownd was torn all to ribbings, and he got no pease in the school ever after, but was abliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was paid off igsactly in the same way.

Do you take the halligory, my dear Barnet? *Mutayto nominy*—you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetcy is the dressing-gownd. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps, and they all begin to sault and hustle you; it's human nature, Barnet. You show weakness, think of your dear ma, mayhap, and begin to cry: it's all over with you; the whole school is at you—upper boys and under, big and little; the dirtiest little fag in the place will pipe out blaggerd names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperracies is to put a pair of stowt shoalders forrards, and bust through the crowd of raggymuffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fistt, and cries, 'Wha dares meddle wi' me?' When Scott got *his* barnetcy, for instans, did any one of us cry out? No, by the laws, he was our master; and wo betide the chap that said neigh to him! But there's barnets and barnets. Do you recklect that fine chapter in *Squintin Durward*, about the too fellos and cups, at the siege of the bishop's

castle ? One of them was a brave warriar, and kep *his* cup ; they strangled the other chap—strangled him, and laffed at him too.

With respeck, then, to the barnetcy pint, this is my advice ; brazen it out. Us littery men I take to be like a pack of school-boys—childish, greedy, envious, holding by our friends, and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduct among such ? He must either take no notice, and pass on myjastick, or else turn round and pummle soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong over the face and eyes ; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago, for instans (we've no ill blood, but only mention this by way of igsample), you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless you, such a ridicklus gaym I never see : a man so belaybord, befustered, bewolloped, was never known ; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press ; you have not the *staminny* for a reglar set-to. What, then, is your plan ? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can ; you won't be undistubbed. Who is ? Some stray kix and buffits will fall to you—mortal man is subjack to such ; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a marter, wo betide you !

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfect good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the *Sea-Capting*, and prefiz to it ; which latter is on matters intirely pusnal, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominam* (as they say) diskushion. I propose, honrabble Barnit, to cumsider calmly this play and prephiz, and to speak of both with that honisty which, in the pantry or studdy, I've been always phamous for. Let us, in the first place, listen to the opening of the ' Preface of the Fourth Edition ' :

' No one can be more sensible than I am of the many faults and deficiencies to be found in this play ; but, perhaps, when it is considered how very rarely it has happened in the history of our dramatic literature that good acting plays have been produced, except by those who have either been actors themselves, or formed their habits of literature, almost of life, behind the scenes, I might have looked for a criticism more generous, and less exacting and rigorous, than that by which the attempts of an author accustomed

to another class of composition have been received by a large proportion of the periodical press.

‘It is scarcely possible, indeed, that this play should not contain faults of two kinds : first, the faults of one who has necessarily much to learn in the mechanism of his art : and, secondly, of one who, having written largely in the narrative style of fiction, may not infrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. I may add to these, perhaps, the deficiencies that arise from uncertain health and broken spirits, which render the author more susceptible than he might have been some years since to that spirit of depreciation and hostility which it has been his misfortune to excite amongst the general contributors to the periodical press ; for the consciousness that every endeavour will be made to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible, to *run down*, will occasionally haunt even the hours of composition, to check the inspiration, and damp the ardour.

‘Having confessed thus much frankly and fairly, and with a hope that I may ultimately do better, should I continue to write for the stage (which nothing but an assurance that, with all my defects, I may yet bring some little aid to the drama, at a time when any aid, however humble, ought to be welcome to the lovers of the art, could induce me to do), may I be permitted to say a few words as to some of the objections which have been made against this play ?’

Now, my dear sir, look what a pretty number of please you put forrards here, why your play shouldn’t be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors.

Secknd. You are a novice to the style of composition.

Third. You *may* be mistaken in your effects, being a novelist by trade, and not a play-writer.

Fourthly. Your in such bad helth and sperrits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critix, that they damp your arder.

For shame, for shame, man ! What confeshns is these, —what painful pewling and piping ! Your not a babby. I take you to be some seven or eight and thutty years old —‘in the morning of youth,’ as the flosopher says. Don’t let any such nonsince take your reazn prisoner. What you, an old hand amongst us,—an old soljer of our sovring quean the press,—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (aye, and *deserved* them too !—I gif you leaf to quot me in sasiaty, and say, ‘*I am a man of genius : Y-ll-wpl-sh says so*’),—you to lose heart, and cry pickavy, and begin to howl, because little boys fling stones at you ! Fie, man ! take courage ; and, bearing the terrows of your blood-red hand, as the poet says, punish us, if

we've ofended you, punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don't try to come off with such misrabbble lodgic as that above.

What do you ? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the secknd is naught,—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this being the forth). You show that the play must be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critix for finding folt !

Was there ever wuss generalship ? The play *is* bad,—your right,—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so ? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it ? *Because you wish to serve the drama !* O fie ! don't lay that flattering function to your sole, as Milton observes. Do you believe that this *Sea-Capting* can serve the drama ? Did you never intend that it should serve any thing, or any body *else* ? Of cors you did ! You wrote it for money,—money from the maniger, money from the bookseller,—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakspeare wrote for the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting about great motifs ! Let us not be too prowld, my dear Barnet, and fansy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly ; but don't let us be praying pompisly about our 'sacred calling.' The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvit collars)—I say Stulze, or Nugee, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eturnle truth of tayloring, with just as much reazn ; and who would believe them ?

Well ; after this acknollitchmint that the play is bad, come sefral pages of attack on the critix, and the folt those gentry have found with it. With these I shan't middle for the presnt. You defend all the characters 1 by 1, and conclude your remarks as follows :—

'I must be pardoned for this disquisition on my own designs. When every means is employed to misrepresent, it becomes, perhaps, allowable to explain. And if I do not think that my faults as a dramatic author are to be found in the study and delineation of character, it is precisely because *that* is the point on which all my previous pursuits in literature and actual life would be most likely to preserve me from the errors I own elsewhere, whether of misjudgement or inexperience.

'I have now only to add my thanks to the actors for the zeal and talent with which they have embodied the characters intrusted to them. The sweetness and grace with which Miss Faucit embellished the part of Violet, which, though only a sketch, is most necessary to the colouring and harmony of the play, were perhaps the more pleasing to the audience from the generosity, rare with actors, which induced her to take a part so far inferior to her powers. The applause which attends the performance of Mrs. Warner and Mr. Strickland attests their success in characters of unusual difficulty; while the singular beauty and nobleness, whether of conception or execution, with which the greatest of living actors has elevated the part of Norman (so totally different from his ordinary range of character), is a new proof of his versatility and accomplishment in all that belongs to his art. It would be scarcely gracious to conclude these remarks without expressing my acknowledgement of that generous and indulgent sense of justice which, forgetting all political differences in a literary arena, has enabled me to appeal to approving audiences—from hostile critics. And it is this which alone encourages me to hope that, sooner or later, I may add to the dramatic literature of my country something that may find, perhaps, almost as many friends in the next age as it has been the fate of the author to find enemies in this.'

See, now, what a good comfrabble vanaty is! Pepple have quarld with the dramatic characters of your play. 'No,' says you; 'if I *am* remarkabble for anythink, it's for my study and delineation of character; *that* is presizely the pint to which my littery purshuits have led me.' Have you read Jil Blaw, my dear sir? Have you pirouzed that exlent tragady, the *Critic*? There's something so like this in Sir Fretful Plaguy, and the Archbishop of Granadiers, that I'm blest if I can't laff till my sides ake. Think of the critix fixing on the very pint for which you are famus!—the roags! And spose they had said the plot was absudd, or the langwitch absudder, still, don't you think you would have had a word in defens of them too—you who hope to find frends for your dramatic wux in the nex age? Poo! I tell thee, Barnet, that the nex age will be wiser and better than this; and do you think that it will imply itself a reading of your trajadies? This is misantrophy, Barnet—reglar Byronism; and you ot to have a better apinian of human natur.

Your apinion about the actors I shan't here middle with. They all acted exlently as far as my humbile judgement goes, and your write in giving them all possible prays. But let's consider the last sentence of the prefiz, my dear

Barnet, and see what a pretty set of apiniuns you lay down.

1. The critix are your inymies in this age.
2. In the nex, however, you hope to find newmrous frends.
3. And it's a satisfackshn to think that, in spite of politicle diffrances, you have found frendly aujences here.

Now, my dear Barnet, for a man who begins so humbly with what my friend Father Prout calls an *argamantum ad misericorjam*, who ignoledges that his play is bad, that his pore dear helth is bad, and those cussid critix have played the juice with him—I say, for a man who begins in such a humbill toan, it's rayther *rich* to see how you end.

My dear Barnet, *do* you suppose that *politicle diffrances* prejudice pepple against *you*? What *are* your politix? Wig, I presume—so are mine, *ontry noo*. And what if they *are* Wig, or Raddiccle, or Cumsuvvative? Does any mortal man in England care a phig for your politix? Do you think yourself such a mity man in parlymint, that critix are to be angry with you, and aujences to be cumsidered magnanamous because they treat you fairly? There, now, was Sherridn, he who roat the *Rifles* and *School for Scandle* (I saw the *Rifles* after your play, and, O Barnet, if you *knew* what a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridn—he *was* a politicle character, if you please—he *could* make a spitch or two—do you spose that Pitt Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, wooden go to see the *Rivles*—aye, and clap hands too, and laff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you spose the critix wouldn't applaud too? For shame, Barnet! what ninnis, what hartless raskles, you must beleave them to be,—in the fust plase, to fancy that you are a politicle genius; in the seeknd, to let your politix interfear with their notiums about littery merits!

'Put that nonsince out of your head,' as Fox said to Bonypart. Wasn't it that great genus, Dennis, that wrote in Swift and Poop's time, who fansid that the French king wooden make pease unless Dennis was delivered up to him? Upon my wud, I doant think he carrid his didlusion much further than a serting honrabble barnet of my aquentance.

And, then, for the nex age. Respected sir, this is another diddlusion; a grose mistake on your part, or my

name is not Y—sh. These plays immortal ? Ah, *parry-sampe*, as the French say, this is too strong—the small-beer of the *Sea-Capting*, or of any suxessor of the *Sea-Capting*, to keep sweet for sentries and sentries ! Barnet, Barnet ! do you know the natur of bear ? Six weeks is not past, and here your last casque is sour—the public won't even now drink it ; and I lay a wager that, betwixt this day (the thuttieth November) and the end of the year, the barl will be off the stox altogether, never, never to return.

I've notted down a few frazes here and there, which you will do well to igsamin :—

NORMAN.

' The eternal Flora
Wooses to her odorous haunts the western wind ;
While circling round and upwards from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released.
Hangs in the air, and from in isible plumes
Shakes sweetness down !'

NORMAN.

' And these the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting linger'd, as the fragrance left
By *angels* when they touch the earth and vanish.'

NORMAN.

' Hark ? she has blessed her son ! I bid ye witness,
Ye listening heavens—thou circumambient air :
The ocean sighs it back—and with the murmur
Rustle the happy leaves. All nature breathes
Aloud—aloft—to the Great Parent's ear,
The blessing of the mother on her child.'

NORMAN.

' I dream of love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,
Which I can take unsullied to the *stars*,
When the Great Father calls His children home.'

NORMAN.

' The blue air, breathless in the *starry* peace,
After long silence hushed as heaven, but filled
With happy thoughts as heaven with *angels*.'

NORMAN.

'Till one calm night, when over earth and wave
Heaven looked its love from all its numberless *stars*.'

NORMAN.

'Those eyes, the guiding *stars* by which I steered.'

NORMAN.

'That great mother
(The only parent I have known), whose face
Is bright with gazing ever on the *stars*—
The mother-sea.'

NORMAN.

'My bark shall be our home ;
The *stars* that light the *angel* palaces
Of air, our lamps.'

NORMAN.

'A name that glitters, like a *star*, amidst
The galaxy of England's loftiest born.'

LADY ARUNDEL.

'And see him princeliest of the lion tribe,
Whose swords and coronals gleam around the throne,
The guardian *stars* of the imperial isle.'

The fust spissymen has been going the round of all the papers, as real, reglar poatry. Those wickid critix ! they must have been laffing in their sleafs when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and uppards from the bows, like a happy soul released, hangs in the air, and from invizable plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly ! but let mortal man tell the meanink of the passidge. Is it *musickle* sweetniss that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings, that is, or tail—or some pekewliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the trees when they are suckling round and uppards ? Is this poatry, Barnet ? Lay your hand on your busm, and speak out boldly : Is it poatry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commanest test of comman sence ?

In passidge number 2, the same bisniss is going on, though in a more comprehensable way : the air, the leaves, the otion, are fild with emocean at Capting Norman's happi-

ness. Pore Nature is dragged in to partisapate in his joys, just as she has been befor. Once in a poem, this universle simfithy is very well ; but once is enuff, my dear Barnet : and that once should be in some great suckmstans, surely, —such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in *Paradice Lost*, or Jewpeter and Jewno, in Hoamer, where there seems, as it were, a reasn for it. But sea-captings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods, hevns, starrs, angels, and other silestial influences. We can all do it, Barnet ; nothing in life is esier. I can compare my livry buttons to the stars, or the clouds of my backopipe to the dark vollums that isheiw from Mount Hetna ; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco silf, like a happy sole released, is circling round and upwards, and shaking sweetness down. All this is as esy as drink ; but it's not poatry, Barnet, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonize them, don't howl about the suckumambient air, and paws to think of the happy leaves a rustling—at least, one mistrusts them if they do. Take another instans out of your own play. Capting Norman (with his eternll *slack-jaw* !) meets the gal of his art :—

'Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping ? fie !
And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.
In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter.
Look up ! I come to woo thee to the seas,
My sailor's bride ! Hast thou no voice but blushes ?
Nay—From those roses let me, like the bee,
Drag forth the secret sweetness !'

VIOLET.

'Oh, what thoughts
Were kept for *speech* when we once more should meet,
Now blotted from the *page* ; and all I feel
Is—*thou* art with me !'

Very right, Miss Violet—the scentiment is natral, affeckshnit, pleasing, simple (it might have been in more grammaticle languidge, and no harm done) : but never mind, the feeling is pritty : and I can fancy, my dear Barnet, a pritty, smiling, weeping lass, looking up in a man's face and saying it. But the capting !—O this capting !—this windy, spouting captain, with his prittinesses, and conseated apologies for the hardness of his

busm, and his old, stale, vapid simales, and his wishes to be a bee ! Pish ! Men don't make love in this finniking way. It's the part of a sentymettle, poeticle taylor, not a galliant gentleman, in command of one of her madjisty's vessels of war.

Look at the remaining extrac, honored Barnet, and acknollidge that Capting Norman is eturnly repeating himself, with his endless jabber, about stars and angels. Look at the neat grammaticle twist of Lady Arundel's spitch, too, who, in the corse of three lines, has made her son a prince, a lion, with a sword and coronal, and a star. Why jumble and sheak up metafors in this way ? Barnet, one simily is quite enuff in the best of sentenses (and, I preshume, I kneedn't tell you that it's as well to have it *like*, when you are about it). Take my advise, honrabbble sir—listen to a humble footmin : it's genrally best in poatry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself, and to ingspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal (an 'ancestral coronal,' p. 74), if you like, as you might call a hat a 'swart sombrero,' 'a glossy four-and-nine,' 'a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gossamer;' but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It is a hat ; and that name is quite as poetticle as another. I think it's Playto, or els Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would swell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus ?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actially in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance ?—

' This thrice precious one
Smiled to my eyes—drew being from my breast—
Slept in my arms ;—the very tears I shed
Above my treasures were to men and angels
Alike such holy sweetness !'

In the name of all the angels that ever you invoked—Raphael, Gabriel, Uriel, Zadkiel, Azrael—what does this 'holy sweetness' mean ? We're not spinxes to read such durk conandrums. If you knew my state sins I came upon this passidg—I've neither slep nor eton ; I've neglected my pantry ; I've been wandring from house to house with

this riddl in my hand, and nobody can understand it. All Mr. Frazier's men are wild, looking gloomy at one another, and asking what this may be. All the cumtributors have been spoak to. The Doctor, who knows every languitch, has tried and giv'n up ; we've sent to Docter Pettigruel, who reads horyglifics a deal ezier than my way of spellin'—no anser. Quick ! quick with a fifth edition, honored Barnet, and set us at rest ! While your about it, please, too, to igsplain the fwo last lines :—

‘ His merry bark with England's flag to crown her.’

See what dellexy of igsfreshn, ‘ a flag to crown her !’

‘ His merry bark with England's flag to crown her,
Fame for my hopes, and woman in my cares.’

Likewise the following :—

‘ Girl, beware,
THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT GILDS
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES.’

Igsplane this, men and angels ! I've tried every way ; backards, forards, and in all sorts of trancepositions, as thus :—

	The love that ruins round the charms it shines, Gilds while it trifles oft ;
Or,	
	The charm that gilds around the love it ruins, Oft trifles while it shines ;
Or,	
	The ruins that love gilds and shines around, Oft trifles while it charms ;
Or,	
	Love, while it charms, shines round, and ruins oft The trifles that it gilds ;
Or,	
	The love that trifles, gilds and ruins oft, While round the charms it shines.

All which are as sensible as the fust passidge.

And with this I'll alow my friend Smith, who has been silent all this time, to say a few words. He has not written near so much as me (being an infearor genus, betwist ourselves), but he says he never had such mortal difficklty with any thing as with the dixcripshn of the plott of your pease. Here his letter.

To CH-RL-S F-TZR-Y PL-NT-G-N-T Y-LL-WPL-SH, Esq.,
 &c., &c.

30th Nov., 1833.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,—I have the pleasure of laying before you the following description of the plot, and a few remarks upon the style of the piece called *The Sea-Captain*.

Five-and-twenty years back, a certain Lord Arundel had a daughter, heiress of his estates and property; a poor cousin, Sir Maurice Beevor (being next in succession); and a page, Arthur Le Mesnil by name.

The daughter took a fancy for the page, and the young persons were married unknown to his lordship.

Three days before her confinement (thinking, no doubt, that period favourable for travelling), the young couple had agreed to run away together, and had reached a chapel near on the seacoast, from which they were to embark, when Lord Arundel abruptly put a stop to their proceedings by causing one Gaussen, a pirate, to murder the page.

His daughter was carried back to Arundel House, and, in three days, gave birth to a son. Whether his lordship knew of this birth I cannot say; the infant, however, was never acknowledged, but carried by Sir Maurice Beevor to a priest, Onslow by name, who educated the lad and kept him for twelve years in profound ignorance of his birth. The boy went by the name of Norman.

Lady Arundel meanwhile married again, again became a widow, but had a second son, who was the acknowledged heir, and called Lord Ashdale. Old Lord Arundel died, and her ladyship became countess in her own right.

When Norman was about twelve years of age, his mother, who wished to 'waft young Arthur to a distant land,' had him sent on board ship. Who should the captain of the ship be but Gaussen, who received a smart bribe from Sir Maurice Beevor to kill the lad. Accordingly, Gaussen tied him to a plank, and pitched him overboard.

About thirteen years after these circumstances, Violet, an orphan niece of Lady Arundel's second husband, came to pass a few weeks with her ladyship. She had just come from a sea-voyage, and had been saved from a wicked Algerine by an English sea-captain. This sea-captain was

no other than Norman, who had been picked up off his plank, and fell in love with, and was loved by, Miss Violet.

A short time after Violet's arrival at her aunt's the captain came to pay her a visit, his ship anchoring off the coast, near Lady Arundel's residence. By a singular coincidence, that rogue Gaussen's ship anchored in the harbour too. Gaussen at once knew his man, for he had 'tracked' him (after drowning him), and he informed Sir Maurice Beevor that young Norman was alive.

Sir Maurice Beevor informed her ladyship. How should she get rid of him? In this wise. He was in love with Violet, let him marry her and be off; for Lord Ashdale was in love with his cousin too; and, of course, could not marry a young woman in her station of life. 'You have a chaplain on board,' says her ladyship to Captain Norman; 'let him attend to-night in the ruined chapel, marry Violet, and away with you to sea.' By this means she hoped to be quit of him for ever.

But unfortunately, the conversation had been overheard by Beevor, and reported to Ashdale. Ashdale determined to be at the chapel and carry off Violet; as for Beevor, he sent Gaussen to the chapel to kill both Ashdale and Norman, thus there would only be Lady Arundel between him and the title.

Norman, in the meanwhile, who had been walking near the chapel, had just seen his worthy old friend, the priest, most barbarously murdered there. Sir Maurice Beevor had set Gaussen upon him; his reverence was coming with the papers concerning Norman's birth, which Beevor wanted in order to extort money from the countess. Gaussen was, however, obliged to run before he got the papers; and the clergyman had time, before he died, to tell Norman the story, and give him the documents, with which Norman sped off to the castle to have an interview with his mother.

He lays his white cloak and hat on the table, and begs to be left alone with her ladyship. Lord Ashdale, who is in the room, surlily quits it; but, going out cunningly, puts on Norman's cloak. 'It will be dark,' says he, 'down at the chapel; Violet won't know me; and, egad! I'll run off with her!'

Norman has his interview. Her ladyship acknowledges him, for she cannot help it; but will not embrace him, love him, or have anything to do with him.

Away he goes to the chapel. His chaplain was there waiting to marry him to Violet, his boat was there to carry him on board his ship, and Violet was there, too.

'Norman,' says she, in the dark, 'dear Norman, I knew you by your white cloak ; here I am.' And she and the man in a cloak go off to the inner chapel to be married.

There waits Master Gaussen ; he has seized the chaplain and the boat's crew, and is just about to murder the man in the cloak, when—

Norman rushes in and cuts him down, much to the surprise of Miss, for she never suspected it was sly Ashdale who had come, as we have seen, disguised, and very nearly paid for his masquerading.

Ashdale is very grateful ; but, when Norman persists in marrying Violet, he says—no, he shan't. He shall fight ; he is a coward if he doesn't fight. Norman flings down his sword, and says he *won't* fight ; and—

Lady Arundel, who has been at prayers all this time, rushing in, says, 'Hold ! this is your brother, Percy—your elder brother !' Here is some restiveness on Ashdale's part, but he finishes by embracing his brother.

Norman burns all the papers ; vows he will never peach ; reconciles himself with his mother ; says he will go loser , but, having ordered his ship to ' veer ' round to the chapel, orders it to veer back again, for he will pass the honeymoon at Arundel Castle.

As you have been pleased to ask my opinion, it strikes me that there are one or two very good notions in this plot. But the author does not fail, as he would modestly have us believe, from ignorance of stage-business ; he seems to know too much, rather than too little, about the stage, to be too anxious to cram in effects, incidents, perplexities. There is the perplexity concerning Ashdale's murder, and Norman's murder, and the priest's murder, and the page's murder, and Gaussen's murder. There is the perplexity about the papers, and that about the hat and cloak (a silly, foolish obstacle), which only tantalize the spectator, and retard the march of the drama's action ; it is as if the author had said, ' I must have a new incident in every act, I must keep tickling the spectator perpetually, and never let him off until the fall of the curtain.'

The same disagreeable bustle and petty complication of intrigue you may remark in the author's drama of *Richelieu*.

The Lady of Lyons was a much simpler and better-wrought plot. The incidents following each other either not too swiftly or startlingly. In *Richelieu*, it always seemed to me as if one heard doors perpetually clapping and banging; one was puzzled to follow the train of conversation, in the midst of the perpetual small noises that distracted one right and left.

Nor is the list of characters of *The Sea-Captain* to be despised. The outlines of all of them are good. A mother, for whom one feels a proper tragic mixture of hatred and pity; a gallant single-hearted son, whom she disdains, and who conquers her at last by his noble conduct; a dashing haughty Tybalt of a brother; a wicked poor cousin, a pretty maid, and a fierce buccaneer. These people might pass three hours very well on the stage, and interest the audience hugely; but the author fails in filling up the outlines. His language is absurdly stilted, frequently careless, the reader or spectator hears a number of loud speeches, but scarce a dozen lines that seem to belong of nature to the speakers.

Nothing can be more fulsome or loathsome to my mind than the continual sham-religious clap-traps which the author has put into the mouth of his hero; nothing more unsailor-like than his namby-pamby starlit descriptions, which my ingenious colleague has, I see, alluded to. 'Thy faith my anchor, and thine eyes my haven,' cries the gallant captain to his lady. See how loosely the sentence is constructed, like a thousand others in the book. The captain is to cast anchor with the girl's faith in her own eyes; either image might pass by itself, but together, like the quadrupeds of Kilkenny, they devour each other. The captain tells his lieutenant to *bid his bark veer round* to a point in the harbour. Was ever such language? My lady gives Sir Maurice a thousand pounds to *waft* him (her son) to some distant shore. Nonsense, sheer nonsense; and what is worse, affected nonsense!

Look at the comedy of the poor cousin. 'There is a great deal of game on the estate—partridges, hares, wild-geese, snipes, and plovers (*smacking his lips*)—besides a magnificent preserve of sparrows, which I can sell to the *little blackguards* in the streets at a penny a hundred. But I am very poor—a very poor old knight.'

Is this wit, or nature? It is a kind of sham wit; it

reads as if it were wit, but it is not. What poor, poor stuff, about the little blackguard boys ! what flimsy ecstasies and silly 'smacking of lips' about the plovers ! Is this the man who writes for the next age ? O fie ! Here is another joke :—

'*Sir Maurice.* Mice ! zounds, how can I
Keep mice ! I can't afford it ! They were starved
To death an age ago. The last was found
Come Christmas three years, stretched beside a bone
In that same larder, so consumed and worn
By pious fast, 'twas awful to behold it !
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To thieves and beggars !'

Is not this rare wit ? 'Zounds ! how can I keep mice ?' is well enough for a miser ; not too new, or brilliant either ; but this miserable dilution of a thin joke, this wretched hunting down of the poor mouse ! It is humiliating to think of a man of *esprit* harping so long on such a mean, pitiful string. A man who aspires to immortality, too ! I doubt whether it is to be gained thus ; whether our author's words are not too loosely built to make 'starry pointing pyramids of.' Horace clipped and squared his blocks more carefully before he laid the monument which, *imber edax*, or *Aquila impotens*, or *fuga temporum*, might assail in vain. Even old Ovid, when he raised his stately, shining heathen temple, had placed some columns in it, and hewn out a statue or two which deserved the immortality that he prophesied (somewhat arrogantly) for himself. But let us not all be looking forward to a future, and fancying that, '*incerti spatium dum finiat aevi*,' our books are to be immortal. Alas ! the way to immortality is not so easy, nor will our *Sea-Captain* be permitted such an unconscionable cruise. If all the immortalities were really to have their wish, what a work would our descendants have to study them all !

Not yet, in my humble opinion, has the honourable baronet achieved this deathless consummation. There will come a day (may it be long distant !) when the very best of his novels will be forgotten ; and it is reasonable to suppose that his dramas will pass out of existence, some time or other, in the lapse of the *saecula saeculorum*. In the meantime, my dear Plush, if you ask me what the great obstacle

is towards the dramatic fame and merit of our friend, I would say that it does not lie so much in hostile critics or feeble health, as in a careless habit of writing, and a peevish vanity which causes him to shut his eyes to his faults. The question of original capacity I will not moot; one may think very highly of the honourable baronet's talent, without rating it quite so high as he seems disposed to do.

And to conclude: as he has chosen to combat the critics in person, the critics are surely justified in being allowed to address him directly.

With best compliments to Mrs. Yellowplush,
I have the honour to be, dear Sir,
Your most faithful and obliged
humble servant,
JOHN THOMAS SMITH.

And now, Smith having finisht his letter, I think I can't do better than clothes mine lickwise; for though I should never be tired of talking, praps the public may of hearing, and therefore it's best to shut up shopp.

What I've said, respected Barnit, I hoap you woan't take unkind. A play, you see, is public property for every one to say his say on; and I think, if you read your prefez over agin, you'll see that it ax as a direct incouridgemint to us critix to come forrard and notice you. But don't fansy, I besitch you, that we are actiated by hostillaty; fust write a good play, and you'll see we'll prays it fast enuff. Waiting which, *Agray, Munseer le Chevaleer, l' ashurance de ma hot cumsideratun.*

Voter distangy,
Y.

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR GAHAGAN

[*The New Monthly Magazine*, February, March, November, December, 1838; February, 1839; *Comic Tales and Sketches*, 1841; and *Miscellanies*, Vol. I., 1855. A few very slight variations occur between the original text and that given by Thackeray himself in the *Miscellanies* (1855). They concern, directly, the interrupted monthly appearances of the chapters and are thus superfluous here.



GAHAGAN

For the great portrait by Trimmarsh in the Gallery of H H the Nawwab of Bu lge Budge

THE TREMENDOUS ADVENTURES OF MAJOR GAHAGAN

CHAPTER I

‘TRUTH IS STRANGE, STRANGER THAN FICTION’

I THINK it but right that in making my appearance before the public I should at once acquaint them with my titles and name. My card, as I leave it at the houses of the nobility, my friends, is as follows —

MAJOR GOLIATH O GRADY GAHAGAN, H E I C S ,
Commanding Battalion of
Irregular Horse,
AHMEDNUGGAR

Seeing, I say, this simple visiting ticket, the world will avoid any of those awkward mistakes as to my person, which have been so frequent of late. There has been no end to the blunders regarding this humble title of mine, and the confusion thereby created. When I published my volume of poems, for instance, the *Morning Post* newspaper remarked, ‘that the Lyrics of the Heart, by Miss Gahagan, may be ranked among the sweetest flowrets of the present spring season.’ The *Quarterly Review*, commenting upon my ‘Observations on the Pons Asinorum’ (4to, London, 1836), called me ‘Doctor Gahagan,’ and so on. It was time to put an end to these mistakes, and I have taken the above simple remedy.

I was urged to it by a very exalted personage. Dining in August last at the palace of the T-l-r-e-s at Paris, the lovely young Duch-ss of Orl—ns (who, though she does not speak English, understands it as well as I do) said to me in the softest Teutonic, ‘*Lieber Herr Major, haben sie den*

Ahmednuggarischen-jäger-battalion gelassen? 'Warum denn?' said I, quite astonished at her R—l H—ss's question. The P—cess then spoke of some trifle from my pen, which was simply signed Goliah Gahagan.

There was, unluckily, a dead silence as H. R. H. put this question.

'*Comment donc?*' said H. M. Lo-is Ph-l-ppe, looking gravely at Count Molé, '*le cher Major a quitté l'armée! Nicolas donc sera maître de l'Inde!*' H. M— and the Pr. M-n-ster pursued their conversation in a low tone, and left me, as may be imagined, in a dreadful state of confusion. I blushed and stuttered, and murmured out a few incoherent words to explain—but it would not do—I could not recover my equanimity during the course of the dinner; and while endeavouring to help an English duke, my neighbour, to *poulet à l'Austerlitz*, fairly sent seven mushrooms and three large greasy *croustes* over his whiskers and shirt-frill. Another laugh at my expense. '*Ah! M. le Major,*' said the Q— of the B-lg—ns, archly, '*vous n'aurez jamais votre brevet de Colonel.*' Her M—y's joke will be better understood when I state that his grace is the brother of a minister.

I am not at liberty to violate the sanctity of private life, by mentioning the names of the parties concerned in this little anecdote. I only wish to have it understood that I am a gentleman, and live at least in *decent* society. *Verbum sat.*

But to be serious. I am obliged always to write the name of Goliah in full, to distinguish me from my brother, Gregory Gahagan, who was also a major (in the King's service), and whom I killed in a duel, as the public most likely knows. Poor Greg! a very trivial dispute was the cause of our quarrel, which never would have originated but for the similarity of our names. The circumstance was this:—I had been lucky enough to render the Nawaub of Lucknow some trifling service (in the notorious affair of Choprasjee Muckjee), and his highness sent down a gold toothpick-case directed to Captain G. Gahagan, which I of course thought was for me: my brother madly claimed it; we fought, and the consequence was, that in about three minutes he received a slash in the right side (cut 6), which effectually did his business;—he was a good swordsman enough—I was THE BEST in the universe. The most

ridiculous part of the affair is, that the toothpick-case was his, after all—he had left it on the Nawaub's table at tiffin. I can't conceive what madness prompted him to fight about such a paltry bauble; he had much better have yielded it at once, when he saw I was determined to have it. From this slight specimen of my adventures, the reader will perceive that my life has been one of no ordinary interest; and in fact, I may say that I have led a more remarkable life than any man in the service—I have been at more pitched battles, led more forlorn hopes, had more success among the fair sex, drunk harder, read more, and been a handsomer man than any officer now serving her Majesty.

When I first went to India in 1802, I was a raw cornet of seventeen, with blazing red hair, six feet seven in height, athletic at all kinds of exercises, owing money to my tailor and everybody else who would trust me, possessing an Irish brogue, and my full pay of 120*l.* a year. I need not say that with all these advantages I did that which a number of clever fellows have done before me—I fell in love, and proposed to marry immediately.

But how to overcome the difficulty?—It is true that I loved Julia Jowler—loved her to madness; but her father intended her for a member of council at least, and not for a beggarly Irish ensign. It was, however, my fate to make the passage to India (on board of the *Samuel Snob*, East Indiaman, Captain Duffy) with this lovely creature, and my misfortune instantaneously to fall in love with her. We were not out of the Channel before I adored her, worshipped the deck which she trod upon, kissed a thousand times the cuddy-chair on which she used to sit. The same madness fell on every man in the ship. The two mates fought about her at the Cape—the surgeon, a sober, pious Scotchman, from disappointed affection, took so dreadfully to drinking as to threaten spontaneous combustion—and old Colonel Lilywhite, carrying his wife and seven daughters to Bengal, swore that he would have a divorce from Mrs. L., and made an attempt at suicide—the captain himself told me, with tears in his eyes, that he hated his hitherto-adored Mrs. Duffy, although he had had nineteen children by her.

We used to call her the witch—there was magic in her beauty and in her voice. I was spell-bound when I looked

at her, and stark-staring mad when she looked at me ! Oh, lustrous black eyes !—Oh, glossy night-black ringlets !—Oh, lips !—Oh, dainty frocks of white muslin !—Oh, tiny kid slippers !—though old and gouty, Gahagan sees you still ! I recollect off Ascension, she looked at me in her particular way one day at dinner, just as I happened to be blowing on a piece of scalding hot green fat. I was stupefied at once—I thrust the entire morsel (about half a pound) into my mouth. I made no attempt to swallow or to masticate it, but left it there for many minutes, burning, burning ! I had no skin to my palate for seven weeks after, and lived on rice water during the rest of the voyage. The anecdote is trivial, but it shows the power of Julia Jowler over me.

The writers of marine novels have so exhausted the subject of storms, shipwrecks, mutinies, engagements, sea-sickness, and so forth, that (although I have experienced each of these in many varieties) I think it quite unnecessary to recount such trifling adventures ; suffice it to say, that during our five months *trajét*, my mad passion for Julia daily increased ; so did the captain's and the surgeon's ; so did Colonel Lilywhite's ; so did the doctor's, the mate's—that of most part of the passengers, and a considerable number of the crew. For myself, I swore—ensign as I was—I would win her for my wife ; I vowed that I would make her glorious with my sword—that as soon as I had made a favourable impression on my commanding officer (which I did not doubt to create), I would lay open to him the state of my affections, and demand his daughter's hand. With such sentimental outpourings did our voyage continue and conclude.

We landed at the Sunderbunds on a grilling hot day in December, 1802, and then for the moment Julia and I separated. She was carried off to her papa's arms in a palankeen, surrounded by at least forty Hookahbadars ; whilst the poor cornet attended but by two dandies and a solitary beastly (by which unnatural name these blackamoors are called), made his way humbly to join the regiment at head-quarters.

The —th regiment of Bengal Cavalry, then under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Julius Jowler, C.B., was known throughout Asia and Europe by the proud title of the Bundelcund Invincibles—so great was its character for

bravery, so remarkable were its services in that delightful district of India. Major Sir George Gutch was next in command, and Tom Thrupp, as kind a fellow as ever ran a Mahratta through the body, was second major. We were on the eve of that remarkable war which was speedily to spread throughout the whole of India, to call forth the valour of a Wellesley, and the indomitable gallantry of a Gahagan ; which was illustrated by our victories at Ahmed-nuggar (where I was the first over the barricade at the storming of the Pettah) ; at Argaum, where I slew with my own sword twenty-three matchlock men, and cut a dromedary in two ; and by that terrible day of Assaye, where Wellesley would have been beaten but for me—me alone ; I headed nineteen charges of cavalry, took (aided by only four men of my own troop) seventeen field-pieces, killing the scoundrelly French artillerymen ; on that day I had eleven elephants shot under me, and carried away Scindia's nose-ring with a pistol-ball. Wellesley is a duke and a marshal, I but a simple major of Irregulars ; such is fortune and war ! But my feelings carry me away from my narrative, which had better proceed with more order.

On arriving, I say, at our barracks at Dum Dum, I for the first time put on the beautiful uniform of the Invincibles ; a light blue swallow-tailed jacket with silver lace and wings, ornamented with about 3,000 sugar-loaf buttons, rhubarb-coloured leather inexpressibles (tights), and red morocco boots with silver spurs and tassels, set off to admiration the handsome persons of the officers of our corps. We wore powder in those days, and a regulation pig-tail of seventeen inches, a brass helmet surrounded by leopard-skin, with a bear-skin top, and a horse-tail feather, gave the head a fierce and chivalrous appearance, which is far more easily imagined than described.

Attired in this magnificent costume, I first presented myself before Colonel Jowler. He was habited in a manner precisely similar, but not being more than five feet in height, and weighing at least fifteen stone, the dress he wore did not become him quite so much as slimmer and taller men. Flanked by his tall majors, Thrupp and Gutch, he looked like a stumpy skittle-ball between two attenuated skittles. The plump little Colonel received me with vast cordiality, and I speedily became a prime favourite with himself and the other officers of the corps. Jowler

was the most hospitable of men, and, gratifying my appetite and my love together, I continually partook of his dinners, and feasted on the sweet presence of Julia.

I can see now, what I would not and could not perceive in those early days, that this Miss Jowler, on whom I had lavished my first and warmest love, whom I had endowed with all perfection and purity, was no better than a little impudent flirt, who played with my feelings, because during the monotony of a sea voyage she had no other toy to play with ; and who deserted others for me, and me for others, just as her whim or her interest might guide her. She had not been three weeks at head-quarters when half the regiment was in love with her. Each and all of the candidates had some favour to boast of, or some encouraging hopes on which to build. It was the scene of the *Samuel Snob* over again, only heightened in interest by a number of duels. The following list will give the reader a notion of some of them :—

1. Cornet Gahagan. Ensign Hicks, of the Sappers and Miners. Hicks received a ball in his jaw, and was half choked by a quantity of carroty whisker forced down his throat with the ball.
2. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B.N.I. Cornet Gahagan. I was run through the body, but the sword passed between the ribs, and injured me very slightly.
3. Capt. Macgillicuddy, B.N.I. Mr. Mulligatawney, B.C.S., Deputy-Assistant, Vice Sub-Controller of the Boggleywollah Indigo grounds, Ramgolli branch.

Macgillicuddy should have stuck to sword's play, and he might have come off in his second duel as well as in his first ; as it was, the civilian placed a ball and a part of Mac's gold repeater in his stomach. A remarkable circumstance attended this shot, an account of which I sent home to the *Philosophical Transactions* : the surgeon had extracted the ball, and was going off, thinking that all was well, when the gold repeater struck thirteen in poor Macgillicuddy's abdomen. I suppose that the works must have been disarranged in some way by the bullet, for the repeater

was one of Barraud's, never known to fail before, and the circumstance occurred at *seven o'clock*.¹

I could continue, almost *ad infinitum*, an account of the wars, which this Helen occasioned, but the above three specimens will, I should think, satisfy the peaceful reader. I delight not in scenes of blood, Heaven knows, but I was compelled in the course of a few weeks, and for the sake of this one woman, to fight nine duels myself, and I know that four times as many more took place concerning her.

I forgot to say that Jowler's wife was a half-caste woman, who had been born and bred entirely in India, and whom the Colonel had married from the house of her mother, a native. There were some singular rumours abroad regarding this latter lady's history—it was reported that she was the daughter of a native Rajah, and had been carried off by a poor English subaltern in Lord Clive's time. The young man was killed very soon after, and left his child with its mother. The black Prince forgave his daughter and bequeathed to her a handsome sum of money. I suppose that it was on this account that Jowler married Mrs. J., a creature who had not, I do believe, a Christian name, or a single Christian quality—she was a hideous, bloated, yellow creature, with a beard, black teeth, and red eyes : she was fat, lying, ugly, and stingy—she hated and was hated by all the world, and by her jolly husband as devoutly as by any other. She did not pass a month in the year with him, but spent most of her time with her native friends. I wonder how she could have given birth to so lovely a creature as her daughter. This woman was of course with the Colonel when Julia arrived, and the spice of the devil in her daughter's composition was most carefully nourished and fed by her. If Julia had been a flirt before, she was a downright jilt now ; she set the whole cantonment by the ears ; she made wives jealous and husbands miserable ; she caused all those duels of which I have discoursed already, and yet such was the fascination of THE WITCH that I still thought her an angel. I made court

¹ So admirable are the performances of these watches, which will stand in any climate, that I repeatedly heard poor Macgillicuddy relate the following fact. The hours, as it is known, count in Italy from one to twenty-four : *the day Mac landed at Naples his repeater rung the Italian hours, from one to twenty-four* : as soon as he crossed the Alps it only sounded as usual.—G. O'G. G.

to the nasty mother in order to be near the daughter ; and I listened untiringly to Jowler's interminable dull stories, because I was occupied all the time in watching the graceful movements of Miss Julia.

But the trumpet of war was soon ringing in our ears ; and on the battle-field Gahagan is a man ! The Bundelcund Invincibles received orders to march, and Jowler, Hector-like, donned his helmet, and prepared to part from his Andromache. And now arose his perplexity : what must be done with his daughter, his Julia ? He knew his wife's peculiarities of living, and did not much care to trust his daughter to her keeping ; but in vain he tried to find her an asylum among the respectable ladies of his regiment. Lady Gutch offered to receive her, but would have nothing to do with Mrs. Jowler ; the surgeon's wife, Mrs. Sawbone, would have neither mother nor daughter ; there was no help for it, Julia and her mother must have a house together, and Jowler knew that his wife would fill it with her odious blackamoor friends.

I could not, however, go forth satisfied to the campaign until I learned from Julia my fate. I watched twenty opportunities to see her alone, and wandered about the Colonel's bungalow as an informer does about a public-house, marking the incomings and the outgoings of the family, and longing to seize the moment when Miss Jowler, unbiassed by her mother or her papa, might listen, perhaps, to my eloquence, and melt at the tale of my love.

But it would not do—old Jowler seemed to have taken all of a sudden to such a fit of domesticity, that there was no finding him out of doors, and his rhubarb-coloured wife (I believe that her skin gave the first idea of our regimental breeches), who before had been gadding ceaselessly abroad, and poking her broad nose into every *ménage* in the cantonment, stopped faithfully at home with her spouse. My only chance was to beard the old couple in their den, and ask them at once for their *cub*.

So I called one day at tiffin :—old Jowler was always happy to have my company at this meal ; it amused him, he said, to see me drink Hodgson's pale ale (I drank two hundred and thirty-four dozen the first year I was in Bengal)—and it was no small piece of fun, certainly, to see old Mrs. Jowler attack the currie-bhaut ;—she was exactly the colour of it, as I have had already the honour

to remark, and she swallowed the mixture with a gusto which was never equalled, except by my poor friend Dando, *à propos d'huitres*. She consumed the first three platefuls, with a fork and spoon, like a Christian ; but as she warmed to her work, the old hag would throw away her silver implements, and, dragging the dishes towards her, go to work with her hands, flip the rice into her mouth with her fingers, and stow away a quantity of eatables sufficient for a sepoy company. But why do I diverge from the main point of my story ?

Julia, then, Jowler, and Mrs. J., were at luncheon : the dear girl was in the act to *såbler* a glass of Hodgson as I entered. 'How do you do, Mr. Gagin ?' said the old hag, leeringly ; 'eat a bit o' currie-bhaut'—and she thrust the dish towards me, securing a heap as it passed. 'What, Gagy, my boy, how do, how do ?' said the fat Colonel : 'what, run through the body ?—got well again—have some Hodgson—run through your body too !'—and at this, I may say, coarse joke (alluding to the fact, that in these hot climates the ale oozes out as it were from the pores of the skin) old Jowler laughed : a host of swarthy chobdars, kitmagars, sices, consomers, and bobbychies laughed too, as they provided me, unasked, with the grateful fluid. Swallowing six tumblers of it, I paused nervously for a moment, and then said—

'Bobbachy, consomah, ballybaloo hoga.'

The black ruffians took the hint, and retired.

'Colonel and Mrs. Jowler,' said I solemnly, 'we are alone ; and you, Miss Jowler, you are alone too ; that is—I mean—I take this opportunity to—(another glass of ale, if you please)—to express, once for all, before departing on a dangerous campaign'—(Julia turned pale)—'before entering, I say, upon a war which may stretch in the dust my high-raised hopes and me, to express my hopes while life still remains to me, and to declare in the face of heaven, earth, and Colonel Jowler, that I love you, Julia !' The Colonel, astonished, let fall a steel fork, which stuck quivering for some minutes in the calf of my leg ; but I heeded not the paltry interruption. 'Yes, by yon bright heaven,' continued I, 'I love you, Julia ! I respect my commander, I esteem your excellent and beauteous mother ; tell me, before I leave you, if I may hope for a return of my affection. Say that you love me,

and I will do such deeds in this coming war, as shall make you proud of the name of your Gahagan.'

The old woman, as I delivered these touching words, stared, snapped, and ground her teeth, like an enraged monkey. Julia was now red, now white; the Colonel stretched forward, took the fork out of the calf of my leg, wiped it, and then seized a bundle of letters, which I had remarked by his side.

'A cornet!' said he, in a voice choking with emotion; 'a pitiful, beggarly, Irish cornet, aspire to the hand of Julia Jowler! Gag—Gahagan, are you mad, or laughing at us? Look at these letters, young man, at these letters, I say—one hundred and twenty-four epistles from every part of India (not including one from the governor-general, and six from his brother, Colonel Wellesley)—one hundred and twenty-four proposals for the hand of Miss Jowler. Cornet Gahagan,' he continued, 'I wish to think well of you: you are the bravest, the most modest, and, perhaps, the handsomest man in our corps, but you have not got a single rupee. You ask me for Julia, and you do not possess even an anna!'—(Here the old rogue grinned, as if he had made a capital pun.) 'No, no,' said he, waxing good-natured; 'Gagy, my boy, it is nonsense! Julia, love, retire with your mamma; this silly young gentleman will remain and smoke a pipe with me.'

I took one; it was the bitterest chillum I ever smoked in my life.

I am not going to give here an account of my military services; they will appear in my great national autobiography, in forty volumes, which I am now preparing for the press. I was with my regiment in all Wellesley's brilliant campaigns, then, taking dawd, I travelled across the country north-eastward, and had the honour of fighting by the side of Lord Lake, at Laswaree, Deeg, Furruckabad, Futtighur, and Bhurtpore; but I will not boast of my actions—the military man knows them, MY SOVEREIGN appreciates them. If asked who was the bravest man of the Indian army, there is not an officer belonging to it who would not cry at once, GAHAGAN. The fact is, I was desperate; I cared not for life, deprived of Julia Jowler.

With Julia's stony looks ever before my eyes, her father's stern refusal in my ears, I did not care at the close of the

campaign, again to seek her company or to press my suit. We were eighteen months on service, marching and counter-marching, and fighting almost every other day ; to the world I did not seem altered ; but the world only saw the face, and not the seared and blighted heart within me. My valour, always desperate, now reached to a pitch of cruelty ; I tortured my grooms and grass-cutters for the most trifling offence or error,—I never in action spared a man,—I sheared off three hundred and nine heads in the course of that single campaign.

Some influence, equally melancholy, seemed to have fallen upon poor old Jowler. About six months after we had left Dum Dum, he received a parcel of letters from Benares (whither his wife had retired with her daughter), and so deeply did they seem to weigh upon his spirits, that he ordered eleven men of his regiment to be flogged within two days ; but it was against the blacks that he chiefly turned his wrath : our fellows, in the heat and hurry of the campaign, were in the habit of dealing rather roughly with their prisoners, to extract treasure from them. They used to pull their nails out by the root, to boil them in kedgeree pots, to flog them and dress their wounds with cayenne pepper, and so on. Jowler, when he heard of these proceedings, which before had always justly exasperated him (he was a humane and kind little man), used now to smile fiercely, and say, ‘D—— the black scoundrels ! Serve them right, serve them right !’

One day, about a couple of miles in advance of the column, I had been on a foraging party with a few dragoons, and was returning peaceably to camp, when of a sudden, a troop of Mahrattas burst on us from a neighbouring mango tope, in which they had been hidden : in an instant, three of my men’s saddles were empty, and I was left with but seven more to make head against at least thirty of these vagabond black horsemen. I never saw, in my life, a nobler figure than the leader of the troop—mounted on a splendid black Arab : he was as tall, very nearly, as myself ; he wore a steel cap, and a shirt of mail, and carried a beautiful French carbine, which had already done execution upon two of my men. I saw that our only chance of safety lay in the destruction of this man. I shouted to him in a voice of thunder (in the Hindostanee tongue of course), ‘Stop, dog, if you dare, and encounter a man !’

In reply his lance came whirling in the air over my head, and mortally transfixed poor Foggarty, of ours, who was behind me. Grinding my teeth, and swearing horribly, I drew that scimitar which never yet failed its blow,¹ and rushed at the Indian. He came down at full gallop, his own sword making ten thousand gleaming circles in the air, shrieking his cry of battle.

The contest did not last an instant. With my first blow I cut off his sword-arm at the wrist; my second I levelled at his head. I said that he wore a steel cap, with a gilt iron spike of six inches, and a hood of chain mail. I rose in my stirrups, and delivered '*St. George*'; my sword caught the spike exactly on the point, split it sheer in two, cut crashing through the steel cap and hood, and was only stopped by a ruby which he wore in his back-plate. His head, cut clean in two between the eyebrows and nostrils, even between the two front teeth, fell, one side on each shoulder, and he galloped on till his horse was stopped by my men, who were not a little amused at the feat.

As I had expected, the remaining ruffians fled on seeing their leader's fate. I took home his helmet by way of curiosity, and we made a single prisoner, who was instantly carried before old Jowler.

We asked the prisoner the name of the leader of the troop; he said it was Chowder Loll.

'Chowder Loll!' shrieked Colonel Jowler. 'Oh, fate! thy hand is here!' He rushed wildly into his tent—the next day applied for leave of absence. Gutch took the command of the regiment, and I saw him no more for some time.

As I had distinguished myself not a little during the war, General Lake sent me up with dispatches to Calcutta, where Lord Wellesley received me with the greatest distinction. Fancy my surprise, on going to a ball at Government-house, to meet my old friend Jowler; my trembling, blushing, thrilling delight, when I saw Julia by his side!

Jowler seemed to blush too when he beheld me. I thought of my former passages with his daughter. 'Gagy,

¹ In my affair with Macgillicuddy, I was fool enough to go out with small swords:—miserable weapons, only fit for tailors.—G. O'G. G.



THE MAJOR DISCOVERING THE INFIDELITY OF MRS. CHOWDER LOLL

my boy,' says he, shaking hands, 'glad to see you, old friend, Julia—come to tiffin—Hodgson's pale—brave fellow Gagy.' Julia did not speak, but she turned ashy pale, and fixed upon me with her awful eyes! I fainted almost, and uttered some incoherent words. Julia took my hand, gazed at me still, and said 'Come!' Need I say I went?

I will not go over the pale ale and currie-bhaut again, but this I know, that in half an hour I was as much in love as I ever had been: and that in three weeks—I, yes, I—was the accepted lover of Julia! I did not pause to ask, where were the one hundred and twenty-four offers? why I, refused before, should be accepted now? I only felt that I loved her, and was happy!

One night, one memorable night, I could not sleep, and, with a lover's pardonable passion, wandered solitary through the city of palaces until I came to the house which contained my Julia. I peeped into the compound—all was still;—I looked into the veranda—all was dark, except a light—yes, one light—and it was in Julia's chamber! My heart throbbed almost to stifling. I would—I *would* advance, if but to gaze upon her for a moment, and to bless her as she slept. I *did* look, I *did* advance; and, oh Heaven! I saw a lamp burning, Mrs. Jow. in a night-dress, with a very dark baby in her arms, and Julia, looking tenderly at an Ayah, who was nursing another.

'O, mama,' said Julia, 'what would that fool Gahagan say, if he knew all?'

'*He does know all!*' shouted I, springing forward, and tearing down the tatties from the window. Mrs. Jow. ran shrieking out of the room, Julia fainted, the cursed black children squalled, and their d—d nurse fell on her knees, gabbling some infernal jargon of Hindostanee. Old Jowler at this juncture entered with a candle and a drawn sword.

'Liar! scoundrel! deceiver!' shouted I. 'Turn, ruffian, and defend yourself!' But old Jowler, when he saw me, only whistled, looked at his lifeless daughter, and slowly left the room.

Why continue the tale? I need not now account for Jowler's gloom on receiving his letters from Benares—for his exclamation upon the death of the Indian chief—for his desire to marry his daughter: the woman I was wooing was no longer Miss Julia Jowler, she was Mrs. Chowder Loll!

CHAPTER II

ALLYGHUR AND LASWAREE

I SAT down to write gravely and sadly, for (since the appearance of some of my adventures in a monthly magazine) unprincipled men have endeavoured to rob me of the only good I possess, to question the statements that I make, and themselves, without a spark of honour or good feeling, to steal from me that which is my sole wealth—my character as a teller of THE TRUTH.

The reader will understand that it is to the illiberal strictures of a profligate press I now allude; among the London journalists, none (luckily for themselves) have dared to question the veracity of my statements; they know me, and they know that I am *in London*. If I can use the pen, I can also wield a more manly and terrible weapon, and would answer their contradictions with my sword! No gold or gems adorn the hilt of that war-worn scimitar, but there is blood upon the blade—the blood of the enemies of my country, and the maligners of my honest fame. There are others, however—the disgrace of a disgraceful trade—who, borrowing from distance a despicable courage, have ventured to assail me. The infamous editors of the ‘Kelso Champion,’ the ‘Bungay Beacon,’ the ‘Tipperary Argus,’ and the ‘Stoke Pogis Sentinel,’ and other dastardly organs of the provincial press, have, although differing in politics, agreed upon this one point, and with a scoundrelly unanimity, vented a flood of abuse upon the revelations made by me.

They say that I have assailed private characters, and wilfully perverted history to blacken the reputation of public men. I ask, was any one of these men in Bengal in the year 1803? Was any single conductor of any one of these paltry prints ever in Bundelcund or the Rohilla country? Does this *exquisite* Tipperary scribe know the difference between Hurrygurrybang and Burrumtollah? Not he! and because, forsooth, in those strange and distant lands strange circumstances have taken place, it is insinuated that the relater is a liar, nay, that the very places themselves have no existence but in my imagination. Fools!—but I will not waste my anger upon them, and

proceed to recount some other portions of my personal history.

It is, I presume, a fact which even *these* scribbling assassins will not venture to deny, that before the commencement of the campaign against Scindiah, the English general formed a camp at Kanouge on the Jumna, where he exercised that brilliant little army which was speedily to perform such wonders in the Dooab. It will be as well to give a slight account of the causes of a war which was speedily to rage through some of the fairest portions of the Indian continent.

Shah Allum, the son of Shah Lollum, the descendant by the female line of Nadir Shah (that celebrated Toorkomaun adventurer, who had well-nigh hurled Bajazet and Selim the Second from the throne of Bagdad): Shah Allum, I say, although nominally the Emperor of Delhi, was, in reality, the slave of the various warlike chieftains who lorded it by turns over the country and the sovereign, until conquered and slain by some more successful rebel. Chowder Loll Masolgee, Zubberdust Khan, Dowsunt Row Scindiah, and the celebrated Bobbachy Jung Bahawder, had held for a time complete mastery in Delhi. The second of these, a ruthless Afghan soldier, had abruptly entered the capital, nor was he ejected from it until he had seized upon the principal jewels, and likewise put out the eyes of the last of the unfortunate family of Afrasiâb. Scindiah came to the rescue of the sightless Shah Allum, and though he destroyed his oppressor, only increased his slavery, holding him in as painful a bondage as he had suffered under the tyrannous Afghan.

As long as these heroes were battling among themselves, or as long rather as it appeared that they had any strength to fight a battle, the British government, ever anxious to see its enemies by the ears, by no means interfered in the contest. But the French Revolution broke out, and a host of starving sans-culottes appeared among the various Indian states, seeking for military service, and inflaming the minds of the various native princes against the British East India Company. A number of these entered into Scindiah's ranks—one of them, Perron, was commander of his army; and though that chief was as yet quite engaged in his hereditary quarrel with Jeswunt Row Holkar, and never thought of an invasion of the British territory, the

Company all of a sudden discovered that Shah Allum, his sovereign, was shamefully illused, and determined to re-establish the ancient splendour of his throne.

Of course it was sheer benevolence for poor Shah Allum that prompted our governors to take these kindly measures in his favour. I don't know how it happened that, at the end of the war, the poor Shah was not a whit better off than at the beginning ; and that though Holkar was beaten, and Scindiah annihilated, Shah Allum was much such a puppet as before. Somehow, in the hurry and confusion of this struggle, the oyster remained with the British Government, who had so kindly offered to dress it for the Emperor, while his majesty was obliged to be contented with the shell.

The force encamped at Kanouge bore the title of the Grand Army of the Ganges and the Jumna ; it consisted of eleven regiments of cavalry and twelve battalions of infantry, and was commanded by General Lake in person.

Well, on the first of September we stormed Perron's camp at Allyghur ; on the fourth we took that fortress by assault ; and as my name was mentioned in general orders, I may as well quote the Commander-in-Chief's words regarding me—they will spare me the trouble of composing my own eulogium.

'The Commander-in-Chief is proud thus publicly to declare his high sense of the gallantry of Lieutenant Gahagan, of the — cavalry. In the storming of the fortress, although unprovided with a single ladder, and accompanied but by a few brave men, Lieutenant Gahagan succeeded in escalading the inner and fourteenth wall of the place. Fourteen ditches, lined with sword blades and poisoned chevaux-de-frise, fourteen walls, bristling with innumerable artillery, and as smooth as looking-glasses, were in turns triumphantly passed by that enterprising officer. His course was to be traced by the heaps of slaughtered enemies lying thick upon the platforms ; and, alas ! by the corpses of most of the gallant men who followed him !—when at length he effected his lodgement, and the dastardly enemy, who dared not to confront him with arms, let loose upon him the tigers and lions of Scindiah's menagerie : this meritorious officer destroyed, with his own hand, four of the largest and most ferocious animals, and the rest, awed by the indomitable majesty of BRITISH VALOUR, shrunk back

to their dens. Thomas Higgory, a private, and Runty Goss, Havildar, were the only two who remained out of the nine hundred who followed Lieutenant Gahagan. Honour to them ! Honour and tears for the brave men who perished on that awful day !

I have copied this, word for word, from the *Bengal Hurkaru* of September 24, 1803 ; and anybody who has the slightest doubt as to the statement, may refer to the paper itself.

And here I must pause to give thanks to fortune, which so marvellously preserved me, Sergeant-Major Higgory, and Runty Goss. Were I to say that any valour of ours had carried us unhurt through this tremendous combat, the reader would laugh me to scorn. No : though my narrative is extraordinary, it is nevertheless authentic ; and never, never would I sacrifice truth for the mere sake of effect. The fact is this :—the citadel of Allyghur is situated upon a rock, about a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by fourteen walls, as his excellency was good enough to remark in his dispatch. A man who would mount these without scaling-ladders, is an ass ; he who would *say* he mounted them without such assistance, is a liar and a knave. We *had* scaling-ladders at the commencement of the assault, although it was quite impossible to carry them beyond the first line of batteries. Mounted on them, however, as our troops were falling thick about me, I saw that we must ignominiously retreat, unless some other help could be found for our brave fellows to escalate the next wall. It was about seventy feet high—I instantly turned the guns of wall A. on wall B., and peppered the latter so as to make, not a breach, but a scaling-place, the men mounting in the holes made by the shot. By this simple stratagem, I managed to pass each successive barrier—for to ascend a wall, which the General was pleased to call ‘as smooth as glass,’ is an absurd impossibility. I seek to achieve none such :—

‘ I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more, is neither more nor less.’

Of course, had the enemy’s guns been commonly well served, not one of us would ever have been alive out of the

three ; but whether it was owing to fright, or to the excessive smoke caused by so many pieces of artillery, arrive we did. On the platforms, too, our work was not quite so difficult as might be imagined—killing these fellows was sheer butchery. As soon as we appeared, they all turned and fled, helter-skelter, and the reader may judge of their courage by the fact that out of about seven hundred men killed by us, only forty had wounds in front, the rest being bayoneted as they ran.

And beyond all other pieces of good fortune was the very letting out of these tigers, which was the *dernier ressort* of Bournonville, the second commandant of the fort. I had observed this man (conspicuous for a tri-coloured scarf which he wore) upon every one of the walls as we stormed them, and running away the very first among the fugitives. He had all the keys of the gates ; and in his tremor, as he opened the menagerie portal, left the whole bunch in the door, which I seized when the animals were overcome. Runty Goss then opened them one by one, our troops entered, and the victorious standard of my country floated on the walls of Allyghur !

When the General, accompanied by his staff, entered the last line of fortifications, the brave old man raised me from the dead rhinoceros on which I was seated, and pressed me to his breast. But the excitement which had borne me through the fatigues and perils of that fearful day failed all of a sudden, and I wept like a child upon his shoulder.

Promotion, in our army, goes unluckily by seniority ; nor is it in the power of the General-in-Chief to advance a Caesar, if he finds him in the capacity of a subaltern : *my* reward for the above exploit was, therefore, not very rich. His excellency had a favourite horn snuff-box (for though exalted in station, he was in his habits most simple) : of this, and about a quarter of an ounce of high-dried Welsh, which he always took, he made me a present, saying, in front of the line, ' Accept this, Mr. Gahagan, as a token of respect from the first, to the bravest officer in the army.'

Calculating the snuff to be worth a halfpenny, I should say that fourpence was about the value of this gift : but it has at least this good effect—it serves to convince any person who doubts my story, that the facts of it are really

true. I have left it at the office of my publisher, along with the extract from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, and anybody may examine both by applying in the counting-house of Mr. Cunningham.¹ That once popular expression, or proverb, 'Are you up to snuff?' arose out of the above circumstance; for the officers of my corps, none of whom, except myself, had ventured on the storming party, used to twit me about this modest reward for my labours. Never mind; when they want me to storm a fort *again*, I shall know better.

Well, immediately after the capture of this important fortress, Perron, who had been the life and soul of Scindiah's army, came in to us, with his family and treasure, and was passed over to the French settlements at Chander-nagur. Bourquien took his command, and against him we now moved. The morning of the 11th of September found us upon the plains of Delhi.

It was a burning hot day, and we were all refreshing ourselves after the morning's march, when I, who was on the advanced piquet along with O'Gawler of the King's Dragoons, was made aware of the enemy's neighbourhood in a very singular manner. O'Gawler and I were seated under a little canopy of horse-cloths, which we had formed to shelter us from the intolerable heat of the sun, and were discussing with great delight a few Manilla cheroots, and a stone jar of the most exquisite, cool, weak, refreshing sangaree. We had been playing cards the night before, and O'Gawler had lost to me seven hundred rupees. I emptied the last of the sangaree into the two pint tumblers out of which we were drinking, and holding mine up, said, 'Here's better luck to you next time, O'Gawler!'

As I spoke the words—whish!—a cannon-ball cut the tumbler clean out of my hand, and plumped into poor O'Gawler's stomach. It settled him completely, and of course I never got my seven hundred rupees. Such are the uncertainties of war!

To strap on my sabre and my accoutrements—to mount my Arab charger—to drink off what O'Gawler had left of the sangaree—and to gallop to the General, was the work

¹ The Major certainly offered to leave an old snuff-box at Mr. Cunningham's office; but it contained no extract from a newspaper, and does not *quite* prove that he killed a rhinoceros, and stormed fourteen entrenchments at the siege of Allyghur. M. A. T.

of a moment. I found him as comfortably at tiffin, as if he were at his own house in London.

'General,' said I, as soon as I got into his pajamahs (or tent), 'you must leave your lunch if you want to fight the enemy.'

'The enemy—psha ! Mr. Gahagan, the enemy is on the other side of the river.'

'I can only tell your excellency, that the enemy's guns will hardly carry five miles; and that Cornet O'Gawler was this moment shot dead at my side with a cannon ball.'

'Ha ! is it so ?' said his excellency, rising, and laying down the drum-stick of a grilled chicken. 'Gentlemen, remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us, and follow me !'

Each aide-de-camp started from table and seized his cocked hat; each British heart beat high at the thoughts of the coming *mêlée*. We mounted our horses, and galloped swiftly after the brave old General; I not the last in the train, upon my famous black charger.

It was perfectly true, the enemy were posted in force within three miles of our camp, and from a hillock in the advance to which we galloped, we were enabled with our telescopes to see the whole of his imposing line. Nothing can better describe it than this :—



—A is the enemy, and the dots represent the hundred and twenty pieces of artillery which defended his line. He was, moreover, intrenched; and a wide morass in his front gave him an additional security.

His excellency for a moment surveyed the line, and then said, turning round to one of his aides-de-camp, 'Order up Major-General Tinkler and the cavalry.'

'Here, does your excellency mean ?' said the aide-de-camp, surprised, for the enemy had perceived us, and the cannon-balls were flying about as thick as peas.

'Here, Sir,' said the old General, stamping with his foot in a passion, and the A.D.C. shrugged his shoulders and galloped away. In five minutes we heard the trumpets in

our camp, and in twenty more the greater part of the cavalry had joined us.

Up they came, five thousand men, their standards flapping in the air, their long line of polished jack-boots gleaming in the golden sunlight. 'And now we are here,' said Major-General Sir Theophilus Tinkler, 'what next?' 'O d—— it,' said the Commander-in-Chief, 'charge, charge—nothing like charging—galloping—guns—rascally black scoundrels—charge, charge!' and then, turning round to me (perhaps he was glad to change the conversation), he said, 'Lieutenant Gahagan, you will stay with me.'

And well for him I did, for I do not hesitate to say that the battle *was gained by me*. I do not mean to insult the reader by pretending that any personal exertions of mine turned the day,—that I killed for instance, a regiment of cavalry, or swallowed a battery of guns,—such absurd tales would disgrace both the hearer and the teller. I, as is well known, never say a single word which cannot be proved, and hate more than all other vices the absurd sin of egotism; I simply mean that my *advice* to the General, at a quarter past two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, won this great triumph for the British army.

Gleig, Mill, and Thorn have all told the tale of this war, though somehow they have omitted all mention of the hero of it. General Lake, for the victory of that day, became Lord Lake of Laswaree. Laswaree! and who, forsooth, was the real conqueror of Laswaree? I can lay my hand upon my heart, and say that *I* was. If any proof is wanting of the fact, let me give it at once, and from the highest military testimony in the world, I mean that of the Emperor Napoleon.

In the month of March, 1817, I was passenger on board the *Prince Regent*, Captain Harris, which touched at St. Helena on its passage from Calcutta to England. In company with the other officers on board the ship, I paid my respects to the illustrious exile of Longwood, who received us in his garden, where he was walking about in a nankeen dress and a large broad-brimmed straw-hat, with General Montholon, Count Las Casas, and his son Emanuel, then a little boy, who I dare say does not recollect me, but who nevertheless played with my sword-knot and the tassels of my Hessian boots during the whole of our interview with his Imperial Majesty.

Our names were read out (in a pretty accent, by the way !) by General Montholon, and the Emperor, as each was pronounced, made a bow to the owner of it, but did not vouchsafe a word. At last Montholon came to mine. The Emperor looked me at once in the face, took his hands out of his pockets, put them behind his back, and coming up to me smiling, pronounced the following words —

'Assye, Delhi, Deeg, Futtyghur ?'

I blushed, and taking off my hat with a bow, said—
'Sire, c'est moi.'

'Parbleu ! je le savais bien,' said the Emperor, holding out his snuff-box. *'En usez-vous, Major ?'* I took a large pinch (which, with the honour of speaking to so great a man, brought the tears into my eyes), and he continued as nearly as possible in the following words —

'Sir, you are known ; you come of an heroic nation. Your third brother, the Chef de Bataillon, Count Godfrey Gahagan, was in my Irish brigade.'

Gahagan.—*'Sire, it is true. He and my countrymen in your Majesty's service stood under the green flag in the breach of Burgos, and beat Wellington back. It was the only time, as your Majesty knows, that Irishmen and Englishmen were beaten in that war.'*

Napoleon (looking as if he would say, *'D——your candour, Major Gahagan'*) —*'Well, well ; it was so. Your brother was a Count, and died a General in my service.'*

Gahagan —*'He was found lying upon the bodies of nine-and-twenty Cossacks at Borodino. They were all dead, and bore the Gahagan mark.'*

Napoleon (to Montholon).—*'C'est vrai, Montholon, je vous donne ma parole d'honneur la plus sacrée, que c'est vrai. Ils ne font pas d'autres, ces terribles Ga'gans. You must know that Monsieur gained the battle of Delhi as certainly as I did that of Austerlitz. In this way —Ce belâtre de Lord Lake, after calling up his cavalry, and placing them in front of Holkar's batteries, qui balayaient la plaine, was for charging the enemy's batteries with his horse, who would have been écrasés, mitraillés, foudroyés to a man but for the cunning of ce grand rogue que vous voyez.'*

Montholon.—*'Coquin de Major, va !'*

Napoleon —*'Montholon ! tais-toi. When Lord Lake, with his great bull-headed English obstinacy, saw the fâcheuse position into which he had brought his troops, he*



THE MAJOR'S INTERVIEW WITH A CELEBRATED CHARACTER

was for dying on the spot, and would infallibly have done so—and the loss of his army would have been the ruin of the East India Company—and the ruin of the English East India Company would have established my empire (bah ! it was a republic then !) in the East ; but that the man before us, Lieutenant Goliah Gahagan, was riding at the side of General Lake.’

Montholon (with an accent of despair and fury).—*‘Gredin ! cent mille tonnerres de Dieu !’*

Napoleon (benignantly).—*‘Calme-toi, mon fidèle ami.* What will you ? It was fate. Gahagan, at the critical period of the battle, or rather slaughter (for the English had not slain a man of the enemy), advised a retreat.’

Montholon.—*‘Le lâche ! Un Français meurt, mais il ne recule jamais.’*

Napoleon.—*‘Stupide !* Don’t you see *why* the retreat was ordered ?—don’t you know that it was a feint on the part of Gahagan to draw Holkar from his impregnable intrenchments ? Don’t you know that the ignorant Indian fell into the snare, and issuing from behind the cover of his guns, came down with his cavalry on the plains in pursuit of Lake and his dragoons ? Then it was that the Englishmen turned upon him ; the hardy children of the north swept down his feeble horsemen, bore them back to their guns, which were useless, entered Holkar’s intrenchments along with his troops, sabred the artillerymen at their pieces, and won the battle of Delhi !’

As the Emperor spoke, his pale cheek glowed red, his eye flashed fire, his deep clear voice rung as of old, when he pointed out the enemy from beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, or rallied his regiments to the charge upon the death-strewn plain of Wagram. I have had many a proud moment in my life, but never such a proud one as this ; and I would readily pardon the word ‘coward,’ as applied to me by Montholon, in consideration of the testimony which his master bore in my favour.

‘Major,’ said the Emperor to me in conclusion, ‘why had I not such a man as you in my service ? I would have made you a Prince and a Marshal !’ and here he fell into a reverie, of which I knew and respected the purport. He was thinking, doubtless, that I might have retrieved his fortunes, and indeed I have very little doubt that I might.

Very soon after, coffee was brought by Monsieur

Marchand, Napoleon's valet-de-chambre, and after partaking of that beverage, and talking upon the politics of the day, the Emperor withdrew, leaving me deeply impressed by the condescension he had shown in this remarkable interview.

CHAPTER III

A PEEP INTO SPAIN—ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN AND SERVICES OF THE AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS

HEAD QUARTERS, MORELLA, Sept. 15, 1838.

I HAVE been here for some months, along with my young friend Cabrera; and in the hurry and bustle of war—daily on guard and in the batteries for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, with fourteen severe wounds, and seven musket-balls in my body—it may be imagined that I have had little time to think about the publication of my memoirs. *Inter arma silent leges*—in the midst of fighting be hanged to writing! as the poet says; and I never would have bothered myself with a pen, had not common gratitude incited me to throw off a few pages.

Along with Oraa's troops, who have of late been beleaguering this place, there was a young Milesian gentleman, Mr. Toone O'Connor Emmett Fitzgerald Sheeny, by name, a law-student, and member of Gray's Inn, and what he called *Bay Ah* of Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Sheeny was with the Queen's people not in a military capacity, but as representative of an English journal, to which, for a trifling weekly remuneration, he was in the habit of transmitting accounts of the movements of the belligerents, and his own opinion of the politics of Spain. Receiving, for the discharge of this duty, a couple of guineas a week from the proprietors of the journal in question, he was enabled, as I need scarcely say, to make such a show in Oraa's camp as only a Christino general officer, or at the very least a colonel of a regiment, can afford to keep up.

In the famous sortie which we made upon the twenty-third, I was of course among the foremost in the *mêlée*, and found myself, after a good deal of slaughtering (which it would be as disagreeable as useless to describe here), in the court of a small inn or podesta, which had been

made the head-quarters of several queenite officers during the siege. The pesatero or landlord of the inn had been dispatched by my brave chapel-churies, with his fine family of children—the officers quartered in the podesta had of course bolted; but one man remained, and my fellows were on the point of cutting him into ten thousand pieces with their borachios, when I arrived in the room time enough to prevent the catastrophe. Seeing before me an individual in the costume of a civilian—a white hat, a light blue satin cravat, embroidered with butterflies, and other quadrupeds, a green coat and brass buttons, and a pair of blue plaid trousers, I recognized at once a countryman, and interposed to save his life.

In an agonized brogue the unhappy young man was saying all that he could to induce the chapel-churies to give up their intention of slaughtering him; but it is very little likely that his protestations would have had any effect upon them, had not I appeared in the room, and shouted to the ruffians to hold their hand.

Seeing a general officer before them (I have the honour to hold that rank in the service of his Catholic Majesty), and moreover one six feet four in height, and armed with that terrible *cabecilla* (a sword, so called, because it is five feet long) which is so well known among the Spanish armies—seeing, I say, this figure, the fellows retired, exclaiming, ‘*Adios, corpo di bacco, nosotros,*’ and so on, clearly proving (by their words) that they would, if they dared, have immolated the victim whom I had thus rescued from their fury. ‘Villains!’ shouted I, hearing them grumble, ‘away! quit the apartment!’ Each man, sulkily sheathing his sombrero, obeyed, and quitted the camarilla.

It was then that Mr. Sheeny detailed to me the particulars to which I have briefly adverted; and, informing me at the same time that he had a family in England who would feel obliged to me for his release, and that his most intimate friend the English Ambassador would move heaven and earth to revenge his fall, he directed my attention to a portmanteau passably well filled, which he hoped would satisfy the cupidity of my troops. I said, though with much regret, that I must subject his person to a search; and hence arose the circumstance which has called for what I fear you will consider a somewhat tedious explanation. I found upon Mr. Sheeny’s person three sovereigns

in English money (which I have to this day), and singularly enough a copy of *The New Monthly Magazine*. It was a toss-up whether I should let the poor young man be shot or no, but this little circumstance saved his life. The gratified vanity of authorship induced me to accept his portmanteau and valuables, and to allow the poor wretch to go free. I put the Magazine in my coat-pocket, and left him and the podesta.

The men, to my surprise, had quitted the building, and it was full time for me to follow, for I found our sallying-party, after committing dreadful ravages in Oraa's lines, were in full retreat upon the fort, hotly pressed by a superior force of the enemy. I am pretty well known and respected by the men of both parties in Spain (indeed I served for some months on the Queen's side before I came over to Don Carlos); and, as it is my maxim never to give quarter, I never expect to receive it when taken myself. On issuing from the podesta with Sheeny's portmanteau and my sword in my hand, I was a little disgusted and annoyed to see our own men in a pretty good column retreating at double-quick, and about four hundred yards beyond me, up the hill leading to the fort, while on my left hand, and at only a hundred yards, a troop of the queenite lancers were clattering along the road.

I had got into the very middle of the road before I made this discovery, so that the fellows had a full sight of me, and, whizz! came a bullet by my left whisker before I could say Jack Robinson. I looked round—there were seventy of the accursed *malvados* at the least, and within, as I said, a hundred yards. Were I to say that I stopped to fight seventy men, you would write me down a fool or a liar: no, Sir, I did not fight, I ran away.

I am six feet four—my figure is as well known in the Spanish army as that of the Count de Luchana, or my fierce little friend Cabrera himself. 'GAHAGAN!' shouted out half-a-dozen scoundrelly voices, and fifty more shots came rattling after me. I was running, running as the brave stag before the hounds—running as I have done a great number of times before in my life, when there was no help for it but a race.

After I had run about five hundred yards, I saw that I had gained nearly three upon our column in front, and that likewise the Christino horsemen were left behind some

hundred yards more, with the exception of three, who were fearfully near me. The first was an officer without a lance; he had fired both his pistols at me, and was twenty yards in advance of his comrades; there was a similar distance between the two lancers who rode behind him. I determined then to wait for No. 1, and as he came up delivered cut 3 at his horse's near leg—off it flew, and down, as I expected, went horse and man. I had hardly time to pass my sword through my prostrate enemy, when No. 2 was upon me. If I could but get that fellow's horse, thought I, I am safe, and I executed at once the plan which I hoped was to effect my rescue.

I had, as I said, left the podesta with Sheeny's portmanteau, and, unwilling to part with some of the articles it contained—some shirts, a bottle of whisky, a few cakes of Windsor soap, &c., &c.,—I had carried it thus far on my shoulders, but now was compelled to sacrifice it *malgré moi*. As the lancer came up, I dropped my sword from my right hand, and hurled the portmanteau at his head with aim so true, that he fell back on his saddle like a sack, and thus when the horse galloped up to me, I had no difficulty in dismounting the rider—the whisky bottle struck him over his right eye, and he was completely stunned. To dash him from the saddle and spring myself into it, was the work of a moment; indeed, the two combats had taken place in about a fifth part of the time which it has taken the reader to peruse the description. But in the rapidity of the last encounter, and the mounting of my enemy's horse, I had committed a very absurd oversight—I was scampering away *without my sword*! What was I to do?—to scamper on, to be sure, and trust to the legs of my horse for safety!

The lancer behind me gained on me every moment, and I could hear his horrid laugh as he neared me. I leaned forward jockey-fashion in my saddle, and kicked, and urged, and flogged with my hand, but all in vain. Closer—closer—the point of his lance was within two feet of my back. Ah! ah! he delivered the point, and fancy my agony when I felt it enter—through exactly fifty-nine pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Had it not been for that Magazine, I should have been impaled without a shadow of a doubt. Was I wrong in feeling gratitude? Had I not cause to continue my contributions to that periodical?

When I got safe into Morella, along with the tail of the sallying party, I was for the first time made acquainted with the ridiculous result of the lancer's thrust (as he delivered his lance, I must tell you that a ball came whizz over my head from our fellows, and entering at his nose, put a stop to *his* lancing for the future). I hastened to Cabrera's quarter, and related to him some of my adventures during the day.

'But, General,' said he, 'you are standing. I beg you *chiudete l'uscio* (take a chair).'

I did so, and then for the first time was aware that there was some foreign substance in the tail of my coat, which prevented my sitting at ease. I drew out the Magazine which I had seized, and there, to my wonder, *discovered the Christino lance* twisted up like a fish-hook, or a pastoral crook.

'Ha ! ha ! ha !' said Cabrera (who is a notorious wag).

'Valdepeñas madrileños,' growled out Tristany.

'By my cachuca di caballero' (upon my honour as a gentleman), shrieked out Ros d'Eroles, convulsed with laughter, 'I will send it to the Bishop of Leon for a crozier.'

'Gahagan has *consecrated* it,' giggled out Ramon Cabrera ; and so they went on with their muchacas for an hour or more. But, when they heard that the means of my salvation from the lance of the scoundrelly Christino had been the Magazine containing my own history, their laugh was changed into wonder. I read them (speaking Spanish more fluently than English) every word of my story. 'But how is this ?' said Cabrera. 'You surely have other adventures to relate ?'

'Excellent Sir,' said I, 'I have ;' and that very evening, as we sat over our cups of tertullia (sangaree), I continued my narrative in nearly the following words :—

'I left off in the very middle of the battle of Delhi, which ended, as everybody knows, in the complete triumph of the British arms. But who gained the battle ? Lord Lake is called Viscount Lake of Delhi and Laswaree, while Major Gaha—nonsense, never mind *him*, never mind the charge he executed when, sabre in hand, he leaped the six-foot wall in the mouth of the roaring cannon, over the heads of the gleaming pikes, when, with one hand seizing the sacred peish-cush, or fish—which was the banner always borne before Scindiah,—he, with his good sword, cut off

the trunk of the famous white elephant, which, shrieking with agony, plunged madly into the Mahratta ranks, followed by his giant brethren, tossing, like chaff before the wind, the affrighted kitmatgars. He, meanwhile, now plunging into the midst of a battalion of consumahs, now cleaving to the chine a screaming and ferocious bobbachee,¹ rushed on, like the simoom across the red Zaharan plain, killing, with his own hand, a hundred and forty-thr—but never mind—“*alone he did it*”; sufficient be it for him, however, that the victory was won : he cares not for the empty honours which were awarded to more fortunate men !

‘ We marched after the battle to Delhi, where poor blind old Shah Allum received us, and bestowed all kinds of honours and titles on our General. As each of the officers passed before him, the Shah did not fail to remark my person,² and was told my name.

‘ Lord Lake whispered to him my exploits, and the old man was so delighted with the account of my victory over the elephant (whose trunk I use to this day), that he said, “ Let him be called GURPUTI,” or the lord of elephants, and Gujputi was the name by which I was afterwards familiarly known among the natives,—the men, that is. The women had a softer appellation for me, and called me “ Mushook,” or charmer.

‘ Well, I shall not describe Delhi, which is doubtless well known to the reader ; nor the siege of Agra, to which place we went from Delhi ; nor the terrible day at Laswaree, which went nigh to finish the war. Suffice it to say that we were victorious, and that I was wounded, as I have invariably been in the two hundred and four occasions when I have found myself in action. One point, however, became in the course of this campaign *quite* evident—that *something must be done for Gahagan*. The country cried shame, the King’s troops grumbled, the sepoys openly murmured that their Gujputi was only a lieutenant, when he had performed such signal services. What was to be done ?

¹ The double-jointed camel of Bactria, which the classic reader may recollect is mentioned by Suidas (in his Commentary on the Flight of Darius), is so called by the Mahrattas.

² There is some trifling inconsistency on the Major’s part. Shah Allum was notoriously blind : how, then, could he have seen Gahagan ? The thing is manifestly impossible.

Lord Wellesley was in an evident quandary. "Gahagan," wrote he, "to be a subaltern is evidently not your fate—you were born for command; but Lake and General Wellesley are good officers, they cannot be turned out—I must make a post for you. What say you, my dear fellow, to a corps of *irregular horse*?"

'It was thus that the famous corps of AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS had its origin; a guerilla force, it is true, but one which will long be remembered in the annals of our Indian campaigns.

As the commander of this regiment, I was allowed to settle the uniform of the corps, as well as to select recruits. These were not wanting as soon as my appointment was made known, but came flocking to my standard a great deal faster than to the regular corps in the Company's service. I had European officers, of course, to command them, and a few of my countrymen as sergeants; the rest were all natives, whom I chose of the strongest and bravest men in India, chiefly Pitans, Afghans, Hurrumzadehs, and Calliawns, for these are well known to be the most warlike districts of our Indian territory.

When on parade and in full uniform we made a singular and noble appearance. I was always fond of dress; and, in this instance, gave a *carte-blanche* to my taste, and invented the most splendid costume that ever perhaps decorated a soldier. I am, as I have stated already, six feet four inches in height, and of matchless symmetry and proportion. My hair and beard are of the most brilliant auburn, so bright as scarcely to be distinguished at a distance from scarlet. My eyes are bright blue, overshadowed by bushy eyebrows of the colour of my hair, and a terrific gash of the deepest purple, which goes over the forehead, the eyelid, and the cheek, and finishes at the ear, gives my face a more strictly military appearance than can be conceived. When I have been drinking (as is pretty often the case) this gash becomes ruby bright, and as I have another which took off a piece of my under lip, and shows five of my front teeth, I leave you to imagine that "seldom lighted on the earth" (as the monster Burke remarked of one of his unhappy victims), "a more extraordinary vision." I improved these natural advantages; and, while in cantonment during the hot winds at Chittybobbary, allowed my

hair to grow very long, as did my beard, which reached to my waist. It took me two hours daily to curl my hair in ten thousand little corkscrew ringlets, which waved over my shoulders, and to get my mustachios well round to the corners of my eyelids. I dressed in loose scarlet trousers and red morocco boots, a scarlet jacket, and a shawl of the same colour round my waist; a scarlet turban three feet high, and decorated with a tuft of the scarlet feathers of the flamingo, formed my head-dress, and I did not allow myself a single ornament, except a small silver skull and cross-bones in front of my turban. Two brace of pistols, a Malay creese, and a tulwar, sharp on both sides, and very nearly six feet in length, completed this elegant costume. My two flags were each surmounted with a real skull and cross-bones, and ornamented, one with a black, and the other with a red beard (of enormous length, taken from men slain in battle by me). On one flag were of course the arms of John Company; on the other, an image of myself bestriding a prostrate elephant, with the simple word "GURPUTI" written underneath in the Nagaree, Persian, and Sanscrit character. I rode my black horse, and looked, by the immortal gods, like Mars. To me might be applied the words which were written concerning handsome General Webb, in Marlborough's time:—

“ To noble danger he conducts the way,
His great example all his troop obey,
Before the front the Major sternly rides,
With such an air as Mars to battle stride
Propitious heaven must sure a hero save
Like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave ! ”

‘ My officers (Captains Biggs and Mackanulty, Lieutenants Glogger, Pappendick, Stuffle, &c., &c.) were dressed exactly in the same way, but in yellow, and the men were similarly equipped, but in black. I have seen many regiments since, and many ferocious-looking men, but the Ahmednuggar Irregulars were more dreadful to the view than any set of ruffians on which I ever set eyes. I would to heaven that the Czar of Muscovy had passed through Caubul and Lahore, and that I with my old Ahmednuggars stood on a fair field to meet him ! Bless you, bless you, my swart companions in victory ! through the mist of twenty years I hear the booming of your war-cry, and

mark the glitter of your scimitars as ye rage in the thickest of the battle !¹

‘ But away with melancholy reminiscences. You may fancy what a figure the Irregulars cut on a field-day—a line of five hundred black-faced, black-dressed, black-horsed, black-bearded men—Biggs, Glogger, and the other officers in yellow, galloping about the field like flashes of lightning : myself enlightening them, red, solitary, and majestic, like yon glorious orb in heaven.

‘ There are very few men, I presume, who have not heard of Holkar’s sudden and gallant incursion into the Dooâb, in the year 1804, when we thought that the victory of Laswaree and the brilliant success at Deeg had completely finished him. Taking ten thousand horse he broke up his camp at Palimbang ; and the first thing General Lake heard of him was, that he was at Putna, then at Rumpooge, then at Doncaradam—he was, in fact, in the very heart of our territory.

‘ The unfortunate part of the affair was this :—His excellency, despising the Mahratta chieftain, had allowed him to advance about two thousand miles in his front, and knew not in the slightest degree where to lay hold on him. Was he at Hazarubaug ? was he at Bogly Gunge ? nobody knew, and for a considerable period the movements of Lake’s cavalry were quite ambiguous, uncertain, promiscuous, and undetermined.

‘ Such briefly was the state of affairs in October, 1804. At the beginning of that month I had been wounded (a trifling scratch, cutting off my left upper eyelid, a bit of my cheek, and my under lip), and I was obliged to leave Biggs in command of my Irregulars, whilst I retired for my wounds to an English station at Furruckabad, *alias* Futtighur—it is, as every two-penny postman knows, at the apex of the Dooâb. We have there a cantonment, and thither I went for the mere sake of the surgeon and the sticking-plaster.

‘ Furruckabad, then, is divided into two districts or

¹ I do not wish to brag of my style of writing, or to pretend that my genius as a writer has not been equalled in former times ; but if in the works of Byron, Scott, Goethe, or Victor Hugo, the reader can find a more beautiful sentence than the above, I will be obliged to him, that is all—I simply say, *I will be obliged to him*.—G. O’G. G., M.H.E.I.C.S., C.I.H.A.

towns; the lower Cotwal, inhabited by the natives, and the upper (which is fortified slightly, and has all along been called Futtyghur, meaning in Hindostanee, "the-favourite-resort-of-the-white-faced-Feringhees-near-the-mango-tope-consecrated-to-Ram") occupied by Europeans. (It is astonishing, by the way, how comprehensive that language is, and how much can be conveyed in one or two of the commonest phrases.)

'Biggs, then, and my men were playing all sorts of wondrous pranks with Lord Lake's army, whilst I was detained an unwilling prisoner of health at Futtyghur.

'An unwilling prisoner, however, I should not say. The cantonment at Futtyghur contained that which would have made *any* man a happy slave. Woman, lovely woman, was there in abundance and variety! The fact is, that, when the campaign commenced in 1803, the ladies of the army all congregated to this place, where they were left, as it was supposed, in safety. I might, like Homer, relate the names and qualities of all. I may at least mention *some* whose memory is still most dear to me. There was—

'Mrs. Major General Bulcher, wife of Bulcher of the infantry.

'Miss Bulcher.

'MISS BELINDA BULCHER (whose name I beg the printer to place in large capitals).

'Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy.

'Mrs. Major Macan and the four Misses Macan.

'The Honourable Mrs. Burgoo, Mrs. Flix, Hicks, Wicks, and many more too numerous to mention. The flower of our camp was, however, collected there, and the last words of Lord Lake to me, as I left him, were "Gahagan, I commit those women to your charge. Guard them with your life, watch over them with your honour, defend them with the matchless power of your indomitable arm."

'Futtyghur is, as I have said, a European station, and the pretty air of the bungalows, amid the clustering topes of mango-trees, has often ere this excited the admiration of the tourist and sketcher. On the brow of a hill, the Burrumpooter river rolls majestically at its base, and no spot, in a word, can be conceived more exquisitely arranged, both by art and nature, as a favourite residence of the British fair. Mrs. Bulcher, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and

the other married ladies above mentioned, had each of them delightful bungalows and gardens in the place, and between one cottage and another my time passed as delightfully as can the hours of any man who is away from his darling occupation of war.

‘I was the commandant of the fort. It is a little insignificant pettah, defended simply by a couple of gabions, a very ordinary counterscarp, and a bomb-proof embrasure; on the top of this my flag was planted, and the small garrison of forty men only were comfortably barracked off in the casemates within. A surgeon and two chaplains (there were besides three reverend gentlemen, of amateur missions, who lived in the town) completed, as I may say, the garrison of our little fortalice, which I was left to defend and to command.

‘On the night of the first of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major-General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honour of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting-season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it was my intention to take dawd the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party. They had better never have been born than have done as they did, as you shall hear.

‘We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly *fêted* by every lady and gentleman present; when I took an opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in *conter-ing fleurettes* to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.

“What, fire-works! Captain Gahagan,” said Belinda; “this is too gallant.”

“Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher,” said I, “they are fire-works of which I have no idea: perhaps our friends the missionaries——”

“Look, look!” said Belinda, trembling, and clutching

tightly hold of my arm : " what do I see ? yes—no—yes ! it is—*our bungalow is in flames !* "

' It was true the spacious bungalow occupied by Mrs. Major-General was at that moment seen a prey to the devouring element—another and another succeeded it—seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the name of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air !

' I seized my night-glass, and looking towards the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires ; whilst by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking up their ground in the very middle of the open square or tank, round which the bungalows were built !

' " Ho, warder ! " shouted I (while the frightened and trembling Belinda clung closer to my side, and pressed the stalwart arm that encircled her waist), " down with the drawbridge ! see that your masolgees (small tumbrils which are used in place of large artillery) be well loaded : you sepoys, hasten and man the ravelin ! you choprasees, put out the lights in the embrasures ! we shall have warm work of it to-night, or my name is not Goliah Gahagan. "

' The ladies, the guests (to the number of eighty-three), the sepoys, choprasees, masolgees, and so on, had all crowded on the platform at the sound of my shouting, and dreadful was the consternation, shrill the screaming, occasioned by my words. The men stood irresolute and mute with terror ! the women trembling, knew scarcely whither to fly for refuge. " Who are yonder ruffians ? " said I ; a hundred voices yelped in reply—some said the Pindarees, some said the Mahrattas, some vowed it was Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar—no one knew.

' " Is there anyone here, " said I, " who will venture to reconnoitre yonder troops ? " There was a dead pause.

' " A thousand tomauns to the man who will bring me news of yonder army ! " again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty, that no one dared venture to face the danger. " Oh for fifty of my brave Ahmed-nuggarees ! " thought I.

' " Gentlemen, " said I, " I see it—you are cowards—none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. It

is an encouraging prospect—know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow's dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us—and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here?" Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackals on a summer's evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! flung both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder (or in my waistcoat-pocket rather, for the little witch could reach no higher).

"Captain Gahagan," sobbed she, "*Go—Go—Goggle—iah!*"

"My soul's adored!" replied I.

"Swear to me one thing."

"I swear."

"That if—that if—the nasty, horrid, odious, black Mah-ra-a-a-attahs take the fort, you will put me out of their power."

"I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonour, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her; and her mother, Mrs. Major-General Bulcher, and her elder sister, who had not until now known a word of our attachment (indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circumstances made aware of my beloved Belinda's partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they should one and all make away with themselves. Fancy my disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the ladies chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling denial that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

"In the midst of this hurry and confusion, as if purposely to add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and one of the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahratta soldier was before the gate with a flag of truce!

"I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out,

that the party, whoever they might be, had no artillery ; and received at the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is a translation :—

“ TO GOLIAH GAHAGAN GUJPUTI.

“ LORD OF ELEPHANTS, SIR,—I have the honour to inform you that I arrived before this place at eight o'clock P.M. with ten thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned, since my arrival, seventeen bungalows in Fur-ruckabad and Futtyghur, and have likewise been under the painful necessity of putting to death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers, whom I found in the village ; the women have been transferred to safe keeping in the harems of my officers and myself.

“ As I know your courage and talents, I shall be very happy if you will surrender the fortress, and take service as a major-general (hookabadar) in my army. Should my proposal not meet with your assent, I beg leave to state that to-morrow I shall storm the fort, and on taking it, shall put to death every male in the garrison, and every female above twenty years of age. For yourself I shall reserve a punishment, which for novelty and exquisite torture has, I flatter myself, hardly ever been exceeded. Awaiting the favour of a reply, I am, Sir,

“ Your very obedient servant,

“ JASWUNT ROW HOLKAR.

“ CAMP BEFORE FUTTYGHUR, Sept. 1, 1804.

“ R. S. V. P.”

‘ The officer who had brought this precious epistle (it is astonishing how Holkar had aped the forms of English correspondence), an enormous Pitan soldier, with a shirt of mail, and a steel cap and cape, round which his turban wound, was leaning against the gate on his matchlock, and whistling a national melody. I read the letter, and saw at once there was no time to be lost. That man, thought I, must never go back to Holkar. Were he to attack us now before we were prepared, the fort would be his in half an hour.

‘ Tying my white pocket-handkerchief to a stick, I flung open the gate and advanced to the officer ; he was standing, I said, on the little bridge across the moat. I made him

a low salaam, after the fashion of the country, and, as he bent forward to return the compliment, I am sorry to say, I plunged forward, gave him a violent blow on the head, which deprived him of all sensation, and then dragged him within the wall, raising the drawbridge after me.

‘I bore the body into my own apartment; there, swift as thought, I stripped him of his turban, cammerbund, peijammahs, and papooshes, and, putting them on myself, determined to go forth and reconnoitre the enemy.’

Here I was obliged to stop, for Cabrera, Ros d'Eroles, and the rest of the staff, were sound asleep! What I did in my reconnaissance, and how I defended the fort of Futtyghur, I shall have the honour of telling on another occasion.

CHAPTER IV

THE INDIAN CAMP—THE SORTIE FROM THE FORT

HEAD QUARTERS, MORELIA, October 3, 1838.

It is a balmy night. I hear the merry jingle of the tambourine, and the cheery voices of the girls and peasants, as they dance beneath my casement, under the shadow of the clustering vines. The laugh and song pass gaily round, and even at this distance I can distinguish the elegant form of Ramon Cabrera, as he whispers gay nothings in the ears of the Andalusian girls, or joins in the thrilling chorus of Riego's hymn, which is ever and anon vociferated by the enthusiastic soldiery of Carlos Quinto. I am alone, in the most inaccessible and most bomb-proof tower of our little fortalice; the large casements are open—the wind, as it enters, whispers in my ear its odorous recollections of the orange grove and the myrtle bower. My torch (a branch of the fragrant cedar tree) flares and flickers in the midnight breeze, and disperses its scent and burning splinters on my scroll and the desk where I write—meet implements for a soldier's authorship!—it is *cartridge* paper over which my pen runs so glibly, and a yawning barrel of gunpowder forms my rough writing-table. Around me, below me, above me, all—all is peace! I think, as I sit here so lonely, on my country, England! and muse over

the sweet and bitter recollections of my early days ! Let me resume my narrative, at the point where (interrupted by the authoritative summons of war) I paused on the last occasion.

I left off, I think (for I am a thousand miles away from proof-sheets as I write—and, were I not writing the simple TRUTH, must contradict myself a thousand times in the course of my tale)—I think, I say, that I left off at that period of my story, when, Holkar being before Futtighur, and I in command of that fortress, I had just been compelled to make away with his messenger ; and, dressed in the fallen Indian's accoutrements, went forth to reconnoitre the force, and, if possible, to learn the intentions of the enemy. However much my figure might have resembled that of the Pitan, and, disguised in his armour, might have deceived the lynx-eyed Mahrattas, into whose camp I was about to plunge, it was evident that a single glance at my fair face and auburn beard would have undeceived the dullest blockhead in Holkar's army. Seizing, then, a bottle of Burgess's walnut catsup, I dyed my face and my hands, and, with the simple aid of a flask of Warren's jet, I made my hair and beard as black as ebony. The Indian's helmet and chain hood covered likewise a great part of my face, and I hoped thus, with luck, impudence, and a complete command of all the Eastern dialects and languages, from Burmah to Afghanistan, to pass scot-free through this somewhat dangerous ordeal.

I had not the word of the night, it is true—but I trusted to good fortune for that, and passed boldly out of the fortress, bearing the flag of truce as before ; I had scarcely passed on a couple of hundred yards, when, lo ! a party of Indian horsemen, armed like him I had just overcome, trotted towards me. One was leading a noble white charger, and no sooner did he see me than, dismounting from his own horse, and giving the rein to a companion, he advanced to meet me with the charger ; a second fellow likewise dismounted and followed the first ; one held the bridle of the horse, while the other (with a multitude of salaams, aloikums, and other genuflexions) held the jewelled stirrup, and kneeling, waited until I should mount.

I took the hint at once—the Indian who had come up to the fort was a great man—that was evident ; I walked on with a majestic air, gathered up the velvet reins, and sprung into the magnificent high-peaked saddle. ' Buk,

buk,' said I. 'It is good—in the name of the forty-nine Imaums, let us ride on ;' and the whole party set off at a brisk trot, I keeping silence, and thinking with no little trepidation of what I was about to encounter.

As we rode along, I heard two of the men commenting upon my unusual silence (for I suppose, I—that is the Indian—was a talkative officer). 'The lips of the Bahawder are closed,' said one—'where are those birds of Paradise, his long-tailed words ? they are imprisoned between the golden bars of his teeth !'

'Kush,' said his companion, 'be quiet ! Bobbachy Bahawder has seen the dreadful Feringhee, Gahagan Khan Gujputi, the elephant-lord, whose sword reaps the harvest of death : there is but one champion who can wear the papooshes of the elephant-slayer—it is Bobbachy Bahawder !'

'You speak truly, Puneeree Muckun, the Bahawder ruminates on the words of the unbeliever ; he is an ostrich, and hatches the eggs of his thoughts.'

'Bekhusm ! on my nose be it ! May the young birds, his actions, be strong, and swift in flight.'

'May they *digest iron* !' said Puneeree Muckun, who was evidently a wag in his way.

O, ho ! thought I, as suddenly the light flashed upon me. It was, then, the famous Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I overcame just now ! and he is the man destined to stand in *my* slippers, is he ? and I was at that very moment standing in his own ! Such are the chances and changes that fall to the lot of the soldier !

I suppose everybody—everybody who has been in India, at least—has heard the name of Bobbachy Bahawder ; it is derived from the two Hindoostanee words—bobbachy, general ; bahawder, artilleryman. He had entered into Holkar's service in the latter capacity, and had, by his merit and his undaunted bravery in action, attained the dignity of the peacock's feather, which is only granted to noblemen of the first class ; he was married, moreover, to one of Holkar's innumerable daughters ; a match which, according to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*, brought more of honour than of pleasure to the poor Bobbachy. Gallant as he was in the field, it was said that in the harem he was the veriest craven alive, completely subjugated by his ugly and odious wife. In all matters of importance the late

Bahawder had been consulted by his prince, who had, as it appears (knowing my character, and not caring to do anything rash in his attack upon so formidable an enemy), sent forward the unfortunate Pitan to reconnoitre the fort ; he was to have done yet more, as I learned from the attendant Puneeree Muckun, who was, I soon found out, an old favourite with the Bobbachy—doubtless on account of his honesty and love of repartee.

‘The Bahawder’s lips are closed,’ said he, at last trotting up to me ; ‘has he not a word for old Puneeree Muckun ?’

‘Bismillah, mashallah, barikallah,’ said I ; which means, ‘my good friend, what I have seen is not worth the trouble of relation, and fills my bosom with the darkest forebodings.’

‘You could not then see the Gujputi alone, and stab him with your dagger ?’

[Here was a pretty conspiracy !] ‘No, I saw him, but not alone ; his people were always with him.’

‘Hurruzadeh ! it is a pity ; we waited but the sound of your jogree (whistle), and straightway would have galloped up, and seized upon every man, woman, and child in the fort : however, there are but a dozen men in the garrison, and they have not provision for two days—they must yield ; and then, hurrah for the moon-faces ! Mashallah ! I am told the soldiers who first get in are to have their pick. How my old woman, Rottee Muckun, will be surprised, when I bring home a couple of Feringhee wives,—ha ! ha !’

‘Fool !’ said I, ‘be still !—twelve men in the garrison ! there are twelve hundred ! Gahagan himself is as good as a thousand men ; and as for food, I saw, with my own eyes, five hundred bullocks grazing in the court-yard as I entered.’ This *was* a bouncer, I confess ; but my object was to deceive Puneeree Muckun, and give him as high a notion as possible of the capabilities of defence which the besieged had.

‘Pooch, pooch,’ murmured the men ; ‘it is a wonder of a fortress, we shall never be able to take it until our guns come up.’

There was hope, then ! they had no battering-train. Ere this arrived, I trusted that Lord Lake would hear of our plight, and march down to rescue us. Thus occupied in thought and conversation, we rode on until the advanced

sentinel challenged us, when old Punceree gave the word, and we passed on into the centre of Holkar's camp.

It was a strange—a stirring sight! The camp-fires were lighted; and round them—eating, reposing, talking, looking at the merry steps of the dancing-girls, or listening to the stories of some Dhol Baut (or Indian improvisatore)—were thousands of dusky soldiery. The camels and horses were picketed under the banyan trees, on which the ripe mango fruit was growing, and offered them an excellent food. Towards the spot which the golden fish and royal purdahs, floating in the wind, designated as the tent of Holkar, led an immense avenue—of elephants! the finest street, indeed, I ever saw. Each of the monstrous animals had a castle on its back, armed with Mauritanian archers and the celebrated Persian matchlock-men; it was the feeding time of these royal brutes, and the grooms were observed bringing immense toffungs or baskets, filled with pine-apples, plantains, bandannas, Indian corn, and cocoanuts, which grow luxuriantly at all seasons of the year. We passed down this extraordinary avenue—no less than three hundred and eighty-eight tails did I count on each side—each tail appertaining to an elephant twenty-five feet high—each elephant having a two-storied castle on its back—each castle containing sleeping and eating-rooms for the twelve men that formed its garrison, and were keeping watch on the roof—each roof bearing a flag-staff twenty feet long on its top, the crescent glittering with a thousand gems, and round it the imperial standard,—each standard of silk velvet, and cloth of gold, bearing the well-known device of Holkar, argent an or gules, between a sinople of the first, a chevron, truncated, wavy. I took nine of these myself in the course of a very short time after, and shall be happy, when I come to England, to show them to any gentleman who has a curiosity that way. Through this gorgeous scene our little cavalcade passed, and at last we arrived at the quarters occupied by Holkar.

That celebrated chieftain's tents and followers were gathered round one of the British bungalows which had escaped the flames, and which he occupied during the siege. When I entered the large room where he sat, I found him in the midst of a council of war; his chief generals and viziers seated round him, each smoking his hookah, as is the common way with these black fellows, before, at, and

after breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed-time. There was such a cloud raised by their smoke you could hardly see a yard before you—another piece of good luck for me—as it diminished the chances of my detection. When, with the ordinary ceremonies, the kitmutgars and consomahs had explained to the prince that Bobbachy Bahawder, the right eye of the Sun of the universe (as the ignorant heathens called me), had arrived from his mission, Holkar immediately summoned me to the maidaun, or elevated platform, on which he was seated in a luxurious easy chair, and I, instantly taking off my slippers, falling on my knees, and beating my head against the ground ninety-nine times, proceeded, still on my knees, a hundred and twenty-feet through the room, and then up the twenty steps which led to his maidaun—a silly, painful, and disgusting ceremony, which can only be considered as a relic of barbarian darkness, which tears the knees and shins to pieces, let alone the pantaloons. I recommend anybody who goes to India, with the prospect of entering the service of the native rajahs, to recollect my advice, and have them *well wadded*.

Well, the right eye of the Sun of the universe scrambled as well as he could up the steps of the maidaun (on which, in rows, smoking as I have said, the musnuds or general officers were seated), and I arrived within speaking-distance of Holkar, who instantly asked me the success of my mission. The impetuous old man thereon poured out a multitude of questions : ‘How many men are there in the fort?’ said he; ‘how many women? Is it victualled? have they ammunition? Did you see Gahagan Sahib, the commander? did you kill him?’ All these questions Jeswunt Row Holkar puffed out with so many whiffs of tobacco.

Taking a chillum myself, and raising about me such a cloud, that, upon my honour as a gentleman, no man at three yards’ distance could perceive anything of me except the pillar of smoke in which I was encompassed, I told Holkar, in Oriental language, of course, the best tale I could with regard to the fort.

‘Sir,’ said I, ‘to answer your last question first—that dreadful Gujputi I have seen—and he is alive; he is eight feet, nearly, in height; he can eat a bullock daily (of which he has seven hundred at present in the compound, and swears that during the siege he will content himself with

only three a week): he has lost, in battle, his left eye; and what is the consequence? O Ram Gunge (O thou-with-the-eye-as-bright-as-morning-and-with-beard-as-black-as-night), Goliah Gujputi—NEVER SLEEPS!

'Ah, you Ghorumsaug' (you thief of the world), said the Prince Vizier, Saadut Alea Beg Bimbukchee—'it's joking you are;'—and there was a universal buzz through the room at the announcement of this bouncer.

'By the hundred and eleven incarnations of Vishnou,' said I, solemnly (an oath which no Indian was ever known to break), 'I swear that so it is; so at least he told me, and I have good cause to know his power. Gujputi is an enchanter, he is leagued with devils, he is invulnerable. Look,' said I, unsheathing my dagger, and every eye turned instantly towards me—'thrice did I stab him with this steel—in the back, once—twice right through the heart; but he only laughed me to scorn, and bade me tell Holkar that the steel was not yet forged which was to inflict an injury upon him.'

I never saw a man in such a rage as Holkar was when I gave him this somewhat imprudent message.

'Ah, lily-livered rogue!' shouted he out to me, 'milk-blooded unbeliever! pale-faced miscreant! lives he after insulting thy master in thy presence? In the name of the Prophet, I spit on thee, defy thee, abhor thee, degrade thee! Take that, thou liar of the universe! and that—and that—and that!'

Such are the frightful excesses of barbaric minds! every time this old man said 'Take that,' he flung some article near him at the head of the undaunted Gahagan—his dagger, his sword, his carbine, his richly ornamented pistols, his turban covered with jewels, worth a hundred thousand crores of rupees—finally, his hookah, snake mouthpiece, silver-bell, chillum and all—which went hissing over my head, and flattening into a jelly the nose of the grand vizier.

'Yock muzzee! my nose is off,' said the old man, mildly; 'will you have my life, O Holkar? it is thine likewise!' and no other word of complaint escaped his lips.

Of all these missiles, though a pistol and carbine had gone off as the ferocious Indian flung them at my head, and the naked scimitar, fiercely but unadroitly thrown, had lopped off the limbs of one or two of the musnuds as

they sat trembling on their omrahs, yet, strange to say, not a single weapon had hurt me. When the hubbub ceased, and the unlucky wretches who had been the victims of this fit of rage had been removed, Holkar's good-humour somewhat returned, and he allowed me to continue my account of the fort; which I did, not taking the slightest notice of his burst of impatience, as indeed it would have been the height of impoliteness to have done, for such accidents happened many times in the day.

'It is well that the Bobbachy has returned,' snuffled out the poor Grand Vizier, after I had explained to the council the extraordinary means of defence possessed by the garrison. 'Your star is bright, O Bahawder! for this very night we had resolved upon an escalade of the fort, and we had sworn to put every one of the infidel garrison to the edge of the sword.'

'But you have no battering train,' said I.

'Bah! we have a couple of ninety-six pounders, quite sufficient to blow the gates open; and then, hey for a charge!' said Loll Mahommed, a general of cavalry, who was a rival of Bobbachy's, and contradicted, therefore, every word I said. 'In the name of Juggernaut, why wait for the heavy artillery? Have we not swords? have we not hearts? Mashallah! Let cravens stay with Bobbachy, all true men will follow Loll Mahommed! Allah-humdillah, Bismillah, Barikallah?'¹ and drawing his scimitar, he waved it over his head, and shouted out his cry of battle. It was repeated by many of the other omrahs; the sound of their cheers was carried into the camp, and caught up by the men; the camels began to cry, the horses to prance and neigh, the eight hundred elephants set up a scream, the trumpeters and drummers clanged away at their instruments. I never heard such a din before or after. How I trembled for my little garrison when I heard the enthusiastic cries of this innumerable host!

There was but one way for it. 'Sir,' said I, addressing Holkar, 'go out to-night, and you go to certain death. Loll Mahommed has not seen the fort as I have. Pass the gate if you please, and for what? to fall before the

¹ The Major has put the most approved language into the mouths of his Indian characters. Bismillah, Barikallah, and so on, according to the novelists, form the very essence of Eastern conversation.

fire of a hundred pieces of artillery ; to storm another gate, and then another, and then to be blown up, with Gahagan's garrison, in the citadel. Who talks of courage ? Were I not in your august presence, O star of the faithful, I would crop Loll Mahommed's nose from his face, and wear his ears as an ornament in my own pugree ! Who is there here that knows not the difference between yonder yellow-skinned coward and Gahagan Khan Guj—I mean Bobbachy Bahawder ? I am ready to fight one, two, three, or twenty of them, at broadsword, small-sword, single-stick, with fists, if you please ; by the holy piper, fighting is like mate and dthink to Ga—to Bobbachy, I mane—whoop ! come on, you divvle, and I'll bate the skin off your ugly bones.'

This speech had very nearly proved fatal to me, for, when I am agitated, I involuntarily adopt some of the phraseology peculiar to my own country ; which is so un-eastern, that, had there been any suspicion as to my real character, detection must indubitably have ensued. As it was, Holkar perceived nothing, but instantaneously stopped the dispute. Loll Mahommed, however, evidently suspected something, for, as Holkar, with a voice of thunder, shouted out, 'Tomasha,' 'silence,' Loll sprung forward and gasped out—

'My Lord ! my Lord ; this is not Bob——'

But he could say no more. 'Gag the slave !' screamed out Holkar, stamping with fury ; and a turban was instantly twisted round the poor devil's jaws. 'Ho, Furoshes ! carry out Loll Mahommed Khan, give him a hundred dozen on the soles of his feet, set him upon a white donkey, and carry him round the camp, with an inscription before him— "This is the way that Holkar rewards the talkative."'

I breathed again ; and ever as I heard each whack of the bamboo falling on Loll Mahommed's feet, I felt peace returning to my mind, and thanked my stars that I was delivered of this danger.

'Vizier,' said Holkar, who enjoyed Loll's roars amazingly, 'I owe you a reparation for your nose : kiss the hand of your prince, O Saadat Aleë Beg Bimbukchee ! be from this day forth Zoheir u Dowlut !'

The good old man's eyes filled with tears. 'I can bear thy severity, O Prince,' said he, 'I cannot bear thy love. Was it not an honour that your highness did me just now

when you condescended to pass over the bridge of your slave's nose ?'

The phrase was by all voices pronounced to be very poetical. The vizier retired, crowned with his new honours, to bed. Holkar was in high good-humour.

'Bobbachy,' said he, 'thou, too, must pardon me ;—à propos—I have news for thee. Your wife, the incomparable Puttee-Rooge (white and red rose), has arrived in camp.'

'MY WIFE, my Lord !' said I, aghast.

'Our daughter, the light of thine eyes ! Go, my son ; I see thou art wild with joy. The princess's tents are set up close by mine, and I know thou longest to join her.'

My wife ! here was a complication truly !

CHAPTER V

THE ISSUE OF MY INTERVIEW WITH MY WIFE

I FOUND Puneeree Muckun, with the rest of my attendants, waiting at the gate, and they immediately conducted me to my own tents in the neighbourhood. I have been in many dangerous predicaments before that time and since, but I don't care to deny that I felt in the present instance such a throbbing of the heart as I never have experienced when leading a forlorn hope, or marching up to a battery.

As soon as I entered the tents a host of menials sprang forward, some to ease me of my armour, some to offer me refreshments, some with hookahs, attar of roses (in great quart bottles), and the thousand delicacies of Eastern life. I motioned them away. 'I will wear my armour,' said I ; 'I shall go forth to-night ; carry my duty to the princess, and say I grieve that to-night I have not the time to see her. Spread me a couch here, and bring me supper here ; a jar of Persian wine well cooled, a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, a pilaw of a couple of turkeys, a curried kid—anything. Begone ! Give me a pipe ; leave me alone, and tell me when the meal is ready.'

I thought by these means to put off the fair Puttee Rooge, and hoped to be able to escape without subjecting myself to the examination of her curious eyes. After smoking for a while, an attendant came to tell me that my

supper was prepared in the inner apartment of the tent (I suppose that the reader, if he be possessed of the commonest intelligence, knows that the tents of the Indian *grandeos* are made of the finest Cashmere shawls, and contain a dozen rooms at least, with carpets, chimneys, and sash-windows complete). I entered, I say, into an inner chamber, and there began with my fingers to devour my meal in the Oriental fashion, taking, every now and then, a pull from the wine-jar, which was cooling deliciously in another jar of snow.

I was just in the act of dispatching the last morsel of a most savoury stewed lamb and rice, which had formed my meal, when I heard a scuffle of feet, a shrill clatter of female voices, and, the curtain being flung open, in marched a lady accompanied by twelve slaves, with moon faces and slim waists, lovely as the *houris* in Paradise.

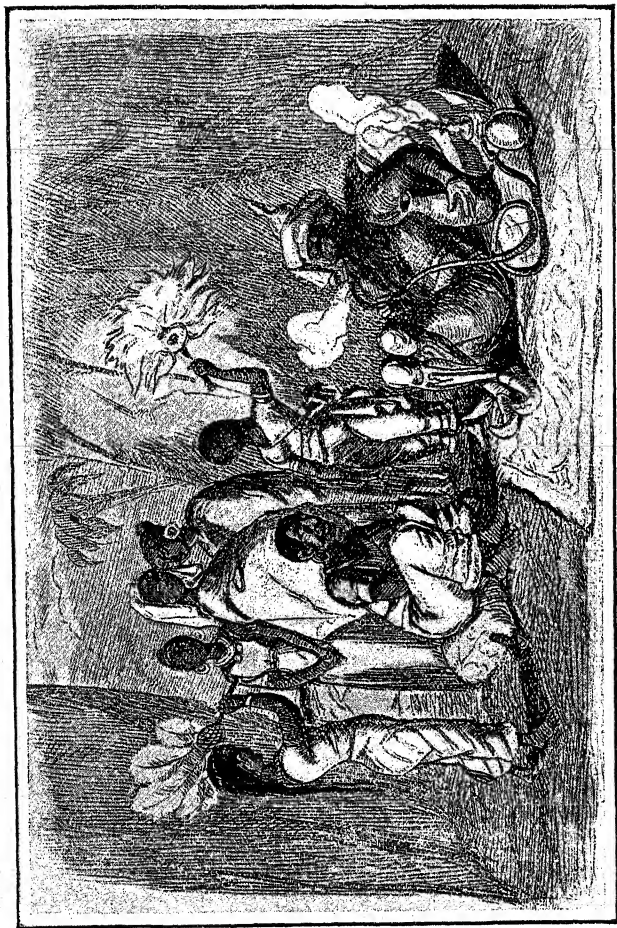
The lady herself, to do her justice, was as great a contrast to her attendants as could possibly be; she was crooked, old, of the complexion of molasses, and rendered a thousand times more ugly by the tawdry dress and the blazing jewels with which she was covered. A line of yellow chalk drawn from her forehead to the tip of her nose (which was further ornamented by an immense glittering nose-ring), her eyelids painted bright red, and a large dab of the same colour on her chin, showed she was not of the Mussulman, but the Brahmin faith—and of a very high caste; you could see that by her eyes. My mind was instantaneously made up as to my line of action.

The male attendants had of course quitted the apartment, as they heard the well-known sound of her voice. It would have been death to them to have remained and looked in her face. The females ranged themselves round their mistress, as she squatted down opposite to me.

‘And is this,’ said she, ‘a welcome, O Khan! after six months’ absence, for the most unfortunate and loving wife in all the world—is this lamb, O glutton! half so tender as thy spouse? Is this wine, O sot! half so sweet as her looks?’

I saw the storm was brewing—her slaves, to whom she turned, kept up a kind of chorus:—

‘O, the faithless one!’ cried they; ‘O, the rascal, the false one, who has no eye for beauty, and no heart for love, like the *Khanum*’s!’



THE MAJOR IN THE TENT OF PUTTEE ROOGE

'A lamb is not so sweet as love,' said I gravely : 'but a lamb has a good temper ; a wine-cup is not so intoxicating as a woman—but a wine-cup has *no tongue*, O Khanum Gee !' and again I dipped my nose in the soul-refreshing jar.

The sweet Puttee Rooge was not, however, to be put off by my repartees ; she and her maidens recommenced their chorus, and chattered and stormed until I lost all patience.

'Retire, friends,' said I, 'and leave me in peace.'

'Stir, on your peril !' cried the Khanum.

So, seeing there was no help for it but violence, I drew out my pistols, cocked them, and said, 'O houris ! these pistols contain each two balls : the daughter of Holkar bears a sacred life for me—but for you !—by all the saints of Hindoostan, four of ye shall die if ye stay a moment longer in my presence !' This was enough ; the ladies gave a shriek, and skurried out of the apartment like a covey of partridges on the wing.

Now, then, was the time for action. My wife, or rather Bobbachy's wife, sat still, a little flurried by the unusual ferocity which her lord had displayed in her presence. I seized her hand and, gripping it close, whispered in her ear, to which I put the other pistol, 'O Khanum, listen and scream not ; the moment you scream, you die !' She was completely beaten : she turned as pale as a woman could in her situation, and said, 'Speak, Bobbachy Bahawder, I am dumb.'

'Woman,' said I, taking off my helmet, and removing the chain cape which had covered almost the whole of my face — '*I am not thy husband*—I am the slayer of elephants, the world-renowned GAHAGAN !'

As I said this, and as the long ringlets of red hair fell over my shoulders (contrasting strangely with my dyed face and beard), I formed one of the finest pictures that can possibly be conceived, and I recommend it as a subject to Mr. Heath, for the next 'Book of Beauty.'

'Wretch !' said she, 'what wouldst thou ?'

'You black-faced fiend,' said I, 'raise but your voice, and you are dead !'

'And afterwards,' said she, 'do you suppose that *you* can escape ? The torments of hell are not so terrible as the tortures that Holkar will invent for thee.'

'Tortures, madam,' answered I, coolly, 'fiddlesticks ! You will neither betray me, nor will I be put to the torture :

on the contrary, you will give me your best jewels and facilitate my escape to the fort. Don't grind your teeth and swear at me. Listen, madam; you know this dress and these arms, they are the arms of your husband, Bobbachy Bahawder—*my prisoner*. He now lies in yonder fort, and, if I do not return before daylight, at *sunrise he dies*: and then, when they send his corpse back to Holkar, what will you, *his widow*, do?"

'O!' said she, shuddering, 'spare me, spare me!'

'I'll tell you what you will do. You will have the pleasure of dying along with him—of *being roasted*, madam, an agonizing death, from which your father cannot save you, to which he will be the first man to condemn and conduct you. Ha! I see we understand each other, and you will give me over the cash-box and jewels.' And so saying I threw myself back with the calmest air imaginable, flinging the pistols over to her. 'Light me a pipe, my love,' said I, 'and then go and hand me over the dollars; do you hear?' You see I had her in my power—up a tree, as the Americans say—and she very humbly lighted my pipe for me, and then departed for the goods I spoke about.

What a thing is luck! If Loll Mahommed had not been made to take that ride round the camp, I should infallibly have been lost.

My supper, my quarrel with the princess, and my pipe afterwards, had occupied a couple of hours of my time. The princess returned from her quest, and brought with her the box, containing valuables to the amount of about three millions sterling. (I was cheated of them afterwards, but have the box still, a plain deal one.) I was just about to take my departure, when a tremendous knocking, shouting, and screaming was heard at the entrance to the tent. It was Holkar himself, accompanied by that cursed Loll Mahommed, who, after his punishment, found his master restored to good humour, and had communicated to him his firm conviction that I was an impostor.

'Ho, Begum!' shouted he, in the ante-room (for he and his people could not enter the women's apartments), 'speak, O my daughter! is your husband returned?'

'Speak, madam,' said I, 'or *remember the roasting*.'

'He is, papa,' said the Begum.

'Are you sure? Ho! ho! ho!' (the old ruffian was laughing outside)—'are you sure it is?—Ha! a ha!—*he-e-e!*'

‘Indeed it is he, and no other. I pray you, father, to go, and to pass no more such shameless jests on your daughter. Have I ever seen the face of any other man?’ And hereat she began to weep as if her heart would break—the deceitful minx!

Holkar’s laugh was instantly turned to fury. ‘Oh, you liar and eternal thief!’ said he, turning round (as I presume, for I could only hear) to Loll Mahommed, ‘to make your prince eat such monstrous dirt as this! Furoshes, seize this man. I dismiss him from my service, I degrade him from his rank, I appropriate to myself all his property; and, hark ye, Furoshes, GIVE HIM A HUNDRED DOZEN MORE!’

Again I heard the whacks of the bamboos, and peace flowed into my soul.

Just as morn began to break, two figures were seen to approach the little fortress of Futtyghur; one was a woman wrapped closely in a veil, the other a warrior, remarkable for the size and manly beauty of his form, who carried in his hand a deal box of considerable size. The warrior at the gate gave the word and was admitted, the woman returned slowly to the Indian camp. Her name was Puttee Rooge; his was—

G. O’G. G., M.H.E.I.C.S., C.I.H.A.

CHAPTER VI

FAMINE IN THE GARRISON

THUS my dangers for the night being overcome, I hastened with my precious box into my own apartment, which communicated with another, where I had left my prisoner, with a guard to report if he should recover, and to prevent his escape. My servant, Ghorumsaug, was one of the guard. I called him, and the fellow came, looking very much confused and frightened, as it seemed, at my appearance.

‘Why, Ghorumsaug,’ said I, ‘what makes thee look so pale, fellow?’ (He was as white as a sheet.) ‘It is thy master, dost thou not remember him?’ The man had seen me dress myself in the Pitan’s clothes, but was not

present when I had blacked my face and beard in the manner I have described.

‘O Bramah, Vishnou, and Mahomet!’ cried the faithful fellow, ‘and do I see my dear master disguised in this way? For heaven’s sake let me rid you of this odious black paint; for what will the ladies say in the ball-room, if the beautiful Feringhee should appear among them with his roses turned into coal?’

I am still one of the finest men in Europe, and at the time of which I write, when only two-and-twenty, I confess I *was* a little vain of my personal appearance, and not very willing to appear before my dear Belinda disguised like a blackamoor. I allowed Ghorumsaug to divest me of the heathenish armour and habiliments which I wore; and having, with a world of scrubbing and trouble, divested my face and beard of their black tinge, I put on my own becoming uniform, and hastened to wait on the ladies; hastened, I say,—although delayed would have been the better word, for the operation of bleaching lasted at least two hours.

‘How is the prisoner, Ghorumsaug?’ said I, before leaving my apartment.

‘He has recovered from the blow which the Lion dealt him: two men and myself watch over him; and Macgilliscuddy Sahib (the second in command) has just been the rounds, and has seen that all was secure.’

I bade Ghorumsaug help me to put away my chest of treasure (my exultation in taking it was so great that I could not help informing him of its contents); and this done I dispatched him to his post near the prisoner, while I prepared to sally forth, and pay my respects to the fair creatures under my protection. What good, after all, have I done, thought I to myself, in this expedition which I had so rashly undertaken? I had seen the renowned Holkar, I had been in the heart of his camp; I knew the disposition of his troops, that there were eleven thousand of them, and that he only waited for his guns to make a regular attack on the fort. I had seen Puttee Rooge; I had robbed her (I say *robbed* her, and I don’t care what the reader or any other man may think of the act) of a deal box, containing jewels to the amount of three millions sterling, the property of herself and husband.

Three millions in money and jewels! And what the

deuce were money and jewels to me or to my poor garrison ? Could my adorable Miss Bulcher eat a fricassee of diamonds, or, Cleopatra-like, melt down pearls to her tea ? Could I, careless as I am about food, with a stomach that would digest anything—(once, in Spain, I ate the leg of a horse during a famine, and was so eager to swallow this morsel that I bolted the shoe, as well as the hoof, and never felt the slightest inconvenience from either)—could I, I say, expect to live long and well upon a ragout of rupees, or a dish of stewed emeralds and rubies ? With all the wealth of Croesus before me I felt melancholy ; and would have paid cheerfully its weight in carats for a good honest round of boiled beef. Wealth, wealth, what are thou ? What is gold ?—Soft metal. What are diamonds ?—Shining tinsel. The great wealth-winners, the only fame-achievers, the sole objects worthy of a soldier's consideration, are beef-steaks, gunpowder, and cold iron.

The two latter means of competency we possessed ; I had in my own apartments a small store of gunpowder (keeping it under my own bed, with a candle burning for fear of accidents) ; I had 14 pieces of artillery (4 long 48's and 4 carronades, 5 howitzers, and a long brass mortar, for grape, which I had taken myself at the battle of Assye), and muskets for ten times my force. My garrison, as I have told the reader in a previous number, consisted of 40 men, two chaplains, and a surgeon ; add to these my guests, 83 in number, of whom nine only were gentlemen (in tights, powder, pigtails, and silk stockings, who had come out merely for a dance, and found themselves in for a siege). Such were our numbers :—

Troops and artillerymen	40
Ladies	74
Other non-combatants	11
MAJOR-GEN. O'G. GAHAGAN	1,000
	<hr/>
	1,125

I count myself good for a thousand, for so I was regularly rated in the army : with this great benefit to it, that I only consumed as much as an ordinary mortal. We were then, as far as the victuals went, 126 mouths ; as combatants we numbered 1,040 gallant men, with 12 guns and a fort, against Holkar and his 12,000. No such alarming odds, if—

If!—aye, there was the rub—*if* we had *shot*, as well as powder, for our guns; *if* we had not only *men* but *meat*. Of the former commodity we had only three rounds for each piece. Of the latter, upon my sacred honour, to feed 126 souls, we had but

Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.

Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer.

Of soda-water, four ditto ditto.

Two bottles of fine Spanish olives.

Raspberry cream—the remainder of two dishes.

Seven macaroons, lying in the puddle of a demolished trifle.

Half a drum of best Turkey figs.

Some bits of broken bread; two Dutch cheeses (whole); the crust of an old Stilton; and about an ounce of almonds and raisins.

Three ham-sandwiches, and a pot of currant-jelly, and 197 bottles of brandy, rum, madeira, pale ale (my private stock); a couple of hard eggs for a salad, and a flask of Florence oil.

This was the provision for the whole garrison! The men after supper had seized upon the relics of the repast, as they were carried off from the table; and these were the miserable remnants I found and counted on my return: taking good care to lock the door of the supper-room, and treasure what little sustenance still remained in it.

When I appeared in the saloon, now lighted up by the morning sun, I not only caused a sensation myself, but felt one in my own bosom, which was of the most painful description. O, my reader! may you never behold such a sight as that which presented itself: eighty-three men and women in ball-dresses; the former with their lank powdered locks streaming over their faces; the latter with faded flowers, uncurled wigs, smudged rouge, blear eyes, dragging feathers, rumpled satins—each more desperately melancholy and hideous than the other—each, except my beloved Belinda Bulcher, whose raven ringlets never having been in curl could of course never go *out* of curl; whose cheek, pale as the lily, could, as it may naturally be supposed, grow no paler; whose neck and beauteous arms, dazzling as alabaster, needed no pearl-powder, and therefore, as I need not state, did not suffer because the pearl-powder had come off. Joy (deft link-boy!) lit his lamps in each of her eyes as I entered. As if I had been her sun, her spring, lo! blushing roses mantled in her cheek! Seventy-three ladies, as I entered, opened their

fire upon me, and stunned me with cross-questions, regarding my adventures in the camp—*she*, as she saw me, gave a faint scream (the sweetest, sure, that ever gurgled through the throat of a woman !), then started up—then made as if she would sit down—then moved backwards—then tottered forwards—then tumbled into my—Psha ! why recall, why attempt to describe that delicious—that passionate greeting of two young hearts ? What was the surrounding crowd to *us* ? What cared we for the sneers of the men, the titters of the jealous women, the shrill ‘Upon my word,’ of the elder Miss Bulcher, and the loud expostulations of Belinda’s mamma ? The brave girl loved me, and wept in my arms. ‘Goliah ! my Goliah !’ said she, ‘my brave, my beautiful, *thou* art returned, and hope comes back with thee. Oh ! who can tell the anguish of my soul, during this dreadful, dreadful night !’ Other similar ejaculations of love and joy she uttered ; and if I *had* perilled life in her service, if I *did* believe that hope of escape there was none, so exquisite was the moment of our meeting, that I forgot all else in this overwhelming joy !

[The Major’s description of this meeting, which lasted at the very most not ten seconds, occupies thirteen pages of writing. We have been compelled to dock off twelve-and-a-half ; for the whole passage, though highly creditable to his feelings, might possibly be tedious to the reader.]

As I said, the ladies and gentlemen were inclined to sneer, and were giggling audibly. I led the dear girl to a chair, and, scowling round with a tremendous fierceness, which those who know me know I can sometimes put on, I shouted out, ‘Hark ye ! men and women—I am this lady’s truest knight—her husband I hope one day to be. I am commander, too, in this fort—the enemy is without it ; another word of mockery—another glance of scorn—and, by Heaven, I will hurl every man and woman from the battlements, a prey to the ruffianly Holkar !’ This quieted them. I am a man of my word, and none of them stirred or looked disrespectfully from that moment.

It was now *my* turn to make *them* look foolish. Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy (whose unfailing appetite is pretty well known to every person who has been in India) cried, ‘Well,

Captain Gahagan, your ball has been so pleasant, and the supper was dispatched so long ago, that myself and the ladies would be very glad of a little breakfast.' And Mrs. Van giggled as if she had made a very witty and reasonable speech. 'Oh! breakfast, breakfast by all means,' said the rest; 'we really are dying for a warm cup of tea.'

'Is it bohay tay or souchong tay that you'd like, ladies?' says I.

'Nonsense, you silly man; any tea you like,' said fat Mrs. Van.

'What do you say, then, to some prime *gunpowder*?' Of course they said it was the very thing.

'And do you like hot rowls or cowl—muffins or crumpets—fresh butter or salt? And you, gentlemen, what do you say to some ilegant divvled-kidneys for yourselves, and just a trifle of grilled turkeys, and a couple of hundthred new-laid eggs for the ladies?'

'Pooh, pooh! be it as you will, my dear fellow,' answered they all.

'But stop,' says I. 'O ladies, O ladies; O gentlemen, gentlemen, that you should ever have come to the quarters of Goliah Gahagan, and he been without——'

'What?' said they, in a breath.

'Alas! alas! I have not got a single stick of chocolate in the whole house.'

'Well, well, we can do without it.'

'Or a single pound of coffee.'

'Never mind; let that pass too.' (Mrs. Van and the rest were beginning to look alarmed.)

'And about the kidneys—now I remember, the black divvles outside the fort have seized upon all the sheep; and how are we to have kidneys without them?' (Here there was a slight o—o—o!)

'And with regard to the milk and crame, it may be remarked that the cows are likewise in pawn, and not a single drop can be had for money or love: but we can beat up eggs, you know, in the tay, which will be just as good.'

'Oh! just as good.'

'Only the divvle's in the luck, there's not a fresh egg to be had—no, nor a fresh chicken,' continued I, 'nor a stale one either; nor a tayspoonful of souchong, nor a thimbleful of bohay; nor the laste taste in life of butther, salt or fresh; nor hot rowls or cowl!'

In the name of Heaven !' said Mrs. Van, growing very pale, ' what is there, then ?'

' Ladies and gentlemen, I'll tell you what there is, now,' shouted I. ' There's

' Two drumsticks of fowls, and a bone of ham.
Fourteen bottles of ginger-beer,' &c., &c., &c.

And I went through the whole list of eatables as before, ending with the ham-sandwiches and the pot of jelly.

' Law ! Mr. Gahagan,' said Mrs. Colonel Vandegobbleschroy, ' give me the ham-sandwiches—I must manage to breakfast off them.'

And you should have heard the pretty to-do there was at this modest proposition ! Of course I did not accede to it—why should I ? I was the commander of the fort, and intended to keep these three very sandwiches for the use of myself and my dear Belinda. ' Ladies,' said I, ' there are in this fort one hundred and twenty-six souls, and this is all the food which is to last us during the siege. Meat there is none—of drink there is a tolerable quantity ; and at one o'clock punctually, a glass of wine and one olive shall be served out to each woman : the men will receive two glasses, and an olive and a fig—and this must be your food during the siege. Lord Lake cannot be absent more than three days ; and, if he be, why still there is a chance—why do I say a chance ?—a *certainly* of escaping from the hands of these ruffians.'

' Oh, name it, name it, dear Captain Gahagan !' screeched the whole covey at a breath.

' It lies,' answered I, ' in the *powder magazine*. I will blow this fort, and all it contains, to atoms, ere it becomes the prey of Holkar.'

The women, at this, raised a squeal that might have been heard in Holkar's camp, and fainted in different directions ; but my dear Belinda whispered in my ear, ' Well done, thou noble knight ! bravely said, my heart's Goliah !' I felt I was right : I could have blown her up twenty times for the luxury of that single moment ! ' And now, ladies,' said I, ' I must leave you. The two chaplains will remain with you to administer professional consolation—the other gentlemen will follow me upstairs to the ramparts, where I shall find plenty of work for them.'

CHAPTER VII

THE ESCAPE

LOATH as they were, these gentlemen had nothing for it but to obey, and they accordingly followed me to the ramparts, where I proceeded to review my men. The fort, in my absence, had been left in command of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy, a countryman of my own (with whom, as may be seen in an early chapter of my memoirs, I had an affair of honour); and the prisoner Bobbachy Bahawder, whom I had only stunned, never wishing to kill him, had been left in charge of that officer. Three of the garrison (one of them a man of the Ahmednuggar Irregulars, my own body-servant, Ghorumsaug above-named) were appointed to watch the captive by turns, and never leave him out of their sight. The lieutenant was instructed to look to them and to their prisoner, and as Bobbachy was severely injured by the blow which I had given him, and was, moreover, bound hand and foot, and gagged smartly with cords, I considered myself sure of his person.

Macgillicuddy did not make his appearance when I reviewed my little force, and the three havildars were likewise absent—this did not surprise me, as I had told them not to leave their prisoner; but desirous to speak with the lieutenant, I dispatched a messenger to him, and ordered him to appear immediately.

The messenger came back; he was looking ghastly pale: he whispered some information into my ear, which instantly caused me to hasten to the apartments, where I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be confined.

The men had fled;—Bobbachy had fled; and in his place, fancy my astonishment when I found—with a rope, cutting his naturally wide mouth almost into his ears—with a dreadful sabre cut across his forehead—with his legs tied over his head, and his arms tied between his legs—my unhappy, my attached friend—Mortimer Macgillicuddy!

He had been in this position for about three hours—it was the very position in which I had caused Bobbachy Bahawder to be placed—an attitude uncomfortable, it is true, but one which renders escape impossible, unless treason aid the prisoner.

I restored the lieutenant to his natural erect position : I poured half-a-bottle of whisky down the immensely enlarged orifice of his mouth, and when he had been released, he informed me of the circumstances that had taken place.

Fool that I was ! idiot !—upon my return to the fort, to have been anxious about my personal appearance, and to have spent a couple of hours in removing the artificial blackening from my beard and complexion, instead of going to examine my prisoner ; when his escape would have been prevented.—O foppery, foppery !—it was that cursed love of personal appearance, which had led me to forget my duty to my general, my country, my monarch, and my own honour !

Thus it was that the escape took place. My own fellow of the Irregulars, whom I had summoned to dress me, performed the operation to my satisfaction, invested me with the elegant uniform of my corps, and removed the Pitan's disguise, which I had taken from the back of the prostrate Bobbachy Bahawder. What did the rogue do next ?—Why, he carried back the dress to the Bobbachy—he put it, once more, on its right owner, he and his infernal black companions (who had been so won over by the Bobbachy, with promises of enormous reward), gagged Macgillicuddy, who was going the rounds, and then marched with the Indian coolly up to the outer gate, and gave the word. The sentinel, thinking it was myself, who had first come in, and was as likely to go out again (indeed, my rascally valet said, that Gahagan Saib was about to go out with him and his two companions to reconnoitre)—opened the gates, and off they went !

This accounted for the confusion of my valet when I entered !—and for the scoundrel's speech, that the lieutenant had *just been the rounds* ;—he *had*, poor fellow, and had been seized and bound in this cruel way. The three men, with their liberated prisoner, had just been on the point of escape, when my arrival disconcerted them : I had changed the guard at the gate (whom they had won over likewise) ; and yet, although they had overcome poor Mac, and although they were ready for the start, they had positively no means for effecting their escape, until I was ass enough to put means in their way. Fool ! fool ! thrice besotted fool that I was, to think of my own silly person when I should have been occupied solely with my public duty.

From Macgillicuddy's incoherent accounts, as he was gasping from the effects of the gag, and the whisky he had taken to revive him, and from my own subsequent observations, I learned this sad story. A sudden and painful thought struck me—my precious box !—I rushed back, I found that box—I have it still—opening it, there where I had left ingots, sacks of bright tomauns, kopeks, and rupees, strings of diamonds as big as ducks' eggs, rubies as red as the lips of my Belinda, countless strings of pearls, amethysts, emeralds, piles upon piles of bank notes—I found—a piece of paper ! with a few lines in the Sanscrit language, which are thus, word for word, translated :—

EPIGRAM

(On disappointing a certain Major.)

The conquering lion return'd with his prey,
And safe in his cavern he set it,
The sly little fox stole the booty away ;
And, as he escaped, to the lion did say,
' *Aha*, don't you wish you may get it ?'

Confusion ! Oh, how my blood boiled as I read these cutting lines. I stamped,—I swore,—I don't know to what insane lengths my rage might have carried me, had not at this moment a soldier rushed in, screaming, 'The enemy, the enemy !'

CHAPTER VIII

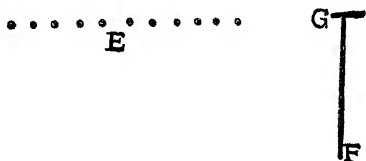
THE CAPTIVE

It was high time, indeed, that I should make my appearance. Waving my sword with one hand, and seizing my telescope with the other, I at once frightened and examined the enemy. Well they knew when they saw that flamingo-plume floating in the breeze—that awful figure standing in the breach—that waving war-sword sparkling in the sky—well, I say, they knew the name of the humble individual who owned the sword, the plume, and the figure. The ruffians were mustered in front, the cavalry behind. The flags were flying, the drums, gongs, tambourines, violon-

cellos, and other instruments of Eastern music, raised in the air a strange, barbaric melody; the officers (yatabals), mounted on white dromedaries, were seen galloping to and fro, carrying to the advancing hosts the orders of Holkar.

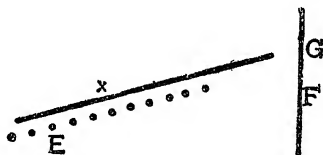
You see that two sides of the fort of Futtyghur (rising as it does on a rock that is almost perpendicular), are defended by the Burrumpooter river, two hundred feet deep at this point, and a thousand yards wide, so that I had no fear about them attacking me in *that* quarter. My guns, therefore (with their six-and-thirty miserable charges of shot) were dragged round to the point at which I conceived Holkar would be most likely to attack me. I was in a situation that I did not dare to fire, except at such times as I could kill a hundred men by a single discharge of a cannon; so the attacking party marched and marched, very strongly, about a mile and a half off, the elephants marching without receiving the slightest damage from us, until they had come to within four hundred yards of our walls, (the rogues knew all the secrets of our weakness, through the betrayal of the dastardly Ghorumsaug, or they never would have ventured so near). At that distance—it was about the spot where the Futtyghur hill began gradually to rise—the invading force stopped; the elephants drew up in a line, at right angles with our wall (the fools; they thought they should expose themselves too much by taking a position parallel to it!); the cavalry halted too, and—after the deuce's own flourish of trumpets, and banging of gongs, to be sure,—somebody, in a flame-coloured satin dress, with an immense jewel blazing in his pugree (that looked through my telescope like a small but very bright planet), got up from the back of one of the very biggest elephants, and began a speech.

The elephants were, as I said, in a line formed with admirable precision, about three hundred of them. The following little diagram will explain matters:—



E is the line of elephants. F is the wall of the fort. G, a gun in the fort. *Now* the reader will see what I did.

The elephants were standing, their trunks wagging to and fro gracefully before them ; and I, with superhuman skill and activity, brought the gun G (a devilish long brass gun) to bear upon them. I pointed it myself ; bang it went, and what was the consequence ? Why this :—



F is the fort, as before. G is the gun, as before. E, the elephants, as we have previously seen them. What then is *x* ? *x* is the line taken by the ball fired from G, which took off one hundred and thirty-four elephants' trunks, and only spent itself in the tusk of a very old animal, that stood the hundred and thirty-fifth !

I say that such a shot was never fired before or since ; that a gun was never pointed in such a way. Suppose I had been a common man, and contented myself with firing bang at the head of the first animal ? An ass would have done it, prided himself had he hit his mark, and what would have been the consequence ? Why, that the ball might have killed two elephants and wounded a third ; but here, probably, it would have stopped, and done no further mischief. The *trunk* was the place at which to aim ; there are no bones there ; and away, consequently, went the bullet, shearing, as I have said, through one hundred and thirty-five probosces. Heavens ! what a howl there was when the shot took effect ! What a sudden stoppage of Holkar's speech ! What a hideous snorting of elephants ! What a rush backwards was made by the whole army, as if some demon was pursuing them !

Away they went. No sooner did I see them in full retreat, than, rushing forward myself, I shouted to my men, 'My friends, yonder lies your dinner !' We flung open the gates—we tore down to the spot where the elephants had fallen : seven of them were killed ; and of those that escaped to die of their hideous wounds elsewhere, most had left their tusks behind them. A great

quantity of them we seized ; and I myself, cutting up with my scimitar a couple of the fallen animals, as a butcher would a calf, motioned to the men to take the pieces back to the fort, where barbecued elephant was served round for dinner, instead of the miserable allowance of an olive and a glass of wine, which I had promised to my female friends, in my speech to them. The animal reserved for the ladies was a young white one—the fattest and tenderest I ever ate in my life : they are very fair eating, but the flesh has an India-rubber flavour, which, until one is accustomed to it, is unpalatable.

It was well that I had obtained this supply, for, during my absence on the works, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy and one or two others had forced their way into the supper-room, and devoured every morsel of the garrison larder, with the exception of the cheeses, the olives, and the wine, which were locked up in my own apartment, before which stood a sentinel. Disgusting Mrs. Van ! When I heard of her gluttony, I had almost a mind to eat *her*. However, we made a very comfortable dinner off the barbecued steaks, and when everybody had done, had the comfort of knowing that there was enough for one meal more.

The next day, as I expected, the enemy attacked us in great force, attempting to escalate the fort ; but by the help of my guns, and my good sword, by the distinguished bravery of Lieutenant Macgillicuddy and the rest of the garrison, we beat this attack off completely, the enemy sustaining a loss of seven hundred men. We were victorious ; but when another attack was made, what were we to do ? We had still a little powder left, but had fired off all the shot, stones, iron-bars, &c., in the garrison ! On this day, too, we devoured the last morsel of our food ; I shall never forget Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy's despairing look, as I saw her sitting alone, attempting to make some impression on the little white elephant's roasted tail.

The third day the attack was repeated. The resources of genius are never at an end. Yesterday I had no ammunition ; to-day, I discovered charges sufficient for two guns, and two swivels, which were much longer, but had bores of about blunderbuss size.

This time my friend Loll Mahommed, who had received, as the reader may remember, such a bastinadoing for my sake, headed the attack. The poor wretch could not walk,

but he was carried in an open palanquin, and came on waving his sword, and cursing horribly in his Hindoostan jargon. Behind him came troops of matchlock men, who picked off every one of our men who showed their noses above the ramparts; and a great host of blackamoors with scaling ladders, bundles to fill the ditch, fascines, gabions, culverins, demilunes, counterscarps, and all the other appurtenances of offensive war.

On they came; my guns and men were ready for them. You will ask how my pieces were loaded? I answer, that though my garrison were without food, I knew my duty as an officer, and *had put the two Dutch cheeses into the two guns, and had crammed the contents of a bottle of olives into each swivel.*

They advanced,—whish! went one of the Dutch cheeses,—bang! went the other. Alas! they did little execution. In their first contact with an opposing body, they certainly floored it; but they became at once like so much Welsh-rabbit, and did no execution beyond the man whom they struck down.

‘Hogree, pogree, wongree-fum;’ (praise to Allah, and the forty-nine Imaums!) shouted out the ferocious Loll Mahommed, when he saw the failure of my shot. ‘Onward, sons of the Prophet! the infidel has no more ammunition—a hundred thousand lakhs of rupees to the man who brings me Gahagan’s head!’

His men set up a shout, and rushed forward—he, to do him justice, was at the very head, urging on his own palanquin bearers, and poking them with the tip of his scimitar. They came panting up the hill: I was black with rage, but it was the cold, concentrated rage of despair. ‘Macgillicuddy,’ said I, calling that faithful officer, ‘you know where the barrels of powder are?’ He did. ‘You know the use to make of them?’ He did. He grasped my hand. ‘Goliah,’ said he, ‘farewell! I swear that the fort shall be in atoms, as soon as yonder unbelievers have carried it. Oh, my poor mother!’ added the gallant youth, as sighing, yet fearless, he retired to his post.

I gave one thought to my blessed, my beautiful Belinda, and then, stepping into the front, took down one of the swivels;—a shower of matchlock balls came whizzing round my head. I did not heed them.

I took the swivel, and aimed coolly. Loll Mahommed,

his palanquin, and his men, were now not above two hundred yards from the fort. Loll was straight before me, gesticulating and shouting to his men. I fired—bang!!!

I aimed so true, that *one hundred and seventeen best Spanish olives were lodged in a lump in the face of the unhappy Loll Mahommed*. The wretch, uttering a yell the most hideous and unearthly I ever heard, fell back dead—the frightened bearers flung down the palanquin and ran—the whole host ran as one man; their screams might be heard for leagues. ‘Tomasha, tomasha,’ they cried, ‘it is enchantment!’ Away they fled, and the victory a third time was ours. Soon as the fight was done, I flew back to my Belinda—we had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, but I forgot hunger in the thought of once more beholding *her*!

The sweet soul turned towards me with a sickly smile as I entered, and almost fainted in my arms; but, alas! it was not love which caused in her bosom an emotion so strong—it was hunger! ‘Oh! my Goliah,’ whispered she, ‘for three days I have not tasted food—I could not eat that horrid elephant yesterday; but now—oh! heaven!’ She could say no more, but sunk almost lifeless on my shoulder. I administered to her a trifling dram of rum, which revived her for a moment, and then rushed downstairs, determined that if it were a piece of my own leg, she should still have something to satisfy her hunger. Luckily I remembered that three or four elephants were still lying in the field, having been killed by us in the first action, two days before. Necessity, thought I, has no law; my adorable girl must eat elephant, until she can get something better.

I rushed into the court where the men were, for the most part, assembled. ‘Men,’ said I, ‘our larder is empty; we must fill it as we did the day before yesterday; who will follow Gahagan on a foraging party?’ I expected that, as on former occasions, every man would offer to accompany me.

To my astonishment, not a soul moved—a murmur arose among the troops; and at last, one of the oldest and bravest came forward.

‘Captain,’ he said, ‘it is of no use; we cannot feed upon elephants for ever; we have not a grain of powder left, and must give up the fort when the attack is made to-morrow.

We may as well be prisoners now as then, and we won't go elephant-hunting any more.'

'Ruffian!' I said, 'he who first talks of surrender, dies!' and I cut him down. 'Is there any one else who wishes to speak?'

No one stirred.

'Cowards! miserable cowards!' shouted I; 'what, you dare not move for fear of death, at the hands of those wretches who even now fled before your arms—what, do I say *your* arms?—before *mine*!—alone I did it; and as alone I routed the foe, alone I will victual the fortress! Ho! open the gate!'

I rushed out; not a single man would follow. The bodies of the elephants that we had killed still lay on the ground where they had fallen, about four hundred yards from the fort. I descended calmly the hill, a very steep one, and coming to the spot, took my pick of the animals, choosing a tolerably small and plump one, of about thirteen feet high, which the vultures had respected. I threw this animal over my shoulders, and made for the fort.

As I marched up the acclivity, whizz—piff—whirr! came the balls over my head; and pitter-patter, pitter-patter! they fell on the body of the elephant like drops of rain. The enemy were behind me; I knew it, and quickened my pace. I heard the gallop of their horse: they came nearer, nearer; I was within a hundred yards of the fort—seventy—fifty! I strained every nerve; I panted with the superhuman exertion—I ran—could a man run very fast with such a tremendous weight on his shoulders?

Up came the enemy; fifty horsemen were shouting and screaming at my tail. Oh, heaven! five yards more—one moment—and I am saved!—It is done—I strain the last strain—I make the last step—I fling forward my precious burden into the gate opened wide to receive me and it, and—I fall! The gate thunders to, and I am left *on the outside*! Fifty knives are gleaming before my bloodshot eyes—fifty black hands are at my throat, when a voice exclaims, 'Stop;—kill him not, it is Gujputi!' A film came over my eyes—exhausted nature would bear no more.

CHAPTER IX

SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR

WHEN I awoke from the trance into which I had fallen, I found myself in a bath, surrounded by innumerable black faces ; and a Hindoo pothukoor (whence our word apothecary) feeling my pulse, and looking at me with an air of sagacity.

'Where am I ?' I exclaimed, looking round and examining the strange faces and the strange apartment which met my view. 'Bekhusm !' said the apothecary. 'Silence ! Gahagan Saib is in the hands of those who know his valour, and will save his life.'

'Know my valour, slave ? Of course you do,' said I ; 'but the fort—the garrison—the elephant—Belinda, my love—my darling—Macgillicuddy—the scoundrelly mutineers—the deal bo——'

I could say no more ; the painful recollections pressed so heavily upon my poor shattered mind and frame, that both failed once more. I fainted again, and I know not how long I lay insensible.

Again, however, I came to my senses ; the pothukoor applied restoratives, and after a slumber of some hours I awoke, much refreshed. I had no wound ; my repeated swoons had been brought on (as indeed well they might) by my gigantic efforts in carrying the elephant up a steep hill a quarter of a mile in length. Walking, the task is bad enough : but running, it is the deuce ; and I would recommend any of my readers who may be disposed to try and carry a dead elephant, never, on any account, to go a pace of more than five miles an hour.

Scarcely was I awake, when I heard the clash of arms at my door (plainly indicating that sentinels were posted there), and a single old gentleman, richly habited, entered the room. Did my eyes deceive me ? I had surely seen him before. No—yes—no—yes—it *was* he—the snowy white beard, the mild eyes, the nose flattened to a jelly, and level with the rest of the venerable face, proclaimed him at once to be—Saadut Alea Beg Bimbukchee, Holkar's prime vizier, whose nose, as the reader may recollect, his highness had flattened with his kaleawn, during my

interview with him in the Pitan's disguise.—I now knew my fate but too well—I was in the hands of Holkar.

Saadut Allee Beg Bimbukchee slowly advanced towards me, and with a mild air of benevolence, which distinguished that excellent man (he was torn to pieces by wild horses the year after, on account of a difference with Holkar), he came to my bedside, and taking gently my hand, said, 'Life and death, my son, are not ours. Strength is deceitful, valour is unavailing, fame is only wind—the nightingale sings of the rose all night—where is the rose in the morning? Booch, booch! it is withered by a frost. The rose makes remarks regarding the nightingale, and where is that delightful song-bird? Pena-bekhoda, he is netted, plucked, spitted, and roasted! Who knows how misfortune comes? It has come to Gahagan Gujputi!'

'It is well,' said I, stoutly, and in the Malay language. 'Gahagan Gujputi will bear it like a man.'

'No doubt—like a wise man and a brave one; but there is no lane so long to which there is not a turning, no night so black to which there comes not a morning. Icy winter is followed by merry spring time—grief is often succeeded by joy.'

'Interpret, oh riddler!' said I; 'Gahagan Khan is no reader of puzzles—no prating Mollah. Gujputi loves not words, but swords.'

'Listen, then, oh, Gujputi: you are in Holkar's power.'

'I know it.'

'You will die by the most horrible tortures to-morrow morning.'

'I dare say.'

'They will tear your teeth from your jaws, your nails from your fingers, and your eyes from your head.'

'Very possibly.'

'They will flay you alive, and then burn you.'

'Well; they can't do any more.'

'They will seize upon every man and woman in yonder fort—it was not then taken!—'and repeat upon them the same tortures.'

'Ha! Belinda! Speak—how can all this be avoided?'

'Listen. Gahagan loves the moon-face, called Belinda.'

'He does, Vizier, to distraction.'

'Of what rank is he in the Koompani's army?'

'A captain.'

‘A miserable captain—oh, shame! Of what creed is he?’

‘I am an Irishman, and a Catholic.’

‘But he has not been very particular about his religious duties?’

‘Alas, no.’

‘He has not been to his mosque for these twelve years?’

‘’Tis too true.’

‘Hearken, now, Gahagan Khan. His Highness Prince Holkar has sent me to thee. You shall have the moon-face for your wife—your second wife, that is;—the first shall be the incomparable Puttee Rooge, who loves you to madness;—with Puttee Rooge, who is the wife, you shall have the wealth and rank, of Bobbachy Bahawder, of whom his highness intends to get rid. You shall be second in command of his highness’s forces. Look, here is his commission signed with the celestial seal, and attested by the sacred names of the forty-nine Imaums. You have but to renounce your religion and your service, and all these rewards are yours.’

He produced a parchment, signed as he said, and gave it to me (it was beautifully written in Indian ink—I had it for fourteen years, but a rascally valet, seeing it very dirty, *washed* it, forsooth, and washed off every bit of the writing). I took it calmly, and said, ‘This is a tempting offer; oh, Vizier, how long wilt thou give me to consider of it?’

After a long parley, he allowed me six hours, when I promised to give him an answer. My mind, however, was made up—as soon as he was gone, I threw myself on the sofa and fell asleep.

At the end of the six hours the Vizier came back: two people were with him; one, by his martial appearance, I knew to be Holkar, the other I did not recognize. It was about midnight.

‘Have you considered?’ said the Vizier, as he came to my couch.

‘I have,’ I said, sitting up,—I could not stand, for my legs were tied, and my arms fixed in a neat pair of steel handcuffs. ‘I have,’ said I, ‘unbelieving dogs! I have. Do you think to pervert a Christian gentleman from his faith and honour? Ruffian blackamoors! do your worst; heap tortures on this body, they cannot last long—tear me

to pieces—after you have torn me into a certain number of pieces, I shall not feel it—and if I did, if each torture could last a life—if each limb were to feel the agonies of a whole body, what then ? I would bear all—all—all—all—all—ALL !’ My breast heaved—my form dilated—my eyes flashed as I spoke these words. ‘Tyrants !’ said I, ‘Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.’ Having thus clinched the argument, I was silent.

The venerable Grand Vizier turned away, I saw a tear trickling down his cheeks.

‘What a constancy,’ said he ; ‘oh, that such beauty and such bravery should be doomed so soon to quit the earth !’

His tall companion only sneered and said, ‘*and Belinda—*’

‘Ha !’ said I ; ‘ruffian, be still !—Heaven will protect her spotless innocence. Holkar, I know thee, and thou knowest *me*, too ! Who with this single sword destroyed thy armies ?—Who with his pistol cleft in twain thy nosering ? Who slew thy generals ? Who slew thy elephants ? Three hundred mighty beasts went forth to battle : of these, I slew one hundred and thirty-five !—Dog, coward, ruffian, tyrant, unbeliever ! Gahagan hates thee, spurns thee, spits on thee !’

Holkar, as I made these uncomplimentary remarks, gave a scream of rage, and, drawing his scimitar, rushed on to dispatch me at once (it was the very thing I wished for), when the third person sprang forward, and seizing his arm, cried—

‘Papa ; oh, save him !’ It was Puttee Rooge ! ‘Remember,’ continued she, ‘his misfortunes—remember, oh, remember my—love !’—and here she blushed, and putting one finger into her mouth and hanging down her head, looked the very picture of modest affection.

Holkar sulkily sheathed his scimitar, and muttered, ‘’Tis better as it is ; had I killed him now, I had spared him the torture. None of this shameless fooling, Puttee Rooge,’ continued the tyrant, dragging her away. ‘Captain Gahagan dies three hours from hence’—Puttee Rooge gave one scream and fainted—her father and the Vizier carried her off between them ; nor was I loath to part with her, for, with all her love, she was as ugly as the deuce.

They were gone—my fate was decided. I had but three hours more of life : so I flung myself again on the sofa, and

fell profoundly asleep. As it may happen to any of my readers to be in the same situation, and to be hanged themselves, let me earnestly entreat them to adopt this plan of going to sleep, which I for my part have repeatedly found to be successful.—It saves unnecessary annoyance, it passes away a great deal of unpleasant time, and it prepares one to meet like a man the coming catastrophe.

Three o'clock came : the sun was at this time making his appearance in the heavens, and with it came the guards, who were appointed to conduct me to the torture. I woke, rose, was carried out, and was set on the very white donkey on which Loll Mahommed was conducted through the camp, after he was bastinadoed. Bobbachy Bahawder rode behind me, restored to his rank and state ; troops of cavalry hemmed us in on all sides ; my ass was conducted by the common executioner : a crier went forward, shouting out, ' Make way for the destroyer of the faithful—he goes to bear the punishment of his crimes.' We came to the fatal plain : it was the very spot whence I had borne away the elephant, and in full sight of the fort. I looked towards it. Thank Heaven ! King George's banner waved on it still—a crowd were gathered on the walls—the men, the dastards who had deserted me—and women, too ! Among the latter I thought I distinguished *one* who—Oh, gods ! the thought turned me sick—I trembled and looked pale for the first time.

' He trembles ! he turns pale,' shouted out Bobbachy Bahawder, ferociously exulting over his conquered enemy.

' Dog !' shouted I—(I was sitting with my head to the donkey's tail, and so looked the Bobbachy full in the face) ' not so pale as you looked, when I felled you with this arm—not so pale as your women looked, when I entered your harem !' Completely chop-fallen, the Indian ruffian was silent : at any rate, I had done for *him*.

We arrived at the place of execution—a stake—a couple of feet thick and eight high, was driven in the grass : round the stake, about seven feet from the ground, was an iron ring, to which were attached two fetters ; in these my wrists were placed—two or three executioners stood near with strange-looking instruments : others were blowing at a fire, over which was a cauldron, and in the embers were stuck other prongs and instruments of iron.

The crier came forward and read my sentence. It was the same in effect as that which had been hinted to me the day previous by the Grand Vizier. I confess I was too agitated to catch every word that was spoken.

Holkar himself, on a tall dromedary, was at a little distance. The Grand Vizier came up to me—it was his duty to stand by, and see the punishment performed. ‘Is it yet time?’ said he.

I nodded my head, but did not answer.

The Vizier cast up to heaven a look of inexpressible anguish, and with a voice choking with emotion, said, ‘*Executioner—do—your—duty!*’

The horrid man advanced—he whispered sulkily in the ears of the Grand Vizier, ‘*Guggly ka ghee, hum khedgerie,*’ said he, ‘*the oil does not boil yet—wait one minute.*’ The assistants blew, the fire blazed, the oil was heated. The Vizier drew a few feet aside, taking a large ladle full of the boiling liquid, he advanced.

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: : : : :

Whish! bang, bang! pop! the executioner was dead at my feet, shot through the head; the ladle of scalding oil had been dashed in the face of the unhappy Grand Vizier, who lay on the plain, howling. ‘Whish! bang! pop! Hurrah!—charge!—forwards!—cut them down!—no quarter!’

I saw—yes, no, yes, no, yes!—I saw regiment upon regiment of galloping British horsemen, riding over the ranks of the flying natives. First of the host, I recognized, oh, Heaven! my AHMEDNUGGAR IRREGULARS! On came the gallant line of black steeds and horsemen; swift, swift before them rode my officers in yellow—Glogger, Pappendick, and Stuffle; their sabres gleamed in the sun, their voices rung in the air. ‘D—them!’ they cried, ‘give it them, boys!’ A strength supernatural thrilled through my veins at that delicious music; by one tremendous effort, I wrested the post from its foundation, five feet in the ground. I could not release my hands from the fetters, it is true; but, grasping the beam tightly, I sprung forward—with one blow, I levelled the five executioners in the midst of the fire, their fall upsetting the scalding oil-can; with the next, I swept the bearers of Bobbachy’s palanquin off their legs; with the third, I caught that chief himself in the small of

the back, and sent him flying on to the sabres of my advancing soldiers !

The next minute, Glogger and Stuffle were in my arms, Pappendick leading on the Irregulars. Friend and foe in that wild chase had swept far away. We were alone, I was freed from my immense bar ; and ten minutes afterwards, when Lord Lake trotted up with his staff, he found me sitting on it.

‘ Look at Gahagan,’ said his Lordship. ‘ Gentlemen, did I not tell you we should be sure to find him *at his post* ?’

The gallant old nobleman rode on : and this was the famous BATTLE OF FURRUCKABAD, OR SURPRISE OF FUTTYGHUR, fought on the 17th of November, 1804.

About a month afterwards, the following announcement appeared in *Boggleywallah Hurkaru*, and other Indian papers :—‘ Married, on the 25th of December, at Futtighur, by the Rev. Dr. Snorter, Captain Goliah O’Grady Gahagan, Commanding Irregular Horse Ahmednuggar, to Belinda, second daughter of Major-General Bulcher, C.B. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief gave away the bride ; and after a splendid *déjeuner*, the happy pair set off to pass the Mango season at Hurrygurrybang. Venus must recollect, however, that Mars must not *always* be at her side. The Irregulars are nothing without their leader.’

Such was the paragraph—such the event—the happiest in the existence of

G. O’G. G., M.H.E.I.C.S., C.I.H.A.

STUBBS'S CALENDAR

OR

THE FATAL BOOTS

[*The Comic Almanac*, 1839; *Comic Tales
and Sketches*, 1841, and *Miscellanies*,
Vol. I., 1855.]



JANUARY.—THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR

George Goodwin

STUBBS'S CALENDAR

OR

THE FATAL BOOTS

JANUARY.—THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR

SOME poet has observed, that if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial; how much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures, most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions, or seen the wonders of travel in the deserts of Arabia or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them as the way now is. I never left this my native isle, nor spoke to a lord (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras); but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck, that I believe it would melt the heart of a mile-stone to read of it—that is, if a mile-stone had a heart of anything but stone.

Twelve of my adventures, suitable for meditation and perusal during the twelve months of the year, have been arranged by me for this work. They contain a part of the history of a great, and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe. I never injured a fellow-creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shown the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a

tolerably good family ; and yet, born to wealth—of an inoffensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more—I have been going down hill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name ; and I haven't got a shilling : I have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of King George, and am *now*—but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses—a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and afterwards became bankrupt. My papa married this Miss Smith, and carried her off to the country, where I was born, in an evil hour for me.

Were I to attempt to describe my early years, you would laugh at me as an impostor ; but the following letter from mamma to a friend, after her marriage, will pretty well show you what a poor, foolish creature she was ; and what a reckless extravagant fellow was my other unfortunate parent.

TO MISS ELIZA HICKS, IN GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON

O Eliza ! your Susan is the happiest girl under heaven ! My Thomas is an angel ! not a tall grenadier-like looking fellow, such as I always vowed I would marry :—on the contrary, he is what the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess, that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then ? when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob !

as I sit on one knee, and baby on the other, and as he dances us both about. I often wish that we had Sir Joshua, or some great painter, to depict the group ; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world, to see three such loving merry people.

Dear baby is the most lovely little creature that *can possibly be*,—the very *image* of papa ; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *everybody*. Nurse says, that, when he is older, he will get rid of his squint, and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Doctor Bates is as kind, and skilful, and attentive as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him ! Ever since poor baby's birth, it has never had a day of quiet ; and he has been obliged to give it from three to four doses every week ;—how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is ! It got through the measles wonderfully ; then it had a little rash ; and then a nasty whooping cough ; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

But dear Tom is an excellent nurse ; and many and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man ! in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it *for hours*, singing a kind of song (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea-kettle), and bobbing his head backwards and forwards, and looking, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, *so droll*. Oh, Eliza ! how you would laugh to see him.

We have one of the best nursemaids *in the world*,—an Irishwoman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother (but that *can never be*). She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy very often, and slovenly, which I cannot conceive ;—to be sure, the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

But what of that ?—these little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one thinks how many mothers have *no* nursemaids : how many poor dear children have no doctors : ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates's bill is forty-seven pounds ? How ill must dear baby have been, to require so much physic !

But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs us ! Ten shillings every week ; a glass of brandy or gin at dinner ;

three pint bottles of Mr. Thrale's best porter every day,—making twenty-one in a week ; and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates's bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich Uncle John mortally offended because he was made godfather, and had to give baby a silver cup : he has struck Thomas out of his will ; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was *not* asked : he will not speak to me or John in consequence) ; twenty guineas for flannels, laces, little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware : and all this out of £300 a year ! But Thomas expects to make a *great deal* by his farm.

We have got the most charming country-house *you can imagine* : it is *quite shut in* by trees, and so retired, that, though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a week. The roads, it must be confessed, are execrable ; it is winter now, and we are up to our knees in mud and snow. But oh, Eliza ! how happy we are : with Thomas (he has had a sad attack of rheumatism, dear man !) and little Bobby, and our kind friend Dr. Bates, who comes so far to see us, I leave you to fancy that we have a charming merry party, and do not care for all the gaieties of Ranelagh.

Adieu ! dear baby is crying for his mamma : a thousand kisses from your affectionate

SUSAN STUBBS.

There it is. Doctor's bills, gentleman-farming, twenty-one pints of porter a week ; in this way my unnatural parents were already robbing me of my property.

FEBRUARY.—CUTTING WEATHER

I HAVE called this chapter 'cutting weather,' partly in compliment to the month of February, and partly in respect of my own misfortunes, which you are going to read about, for I have often thought that January (which is mostly twelfth cake and holiday time) is like the first four or five years of a little boy's life ; then comes dismal February,

and the working days with it, when chaps begin to look out for themselves, after the Christmas and the New Year's hey-day and merry-making are over, which our infancy may well be said to be. Well can I recollect that bitter first of February, when I first launched out into the world and appeared at Dr. Swishtail's academy.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy, which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteen-pence on setting out (poor soul ! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me) ; and besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Wherever I saw six halfpence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back ;—if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I ?—those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteen-pence. At school they called me the copper merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself : and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels : I never was very high in the class or very low ; but there was no chap so much respected :—and why ? *I'd always money.* The other boys spent all theirs in the first day or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley-sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when theirs was gone, and they had but their three-pence a week to look to for the rest of the half-year, what did I do ? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the threepence a-week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. Swishtail's, came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, Tom Hicks wanted a slice of gingerbread, who had the money ? Little Bob Stubbs, to be sure. 'Hicks,' I used to say, 'I'll buy you three-halfp'orth of gingerbread, if you'll give me threepence next Saturday : ' and he agreed, and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-halfpence, then there was the threepence I was to have *the next* Saturday. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half-year :—I lent a chap, by the name of Dick Bunting, three-halfpence the first Saturday, for threepence the next ; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blest if I

did not make him pay me three-halfpence *for three-and-twenty weeks running*, making two shillings and tenpence-halfpenny. But he was a sad dishonourable fellow, Dick Bunting; for, after I'd been so kind to him, and let him off for three-and-twenty weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and threepence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due. For the

First week the 3d. would be 6d.	Fourth week 4s.
Second week 1s.	Fifth week 8s.
Third week 2s.	Sixth week 16s.

Nothing could be more just; and yet, will it be believed? when Bunting came back, he offered me *three-halfpence!* the mean, dishonest scoundrel!

However, I was even with him, I can tell you.—He spent all his money in a fortnight, and *then* I screwed him down! I made him, besides giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread and butter at breakfast, and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king: and, what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, besides fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle-screw, which I got from another chap. It wasn't bad interest for twelve shillings, which was all the money I'd had in the year, was it? Heigh ho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle-screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. 'Bless him, bless him,' says she, 'to think of his old father. And where did you purchase it, Bob?'—'Why, mother,' says I, 'I purchased it out of my savings' (which was as true as the gospel).—When I said this mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. 'Is he not a noble boy?' says she to my father:

‘and only nine years old!’—‘Faith,’ says my father, ‘he is a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy : and here is a crown piece in return for thy bottle-screw :—it shall open us a bottle of the very best, too,’ says my father : and he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar) ; and, by Jupiter ! on this night I had my little skin full,—for there was no stinting,—so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle-screw.—The best of it was, it only cost me threepence originally, which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous towards my parents : and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her ; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book ; and mamma was so delighted with it, that she went into town, and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper : but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. ‘I shan’t give you anything, Bob, this time,’ says he ; ‘and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents,—for, really, they are too expensive.’ Expensive, indeed ! I hate meanness,—even in a father.

I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which Bunting gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth,—that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do but writes back to Dr. Swishtail, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat !

‘What waistcoat is it,’ says the Doctor to me, ‘and who gave it to you ?’

'Bunting gave it me, sir,' says I

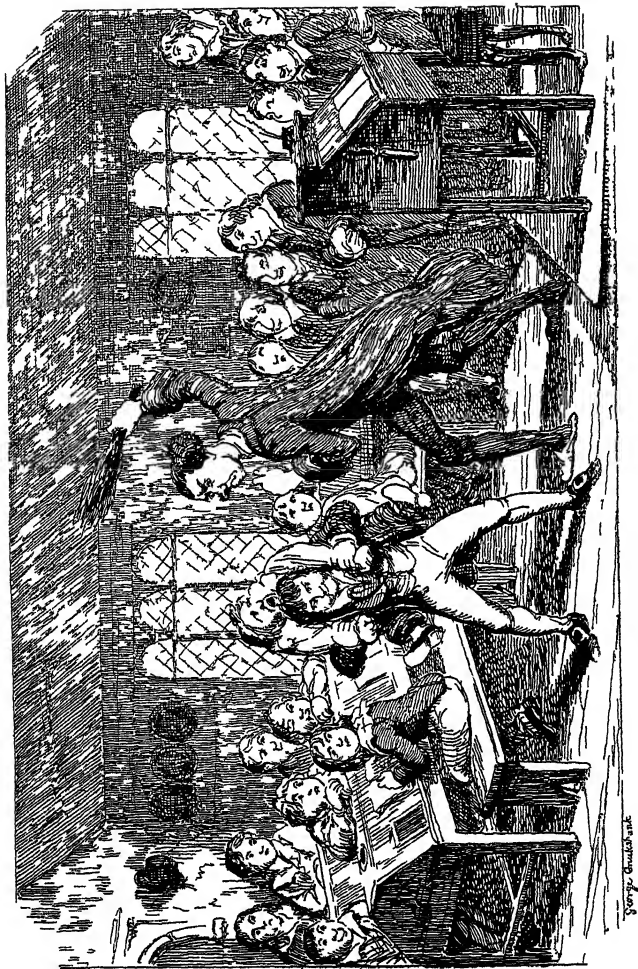
'Call Bunting' and up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it? he burst into tears,—told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it for a debt to Copper Merchant, as the nasty little blackguard called me. He then said, how, for three halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three halfpence!)—how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner,—and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas

My courage almost fails me as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account-book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said he should put them into the poor-box at church, and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said, 'Take off your coat, Mr Stubbs, and restore Bunting his waistcoat' I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat,—
'Stop,' says he, 'TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!'

Ruthless, brutal villain! Sam Hopkins, the biggest boy, took them down—horsed me—and *I was flogged, sir*, yes, flogged! Oh, revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age!—Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long.

MARCH —SHOWERY

WHEN my mamma heard of the treatment of her darling she was for bringing an action against the schoolmaster, or else for tearing his eyes out (when, dear soul, she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury), and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa



FEBRUARY — CUTTING WEATHER

was stern for once, and vowed that I had been served quite right, declared that I should not be removed from the school; and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for what he called his kindness to me. Of these the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to me, if ever I ventured on such practices again; so I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending, for the Doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged, and any one who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school: not having been able to get farther than that dreadful *Propria quae maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable—but on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town; great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well—a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee-breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied, I wanted a *pair of boots*. Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the house-keeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer: but the desire for the boots was so strong, that have them I must at any rate.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days, who afterwards made his fortune in London; I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

‘You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop-boots,’ said the shoemaker.

'I suppose, fellow,' says I, 'that is my business and not yours ; either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully ;' and I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability.

They had the desired effect.—'Stay, sir,' says he, 'I have a nice littel pair of dop-boots dat I tink will jost do for you,' and he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. 'Day were made,' said he, 'for de Honourable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small.'

'Ah, indeed !' said I, 'Stiffney is a relation of mine : and what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things ?' He replied, 'Three pounds.'

'Well,' said I, 'they are confoundedly dear, but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge you see.' The man looked alarmed, and began a speech ; 'Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout ;'—but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—'Sir ! don't sir me—take off the boots, fellow, and, hark ye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say—Sir.'

'A hundert tousand pardons, my lort,' says he : 'if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books ?'

'Name ?—oh ! why—Lord Cornwallis, to be sure ;' said I, as I walked off in the boots.

'And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes ?' 'Keep them until I send for them,' said I ; and, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in paper.

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning, the blackest of all black-Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours—I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us—a sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind : what had brought him here ? He talked loud, and seemed angry—so I rushed into the school-room, and burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

'I vant Lort Cornwallis ;' said the horrid bootmaker. 'His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honourable school, for I saw him vid de boys at chorch, yesterday.'

'Lord who ?'

'Vy, Lort Cornwallis to be sure—a very fat yong nobleman, vid red hair, he squints a little, and svears dreadfully.'

'There's no Lord Cornwallis here ;' said one—and there was a pause.

'Stop ! I have it ;' says that odious Bunting, '*It must be Stubbs ;*' and 'Stubbs ! Stubbs !' every one cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, ran me into the playground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

'Dis is my man—I beg your lortship's pardon,' says he, 'I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left—see, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots.'

'Shoes, fellow !' says I, 'I never saw your face before ;' for I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. 'Upon the honour of a gentleman,' said I, turning round to the boys—they hesitated ; and if the trick had turned in my favour, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind, and drubbed him soundly.

'Stop !' says Bunting (hang him !), 'let's see the shoes—if they fit him, why, then the cobbler's right'—they did fit me, and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

'Vat ?' said Stiffelkind, 'is he not a lort ? so help me Himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying, ever since, in dis piece of brown paper ;' and then, gathering anger as he went on, thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

'It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir,' said the boys, 'battling with his shoemaker, about the price of a pair of top-boots.'

'O, sir,' said I, 'it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis.'

'In fun !—Where are the boots ? And you, sir, give me your bill.' My beautiful boots were brought ; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. 'Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas.'

'You have been fool enough, sir,' says the Doctor,

looking very stern, 'to let this boy impose upon you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir, I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home; you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys.'

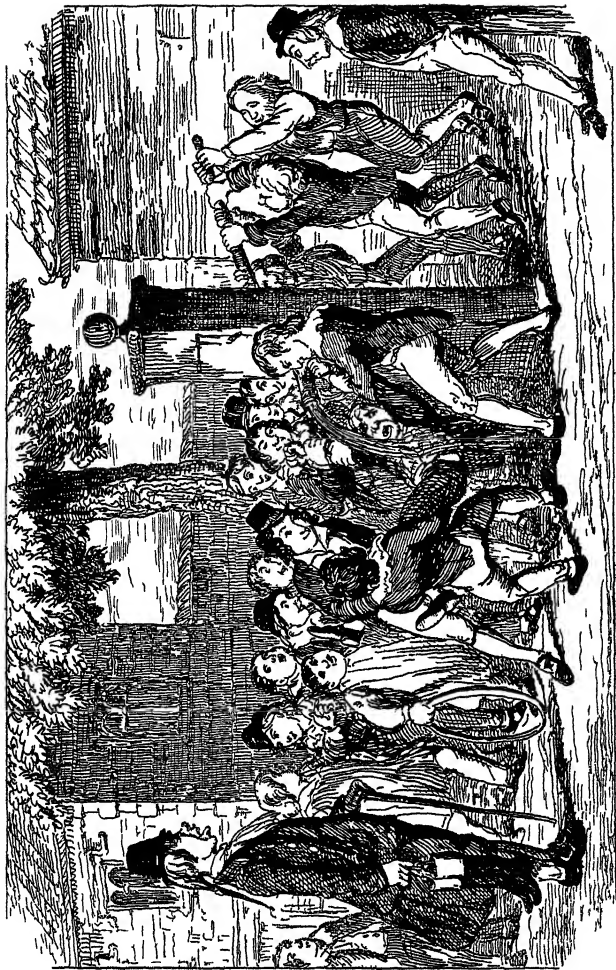
'*Suppose we duck him before he goes,*' piped out a very small voice. The Doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me, and carried me to the playground pump—they pumped upon me until I was half dead, and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.

I suppose the Doctor, at last, thought I had had pumping enough, for he rang the school-bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me; as I got out of the trough, Stiffelkind was alone with me. 'Vell, my lort,' says he, 'you have paid *something* for dese boots, but not all; by Jubider, *you shall never hear de end of dem.*' And I didn't.

APRIL.—FOOLING

AFTER this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was: and from boyhood until hobbadyhoyhood (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April when spring begins to bloom)—from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home, doing nothing, for which I have ever since had a great taste, the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses in order to find me in pocket money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that way; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time articled to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman and not a tradesman, and the army was the only place for me. Everybody was



MARCH.—SHOWERY

George Smith Engraver

a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. 'We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment,' said my father; 'as we have no money to purchase him up, he'll *fight* his way, I make no doubt;'—and papa looked at me, with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's screech, when he talked so coolly of my going out to fight. 'What, send him abroad! across the horrid, horrid sea—to be wrecked and, perhaps, drowned, and only to land for the purpose of fighting the wicked Frenchmen,—to be wounded, and perhaps kick—kick—killed! O Thomas, Thomas! would you murder me and your boy?' There was a regular scene;—however it ended—as it always did—in mother's getting the better, and it was settled that I should go into the militia. And why not? the uniform is just as handsome, and the danger not half so great. I don't think in the course of my whole military experience I ever fought anything, except an old woman, who had the impudence to hallo out, 'Heads up, lobster!'—Well, I joined the North-Bungays, and was fairly launched into the world.

I was not a handsome man, I know; but there was *something* about me—that's very evident—for the girls always laughed when they talked to me, and the men, though they affected to call me a poor little creature, squint-eyes, knock-knees, red-head, and so on, were evidently annoyed by my success, for they hated me so con-foundedly. Even at the present time they go on, though I have given up gallivanting, as I call it. But in the April of my existence,—that is, in Anno Domini 1791, or so—it was a different case; and having nothing else to do, and being bent upon bettering my condition, I did some very pretty things in that way. But I was not hot-headed and imprudent, like most young fellows.—Don't fancy I looked for beauty! Pish!—I wasn't such a fool. Nor for temper; I don't care about a bad temper: I could break any woman's heart in two years. What I wanted was to get on in the world. Of course I didn't *prefer* an ugly woman, or a shrew; and, when the choice offered, would certainly put up with a handsome, good-humoured girl, with plenty of money, as any honest man would.

Now there were two tolerably rich girls in our parts : Miss Magdalen Crutty, with twelve thousand pounds (and, to do her justice, as plain a girl as ever I saw), and Miss Mary Waters, a fine, tall, plump, smiling, peach-cheeked, golden-haired, white-skinned lass, with only ten. Mary Waters lived with her uncle, the Doctor, who had helped me into the world, and who was trusted with this little orphan charge very soon after. My mother, as you have heard, was so fond of Bates, and Bates so fond of little Mary, that both, at first, were almost always in our house ; and I used to call her my little wife, as soon as I could speak, and before she could walk, almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbours said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary five thousand pounds, when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking, and bobbing, and smiling between the Doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband ; and she did ; and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was, really, amazingly fond of me.

Can any one call me mercenary after that ? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten (five in hand, and five in the bush), I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dangling after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen, for all her £12,000. I used to be attentive to her, though (as it's always useful to be) ; and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. ' Mary,' said I, ' you know that my love for you is disinterested,—for I am faithful to you though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you.'

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like the having two strings to your bow. ' Who knows,' thought I, ' Mary may die ; and then where are my £10,000 ?' So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty ; and well it was that I was so : for when I was twenty, and Mary eighteen, I'm blest if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his

money in rupees, had been taken—ship, rupees, self and all—by a French privateer! and Mary, instead of £10,000, had only £5,000, making a difference of no less than £350 per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North-Bungay Fencibles, Colonel Craw commanding) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess, having uniforms and what not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! ‘My dearest Robert,’ wrote Miss Waters, ‘will deplore my dear brother’s loss: but not, I am sure, the money which that kind and generous soul had promised me. I have still five thousand pounds, and with this and your own little fortune (I had £1,000 in the five per cents!) we shall be as happy and contented as possible.’

Happy and contented, indeed! Didn’t I know how my father got on with his £300 a year, and how it was all he could do out of it to add a hundred a year to my narrow income, and live himself! My mind was made up—I instantly mounted the coach, and flew to our village,—to Mr. Crutty’s, of course. It was next door to Doctor Bates’s; but I had no business *there*.

I found Magdalen in the garden. ‘Heavens, Mr. Stubbs!’ said she, as in my new uniform I appeared before her, ‘I really did never—such a handsome officer—expect to see you;’ and she made as if she would blush, and began to tremble violently. I led her to a garden seat. I seized her hand—it was not withdrawn. I pressed it;—I thought the pressure was returned. I flung myself on my knees, and then I poured into her ear a little speech which I had made on the top of the coach. ‘Divine Miss Crutty,’ said I; ‘idol of my soul! It was but to catch one glimpse of you that I passed through this garden. I never intended to breathe the secret passion (oh, no; of course not) which was wearing my life away. You know my unfortunate pre-engagement—it is broken, and *for ever*! I am free;—free, but to be your slave,—your humblest, fondest, truest slave:’ and so on.

‘O, Mr. Stubbs,’ said she, as I imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, ‘I can’t refuse you; but I fear you are a sad, naughty man.’

Absorbed in the delicious reverie which was caused by the dear creature's confusion, we were both silent for a while, and should have remained so for hours, perhaps, so lost were we in happiness, had I not been suddenly roused by a voice exclaiming from behind us,

'Don't cry, Mary ; he is a swindling, sneaking scoundrel, and you are well rid of him !'

I turned round ! O, Heaven ! there stood Mary, weeping on Doctor Bates's arm, while that miserable apothecary was looking at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener who had let me in had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. 'Imperence !' was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers at *the spies*, followed her. We retired to the parlour, where she repeated to me the strongest assurances of her love.

I thought I was a made man. Alas ! I was only an APRIL FOOL !

MAY.—RESTORATION DAY

As the month of May is considered, by poets and other philosophers, to be devoted by Nature to the great purpose of love-making, I may as well take advantage of that season and acquaint you with the result of *my* amours.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign—I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen ; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle the Doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy ; Miss, pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business ; my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly, as I always did : and I got leave of absence from the regiment, in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand—knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim king of terrors might not carry her



APRIL—FOOLING

off before she became mine ? With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardour, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed—the ever memorable 10th of May, 1792 ; the wedding clothes were ordered ; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect :—‘ Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs, of Sloffemsquiggle, Esquire, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esquire, of the same place. A fortune of twenty thousand pounds is, we hear, the lady’s portion. “ None but the brave deserve the fair.” ’

‘ Have you informed your relatives, my beloved ? ’ said I to Magdalen one day after sending the above notice ; ‘ will any of them attend at your marriage ? ’

‘ Uncle Sam will, I dare say,’ said Miss Crutty, ‘ dear mamma’s brother.’

‘ And who *was* your dear mamma ? ’ said I, for Miss Crutty’s respected parent had long since been dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground. ‘ Mamma was a foreigner,’ at last she said.

‘ And of what country ? ’

‘ A German ; papa married her when she was very young :—she was not of a very good family,’ said Miss Crutty, hesitating.

‘ And what care I for family, my love ? ’ said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held ; ‘ she must have been an angel who gave birth to you.’

‘ She was a shoemaker’s daughter.’

A *German shoemaker*, hang ’em ! thought I, I have had enough of them, and so broke up this conversation, which did not somehow please me.

Well, the day was drawing near ; the clothes were ordered ; the banns were read. My dear mamma had built a cake about the size of a washing-tub : and I was only waiting for a week to pass to put me in possession of twelve thousand pounds in the *five* per cents, as they were in those days, Heaven bless ’em ! Little did I know the storm that

was brewing, and the disappointment which was to fall upon a young man who really did his best to get a fortune.

‘O, Robert!’ said my Magdalen to me, two days before the match was to come off, ‘I have *such* a kind letter from uncle Sam, in London. I wrote to him as you wished. He says that he is coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well, and that he has got a *very handsome present* for us! What can it be, I wonder?’

‘Is he rich, my soul’s adored?’ says I.

‘He is a bachelor with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to.’

‘His present can’t be less than a thousand pounds,’ says I.

‘Or, perhaps, a silver tea-set, and some corner dishes,’ says she.

But we could not agree to this, it was too little—too mean for a man of her uncle’s wealth: and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

‘Dear good uncle! he’s to be here by the coach,’ says Magdalen. ‘Let us ask a little party to meet him.’ And so we did, and so they came. My father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us the next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea-table, and there was the punch-bowl, and everybody ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o’clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon with a portmanteau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse—a venerable old gentleman—I thought I’d seen him before.

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping in the passage: then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and ‘*How are you?*’ and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlour-door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice:—

‘Good people all; my brother-in-law, Mr. STIFFELKIND!’

Mr. Stiffelkind!—I trembled as I heard the name!

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a curtsy, and papa made him a bow; and Dr. Snorter, the parson.



MAY.—RESTORATION DAY

for my own house

seized his hand and shook it most warmly—then came my turn !

‘Vat,’ says he, ‘it is my dear goot yong frend from Doctor Schvis’hentail’s ! is dis de yong gentleman’s honorable moder (mamma smiled and made a curtsy), and dis his fader ! Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you, my niece, if you have him for a husband you vil be locky, dat is all. Vat dink you, broder Crotty, and Madame Stobbs, I ave made your sonn’s boots, ha ! ha !’

My mamma laughed, and said, ‘I did not know it, but I am sure, sir, he has as pretty a leg for a boot as any in the whole county.’

Old Stiffelkind roared louder. ‘A very nice leg, ma’am, and a very *sheap boot*, too ! Vat, did you not know I make his boots ! Perhaps you did not know something else too—p’raps you did not know (and here the monster clapped his hand on the table, and made the punch-ladle tremble in the bowl), p’raps you did not know as dat yong man, dat Stobbs, dat sneaking, baltry, squinting fellow, is as vicked as he is ogly. He bot a pair of boots from me and never paid for dem. Dat is noting, nobody never pays ; but he bought a pair of boots, and called himself Lord Cornvallis. And I was fool enough to believe him vonce. But look you, niece Magdalen, I ave got five tousand pounds, if you marry him I vill not give you a benny ; but look you, what I will gif you. I bromised you a bresent, and I will give you *DESE* !’

And the old monster produced *THOSE VERY BOOTS* which Swishtail had made him take back.

I *didn’t* marry Miss Crutty : I am not sorry for it though. She was a nasty, ugly, ill-tempered wretch, and I’ve always said so ever since.

And all this arose from those infernal boots, and that unlucky paragraph in the county paper—I’ll tell you how.

In the first place, it was taken up as a quiz by one of the wicked, profligate, unprincipled organs of the London press, who chose to be very facetious about the ‘Marriage in High Life,’ and made all sorts of jokes about me and my dear Miss Crutty.

Secondly, it was read in this London paper by my mortal enemy, Bunting, who had been introduced to old Stiffelkind’s acquaintance by my adventure with him, and had his shoes made regularly by that foreign upstart.

Thirdly, he happened to want a pair of shoes mended at this particular period, and as he was measured by the disgusting old High-Dutch Cobbler, he told him his old friend Stubbs was going to be married.

'And to whom?' said old Stiffelkind, 'to a voman wit gelt, I vill take my oath.'

'Yes,' says Bunting, 'a country girl—a Miss Magdalen Carotty or Crotty, at a place called Sloffemsquiggle.'

'*Schloffemschwiegel*!' bursts out the dreadful bootmaker. 'Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht—I tell you, sare, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my niece. I vill go down myself. I vill never let her marry dat goot-for-nothing schwindler and teif.' *Such* was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me!

JUNE.—MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS

Was there ever such confounded ill-luck? My whole life has been a tissue of ill-luck: although I have laboured, perhaps, harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting, and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards, and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year,—and that is what few can say, who have but an allowance of a hundred a year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine: and showed them how to play billiards, or écarté, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat: I'd rather die than cheat;—but if fellows *will* play, I wasn't the man to say no—why should I? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £300 a year.

His name was Dobbie. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor, weak, young creature; easy to be made tipsy; easy to be cheated; and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him;

for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobbie and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne; and did everything, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior,—when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables,—hunting everywhere in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know; for the dogs fall in love, with every change of quarters.

Well: once, in the year 1793 (it was just when the French had chopped poor Louis's head off), Dobbie and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies, by the name of Brisket, daughters of a butcher in the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country: many a treat to a tea-garden; many a smart riband and brooch used Dobbie and I (for his father allowed him £600, and our purses were in common) present to these young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus:—

‘DEER CAPTING STUBBS AND DOBBIE—Miss Briskets presents their compliments, and as it is probable that our papa will be till twelve at the corpraysun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea.’

Didn't we go! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlour; we quaffed more Bohea, and made more love, than half-a-dozen ordinary men could. At nine, a little punch-bowl succeeded to the little tea-pot; and, bless the girls! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlour was their kitchen, too; at least old Brisket's was.—One door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter-house.

Fancy, then, our horror, when just at this critical time we heard the shop door open, a heavy staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, ‘Hallo, Susan; hallo, Betsy! show a light!’ Dobbie turned as white as a sheet; the two girls each as red as a lobster; I alone preserved my presence of mind. ‘The back door,’ says I.—‘The dog's in the court,’ says they. ‘He's not so bad as the man,’ says I. ‘Stop,’ cries Susan,

flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire : 'take *this* and perhaps it will quiet him.'

What do you think '*this*' was ? I'm blest if it was not the *steak* !

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter-house, where there hung a couple of white, ghastly-looking carcasses of a couple of sheep ; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood* !—the dog was devouring his beef-steak (*our* beef-steak) in silence, —and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop-door opened, old Brisket entered, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather of Dobbie's cocked hat* ! When Dobbie saw it, he turned white, and deadly sick ; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting-blocks, which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could) at the confounded, impudent, pert, waggling feather ; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat ; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver*.

'Betsy,' says he, 'open the yard door.' But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged, and wept, and did their very best to prevent him. 'OPEN THE YARD DOOR,' says he, with a thundering loud voice ; and the great bull-dog, hearing it, started up, and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court.—Dobbie couldn't move ; he was sitting on the block, blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

'*To him, Jowler,*' says he, '*keep him, Jowler,*'—and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

'That's it,' says Brisket, 'keep him there,—good dog,—good dog ! And now, sir,' says he, turning round to Dobbie, 'is this your hat ?'

'Yes,' says Dobbie, fit to choke with fright.

'Well, then,' says Brisket, 'it's my—(hick)—my painful



JUNE - MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS

George Cruikshank

duty to—(hick)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head ;—it's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—(hick)—settle yourself com—comfumarably against that—(hick)—that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack—(hick)—no, I mean Jack Robinson.'

Dobble went down on his knees and shrieked out, ' I'm an only son, Mr. Brisket ! I'll marry her, sir ; I will, upon my honour, sir.—Consider my mother, sir ; consider my mother.'

' That's it, sir,' says Brisket—' that's a good—(hick)—a good boy ;—just put your head down quietly—and I'll have it off—yes, off—as if you were Louis the Six—the Sixtix—the Siktickleteenth.—I'll chop the other *chap afterwards*.'

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back, and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat ; screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation,—and, to my wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body !

At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket,—one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them,—and Dobble's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they gave me no small credit for my bravery. ' A terrible fellow that Stubbs,' said they ; and so the mess said, the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide*—why should I ? And I didn't say a word about Dobble's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger ; and this prevented *him* from telling tales. I had the dog-skin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honour of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage ; and such was my reputation at this time, that I might have had my pick out of half-a-dozen, with three, four, or five thousand pounds a-piece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed ; and I vowed

by all the Saints to have a wife, and a rich one. Depend upon this, as an infallible maxim to guide you through life—*It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one*;—the same bait that will hook a trout will hook a salmon.

JULY.—SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS

DOBBLE's reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North-Bungays. And though I must confess, what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself of the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage; and that I was as gallant as any of the one hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste—it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting, and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself—being only militia; but, certain it was, that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half a hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels: the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack-shot myself, that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobbie, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me, that we ate, drank, and rode together, every day; his father didn't care for money, so long as his son was in good company—and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I *was* good company in those days, and a brave fellow, too, as I should have remained, but for—what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year ninety-six, that the brave North-Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth, a maritime place, which I need not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a General now, or, at least, a rich man.

The red-coats carried everything before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regi-

ment, was very well received by the townspeople ; many dinners I had ; many tea-parties ; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country-dances.

Well ; although I had had the two former rebuffs in love, which I have described, my heart was still young ; and the fact was, knowing that a girl with a fortune was my only chance, I made love here as furiously as ever. I shan't describe the lovely creatures on whom I fixed, whilst at Portsmouth. I tried more than—several—and it is a singular fact, which I never have been able to account for, that, successful as I was with ladies of maturer age, by the young ones I was refused regular.

But 'faint heart never won fair lady' ; and so I went on, and on, until I had got a Miss Clopper, a tolerably rich navy-contractor's daughter, into such a way, that I really don't think she could have refused me. Her brother, Captain Clopper, was in a line regiment, and helped me as much as ever he could ; he swore I was such a brave fellow.

As I had received a number of attentions from Clopper, I determined to invite him to dinner ; which I could do without any sacrifice of my principle, upon this point ; for the fact is, Dobbie lived at an inn—and as he sent all his bills to his father, I made no scruple to use his table. We dined in the coffee-room ; Dobbie bringing *his* friend, and so we made a *party carry*, as the French say. Some naval officers were occupied in a similar way at a table next to ours.

Well—I didn't spare the bottle, either for myself or my friends ; and we grew very talkative, and very affectionate as the drinking went on. Each man told stories of his gallantry in the field, or amongst the ladies, as officers will, after dinner. Clopper confided to the company his wish that I should marry his sister, and vowed that he thought me the best fellow in Christendom.

Ensign Dobbie assented to this—'But let Miss Clopper beware,' says he, 'for Stubbs is a sad fellow ; he has had I don't know how many *liaisons* already ; and he has been engaged to I don't know how many women.'

'Indeed !' says Clopper, 'Come, Stubbs, tell us your adventures.'

'Psha !' said I, modestly, 'there is nothing, indeed, to tell ; I have been in love, my dear boy—who has not ?—and I have been jilted—who has not ?'

Clopper swore that he would blow his sister's brains out if ever *she* served me so.

'Tell him about Miss Crutty,' said Dobble; 'he! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, any how; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn.'

'Really, Dobble, you are too bad, and should not mention names; the fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money—sixty thousand pounds, upon my reputation. Well, everything was arranged, when who should come down from London, but a relation.'

'Well; and did he prevent the match?'

'Prevent it—yes, sir, I believe you, he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean; he would have given his eyes' aye, and ten thousand pounds more, if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not.'

'Why, in the name of goodness?'

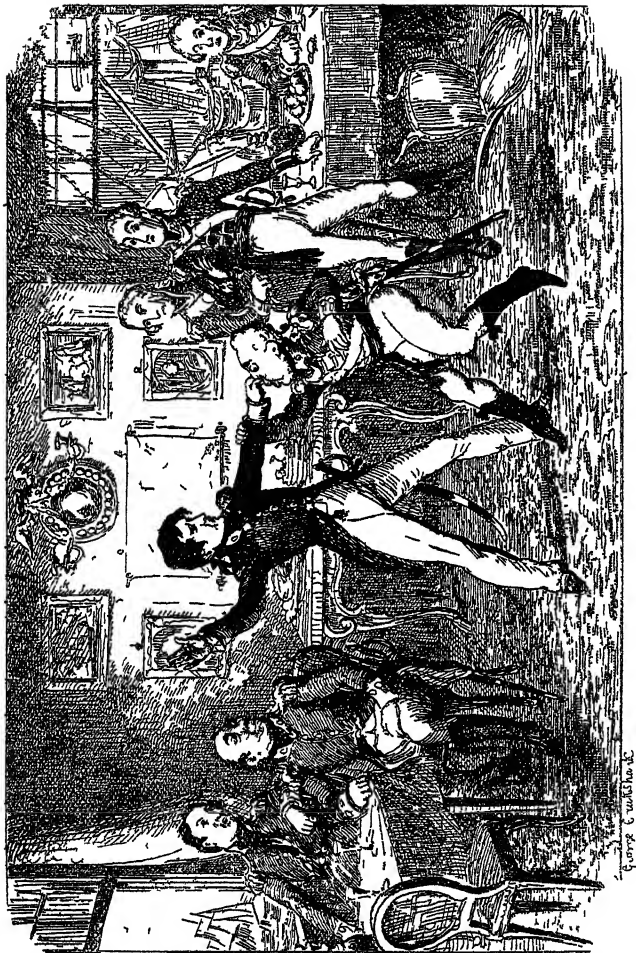
'Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family.'

'Of course not,' said Dobble, 'he couldn't, you know. Well, now—tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know.'

'Hush, Dobble, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you. My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle.'

'Well, but let's have it,' said Clopper, 'let's have it; I won't tell my sister, you know;' and he put his hand to his nose, and looked monstrous wise.

'Nothing of that sort, Clopper—no, no—'pon honour—little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine*; and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemsquiggle: Isn't it a funny name? Hang it, there's the naval gentleman staring again,—(I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and continued in a loud careless voice) well—at this Sloffemsquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighbourhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the park and petted her. We were both young—and—and—the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honour as a gentleman, you have all the story about which that silly Dobble makes such a noise.'



JULY—SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS

George C. Wickham

Just as I finished this sentence, I found myself suddenly taken by the nose, and a voice shouting out,—

‘Mr. Stubbs, you are A LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL ! take this, sir,—and this, for daring to meddle with the name of an innocent lady.’

I turned round as well as I could, for the ruffian had pulled me out of my chair, and beheld a great marine monster, six feet high, who was occupied in beating and kicking me, in the most ungentlemanly manner, on my cheeks, my ribs, and between the tails of my coat. ‘He is a liar, gentlemen, and a scoundrel ; the bootmaker had detected him in swindling, and so his niece refused him. Miss Waters was engaged to him from childhood, and he deserted her for the bootmaker’s niece, who was richer ;’—and then sticking a card between my stock and my coat-collar, in what is called the scruff of my neck, the disgusting brute gave me another blow behind my back, and left the coffee-room with his friends.

Dobble raised me up ; and taking the card from my neck, read, CAPTAIN WATERS. Clopper poured me out a glass of water, and said in my ear, ‘If this is true, you are an infernal scoundrel, Stubbs ; and must fight me, after Captain Waters,’ and he flounced out of the room.

I had but one course to pursue. I sent the Captain a short and contemptuous note, saying, that he was beneath my anger. As for Clopper, I did not condescend to notice his remark—but in order to get rid of the troublesome society of these low blackguards, I determined to gratify an inclination I had long entertained, and make a little tour. I applied for leave of absence, and set off *that very night*. I can fancy the disappointment of the brutal Waters, on coming, as he did, the next morning to my quarters and finding me *gone*, ha ! ha !

After this adventure I became sick of a military life—at least the life of my own regiment, where the officers, such was their unaccountable meanness and prejudice against me, absolutely refused to see me at mess. Colonel Craw sent me a letter to this effect, which I treated as it deserved.—I never once alluded to it in any way, and have since never spoken a single word to any man in the North-Bungays.

AUGUST.—DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS

SEE, now, what life is ; I have had ill-luck on ill-luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale ; aye, and am very glad when anybody will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes ?

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me, or I should most certainly have blown his brains out ; *now* he is living in England, and is my relation ; but, of course, I cut the fellow). Very soon after these painful events another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and, instead of leaving five thousand pounds as I expected, at the very least, left only his estate, which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me ; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two thousand pounds in the hands of that eminent firm Messrs. Pump, Aldgate, and Co., which failed within six months after his demise, and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound ; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters ; and, would you believe it ? when the news came of Pump and Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to heaven, and said, ' Blessed be God, that we have still wherewithal to live ; there are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty riches.' And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms round her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with their embraces, and slobbered all over with their tears.

' Dearest mamma,' said I, ' I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss ; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it.' The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own as many of them have—a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by thirty pounds

a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been nine hundred pounds clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practised—concealment too of *my* money ; so I turned on her pretty sharply, and continued my speech. ‘ You say, ma’am, that you are rich, and that Pump and Aldgate’s failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma’am—very happy that you *are* rich ; and I should like to know where your property, my father’s property, for you had none of your own,—I should like to know where this money lies—*where you have concealed it*, ma’am ; and, permit me to say, that when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for eighty pounds a year, I did not know that you had *other* resources than those mentioned in my blessed father’s will.’

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them, for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows ; and I’ve often since calculated that I had a clear twenty pounds a-year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. ‘ What does he mean ?’ said Lucy to Eliza.

Mamma repeated the question. ‘ My beloved Robert, what concealment are you talking of ?’

‘ I am talking of concealed property, ma’am,’ says I sternly.

‘ And do you—what—can you—do you really suppose that I have concealed—any of that blessed sa-a-a-aint’s prop-op-op-erty ?’ screams out mamma. ‘ Robert,’ says she, ‘ Bob, my own darling boy—my fondest, best beloved, now *he* is gone’ (meaning my late governor—more tears), ‘ you don’t, you cannot fancy that your own mother, who bore you, and nursed you, and wept for you, and would give her all to save you from a moment’s harm—you don’t suppose that she would che-e-e-eat you !’ and here she gave a louder screech than ever, and flung back on the sofa, and one of my sisters went and tumbled into her arms, and t’other went round, and the kissing and slobbering scene went on again, only I was left out, thank goodness ; I hate such sentimentality.

‘ *Che-e-e-eat me*,’ says I, mocking her. ‘ What do you

mean, then, by saying you're so rich ? Say, have you got money, or have you not ?" (and I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here ; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact.)

'So help me, Heaven,' says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees, and smacking her two hands; 'I have but a Queen Anne's guinea in the whole of this wicked world.'

'Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am, *beggars* ?'

'My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still ; and have you not great talents, which will make all our fortunes ?' says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too* cool. 'You have got a hundred a year, ma'am,' says I, 'you have got a house : upon my soul and honour this is the first I ever heard of it, and I'll tell you what, ma'am,' says I (and it cut her *pretty sharply* too), 'as you've got it, *you'd better go and live in it*. I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my own income.'

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell—kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

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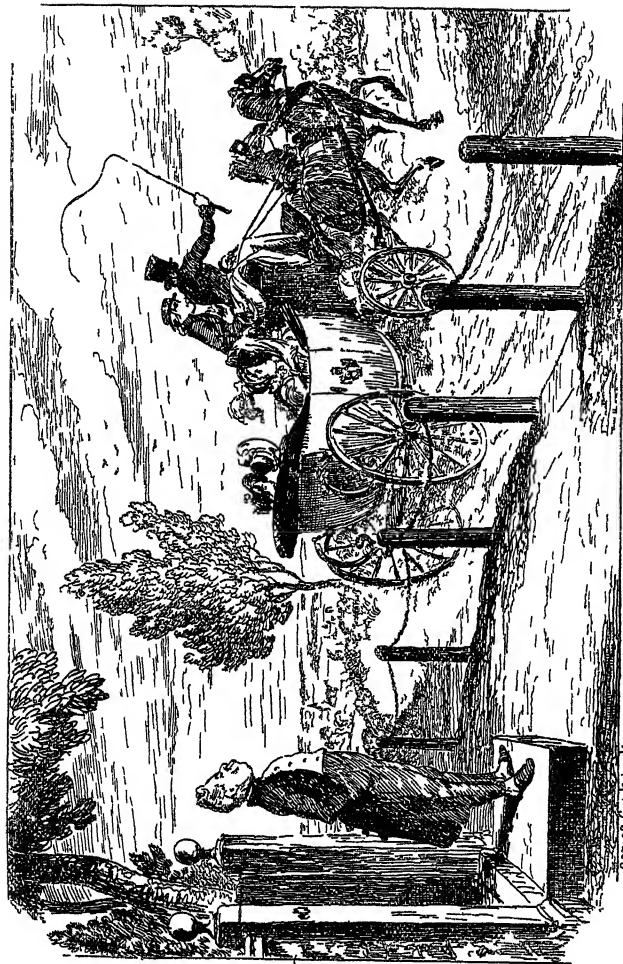
I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak ; going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study. and Eliza, the eldest, said, 'Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas.'

'She has,' says I ; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

'She says, Robert, that on Michaelmas day—we'll—we'll go away, Robert.'

'Oh, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy ? very good ; she'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have too, for I'm going to sell the place myself ;' and so *that* matter was settled.

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AUGUST.—DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS

On Michaelmas day, and during these two months, I hadn't, I do believe, seen my mother twice (once, about two o'clock in the morning, I woke and found her sobbing over my bed). On Michaelmas day morning, Eliza comes to me and says, '*Robert, they will come and fetch us at six this evening.*' Well, as this was the last day, I went and got the best goose I could find (I don't think I ever saw a primer, or ate more hearty myself), and had it roasted at three, with a good pudding afterwards ; and a glorious bowl of punch. 'Here's a health to you, dear girls,' says I, 'and you, ma, and good luck to all three, and as you've not eaten a morsel, I hope you won't object to a glass of punch. It's the old stuff, you know, ma'am, that that Waters sent to my father fifteen years ago.'

Six o'clock came, and with it came a fine barouche, as I live ! Captain Waters was on the box (it was his coach) ; that old thief, Bates, jumped out, entered my house, and, before I could say Jack Robinson, whipped off mamma to the carriage, and bowed her into it as if she had been a countess. The girls followed, just giving me a hasty shake of the hand, and as mamma was helped in, Mary Waters, who was sitting inside, flung her arms round her, and then round the girls ; and the Doctor, who acted footman, jumped on the box, and off they went ; taking no more notice of *me* than if I'd been a nonentity.

There's the picture of the whole business :—that's mamma and Miss Waters sitting kissing each other in the carriage, with the two girls in the back seat ; Waters is driving (*a precious bad driver he is too*), and that's me standing at the garden door, and whistling. You can't see Mary Malowney ; the old fool is crying behind the garden gate ; she went off next day along with the furniture ; and I to get into that precious scrape which I shall mention next.

SEPTEMBER.—PLUCKING A GOOSE

AFTER my papa's death, as he left me no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering-places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the departure of my dear parent, and her children, left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military-looking person ; for though I had absolutely cut the old North-Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Craw hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign), though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of Captain ; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title, in a watering-place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrogate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard-player ; so much so, that in many of these towns, the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when strolling one day up the High Street, in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard, and elsewhere—no other, in fact, than Dobble. He, too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs ; and was walking with a showy-looking, Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet, and a bird of Paradise—a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light-blue shoes. Three children, and a handsome footman, were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known, myself, at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobble, the son of the rich army-clothier, Dobble (Dobble, Hobbles, and Co., of Pall Mall) ;—the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, living quietly at Leamington with her children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper, so the fact is, that I myself went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money, and landed estates—ah ! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and everybody was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day, and left a card for Dobble, with a note :—he neither returned my visit, nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow, as before ; and going up to him, very kindly seized him by the hand, and swore I was—as really was the case

—charmed to see him. Dobbie hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared ; but I gave him a frown, and said—

‘What, Dobbie, my boy, don’t you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher’s daughters, ha ?’

Dobbie gave a sickly kind of grin, and said, ‘Oh ! ah ! yes ! It is—yes ! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs.’

‘An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobbie’s, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him.’

Dobbie was obliged to take the hint ; and Captain Stubbs was duly presented to Mrs. Manasseh ; the lady was as gracious as possible : and when, at the end of the walk, we parted, she said, ‘she hoped Captain Dobbie would bring me to her apartments that evening, where she expected a few friends.’ Everybody, you see, knows everybody at Leamington ; and I, for my part, was well known as a retired officer of the army ; who, on his father’s death, had come into seven thousand a year. Dobbie’s arrival had been subsequent to mine, but putting up, as he did, at the Royal Hotel, and dining at the ordinary there with the widow, he had made her acquaintance before I had. I saw, however, that if I allowed him to talk about me, as he could, I should be compelled to give up all my hopes and pleasures at Leamington ; and so I determined to be short with him. As soon as the lady had gone into the hotel, my friend Dobbie was for leaving me likewise ; but I stopped him, and said, ‘Mr. Dobbie, I saw what you meant just now : you wanted to cut me, because, forsooth, I did not choose to fight a duel at Portsmouth ; now look you, Dobbie, I am no hero, but I’m not such a coward as you—and you know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters ; and *I will fight* this time.’

Not, perhaps, that I would : but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobbie to be as great a coward as ever lived : and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterwards. My words had their effect upon Dobbie, who stuttered, and looked red, and then declared, he never had the slightest intention of passing me by ; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow, but that lady had a

very capacious heart, and there were a number of other gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. 'Look at that Mrs. Manasseh,' said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too), sitting at dinner by me; 'she is old, and ugly, and yet, because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her.'

'She has money, has she?'

'Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children; I know it *for a fact*,' said the strange gentleman. 'I am in the law, and we, of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families amongst us are worth.'

'Who was Mr. Manasseh?' said I.

'A man of enormous wealth—a tobacco-merchant—West Indies; a fellow of no birth, however; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear sir,' whispered he, 'she is always in love—now it is with that Captain Dobbie; last week it was somebody else—and it may be you next week, if—ha! ha! ha!—you are disposed to enter the lists. I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money.'

What did it matter to me, whether the woman was good or not, provided she was rich? My course was quite clear. I told Dobbie all that this gentleman had informed me, and, being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear so bad, that the poor fellow was quite frightened and fairly quitted the field. Ha! ha! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had *murdered* her last husband.

I played my game so well, thanks to the information that my friend the lawyer had given me, that in a month I had got the widow to show a most decided partialty for me; I sat by her at dinner, I drank with her at the Wells—I rode with her, I danced with her, and at a pic-nic to Kenilworth, where we drank a good deal of champagne, I actually popped the question, and was accepted. In another month Robert Stubbs, Esq., led to the altar, Leah, widow of the late Z. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitt's!

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We drove up to London in her comfortable chariot; the children and servants following in a post-chaise. I paid, of course, for everything; and until our house, in Berkeley Square, was painted, we stopped at Stevens's Hotel.

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SEPTEMBER.—PLUCKING A GOOSE

My own estate had been sold, and the money was lying at a bank, in the city. About three days after our arrival, as we took our breakfast in the hotel, previous to a visit to Mrs. Stubbs's banker, where certain little transfers were to be made—a gentleman was introduced, who, I saw at a glance, was of my wife's persuasion.

He looked at Mrs. Stubbs, and made a bow. 'Perhaps it will be convenient to you to pay this little bill, one hundred and fifty-two poundsh.'

'My love,' says she, 'will you pay this—it is a trifle which I had really forgotten.' 'My soul!' said I, 'I have really not the money in the house.'

'Vel, denn, Captain Shtubbsh,' says he, 'I must do my duty—and arrest you—here is the writ! Tom, keep the door!'—My wife fainted—the children screamed, and I—fancy my condition, as I was obliged to march off to a spunging-house, along with a horrid sheriff's officer!

OCTOBER.—MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION

I SHALL not describe my feelings when I found myself in a cage, in Cursitor Street, instead of that fine house in Berkeley Square, which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a palace!—in an odious, dismal street, leading from Chancery Lane,—a hideous Jew boy opened the second of three doors; and shut it when Mr. Nabb and I (almost fainting) had entered: then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced to a filthy place, called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back-parlour, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkeley Square! Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I met at the table-d'hôte at Leamington, only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred

and fifty pounds : and I had two thousand at my bankers. But was the loss of *her* £80,000 nothing ? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing ? The accursed addition to my family of a Jewish wife, and three Jewish children nothing ? And all these I was to support out of my two thousand pounds. I had better have stopped at home, with my mamma and sisters, whom I really did love, and who produced me eighty pounds a year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs ; and when I charged her, the base wretch ! with cheating me, like a brazen serpent, as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others ? She only took me, she said, because I had twenty thousand pounds. I *had* said I possessed that sum ; but in love, you know, and war, all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met ; and I cordially vowed that when I had paid the debt into which I had been swindled by her, I would take my £2,000, and depart to some desert island ; or, at the very least, to America, and never see her more, or any of her Israelitish brood. There was no use in remaining in the spunging-house (for I knew that there were such things as detainers, and that where Mrs. Stubbs owed a hundred pounds, she might owe a thousand), so I sent for Mr. Nabb, and tendering him a cheque for £150, and his costs, requested to be let out forthwith. 'Here, fellow,' said I, 'is a cheque on Child's for your paltry sum.'

'It may be a sheck on Shild's,' says Mr. Nabb, 'but I should be a baby to let you out on such a paper as dat.'

'Well,' said I, 'Child's is but a step from this ; you may go and get the cash,—just give me an acknowledgement.'

Nabb drew out the acknowledgement with great punctuality, and set off for the bankers, whilst I prepared myself for departure from this abominable prison.

He smiled as he came in. 'Well,' said I, 'you have touched your money ; and now, I must tell you, that you are the most infernal rogue and extortioner I ever met with.'

'Oh no, Mishter Shtubbsh,' says he, grinning still, 'dere is som greater roag dan me,—mosh greater.'

'Fellow,' said I, 'don't stand grinning before a gentleman ; but give me my hat and cloak, and let me leave your filthy den.'



OCTOBER.—MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION

'Shtop, Shtubbsh,' says he, not even Mistering me this time, 'here ish a letter, vich you had better read.'

I opened the letter; something fell to the ground:—it was my cheque.

The letter ran thus :

'Messrs. Child and Co. present their compliments to Captain Stubbs, and regret that they have been obliged to refuse payment of the enclosed, having been served this day with an attachment by Messrs. Solomonson and Co., which compels them to retain Captain Stubbs's balance of £2,010 11s. 6d. until the decision of the suit of Solomonson v. Stubbs.

'FLEET STREET.'

'You see,' says Mr. Nabb, as I read this dreadful letter, 'you see, Shtubbsh, dere vas two debts,—a little von, and a big von. So dey arrested you for de little von, and attached your money for de big von.'

Don't laugh at me for telling this story; if you knew what tears are blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for weeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man,—a madman in the Fleet Prison, where I went instead of to the desert island. What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept an eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and not like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander or give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand on my heart, and, thank Heaven, say, No! Why, why was I punished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months—my wife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether—I remained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging her to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends turned their backs upon me. My action went against me—I had not a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and seized my two thousand pounds. As for the detainer against me, I was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But, fancy the malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my creditor for £3, with sixteen years' interest, at five per cent., for a PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS. The old thief produced them in court, and told the whole story—Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping, and all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it. 'So Doctor Swishtail would not pay you for the boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind ?'

'No ; he said, ven I asked him for payment, dey was ordered by a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster.'

'What, then, you came on a *bootless* errand, eh, sir ?' (A laugh.)

'Bootless ! no, sare, I brought de boots back vid me ; how de devil else could I show dem to you ?' (Another laugh.)

'You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Tickleshins ?'

'I never would sell dem ; I swore I never vood, on porpus to be revenged on dat Stobbs.'

'What, your wound has never been *healed*, eh ?'

'Vat de you mean vid your bootless errands, and your soling and healing ? I tell you I have done vat I swore to do ; I have exposed him at school, I have broak off a marriage for him, ven he vould have had twenty tousand pound, and now I have showed him up in a court of justice ; dat is vat I ave done, and dat's enough.' And then the old wretch went down, whilst everybody was giggling and staring at poor me—as if I was not miserable enough already.

'This seems the dearest pair of boots you ever had in your life, Mr. Stubbs,' said Commissioner Dubobwig very archly, and then he began to inquire about the rest of my misfortunes.

In the fullness of my heart I told him the whole of them ; how Mr. Solomonson the attorney had introduced me to the rich widow, Mrs. Manasseh, who had fifty thousand pounds, and an estate in the West Indies. How I was married, and arrested on coming to town, and cast in an action for two thousand pounds brought against me by this very Solomonson for my wife's debts.

'Stop,' says a lawyer in the court, 'Is this woman a showy black-haired woman, with one eye ? very often drunk, with three children—Solomonson, short, with red hair ?'

'Exactly so,' said I, with tears in my eyes.

'That woman has married *three men* within the last two years. One in Ireland, and one at Bath. A Solomonson is, I believe, her husband, and they both are off for America ten days ago.'

'But why did you not keep your £2,000 ?' said the lawyer.

‘Sir, they attached it.’

‘Oh! well, we may pass you; you have been unlucky. Mr. Stubbs, but it seems as if the biter had been bit in this affair.’

‘No,’ said Mr. Dubobwig, ‘Mr. Stubbs is the victim of a FATAL ATTACHMENT.’

NOVEMBER.—A GENERAL POST DELIVERY

I WAS a free man when I went out of the Court; but I was a beggar—I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North-Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed, or a dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a rough voice which I knew well.

‘Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my bromise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin.’

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast up my eyes towards the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

‘Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you, and noting vood do for you but a vife vid monny—ha, ha,—but you vere de pigeon, and she vas de grow. She has plocked you, too, pretty vell—eh? ha! ha!’

‘Oh, Mr. Stiffelkind,’ said I, ‘don’t laugh at my misery; she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve, I do believe I shall starve.’ And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

‘Starf! stoff and nonsense—you vill never die of starfing—you vill die of *hanging*, I tink, ho! ho! and it is moch easier vay too.’ I didn’t say a word, but cried on; till everybody in the street turned round and stared.

‘Come, come,’ said Stiffelkind; ‘do not gry, Gaptain Stobbs—it is not goot for a Gaptain to gry, ha! ha! Dere—come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too,—vich shall gost you nothing, until you can bay vid your earnings.’

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate towards me in my ill-luck: and took me home with him as he promised.

'I saw your name among de Insolvents—and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere, now, it is done and forgotten, look you. Here Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife and fork; Lort Cornvallis is come to dine vid me.'

I lived with this strange old man for six weeks. I kept his books, and did what little I could to make myself useful: carrying about boots and shoes, as if I had never borne His Majesty's commission. He gave me no money, but he fed and lodged me comfortably. The men and boys used to laugh, and call me General, and Lord Cornwallis, and all sorts of nicknames—and old Stiffelkind made a thousand new ones for me.

One day, I can recollect—one miserable day, as I was polishing on the trees a pair of boots of Mr. Stiffelkind's manufacture—the old gentleman came into the shop, with a lady on his arm.

'Vere is Gaptain Stobbs,' said he, 'vere is dat ornament to His Majesty's service?'

I came in from the back-shop, where I was polishing the boots, with one of them in my hand.

'Look, my dear,' says he, 'here is an old friend of yours, His Excellency Lort Cornvallis!—Who would have thought such a nobleman vood turn shoe-black? Gaptain Stobbs, here is your former flame, my dear niece, Miss Grotty—how could you, Magdalen, ever leaf soch a lof of a man? Shake hands vid her, Gaptain;—dere, never mind de blacking: but Miss drew back.

'I never shake hands with a *shoe-black*,' said she, mighty contemptuous.

'Bah! my lof, his fingers von't soil you, don't you know he has just been *vitevashed*?'

'I wish, uncle,' says she, 'you would not leave me with such low people.'

'Low, because he cleans boots? de Gaptain prefers *pumps* to boots, I tink, ha! ha!'

'Captain, indeed! a nice Captain,' says Miss Crutty, snapping her fingers in my face, and walking away; 'a Captain who has had his nose pulled! ha! ha!—And how could I help it? it wasn't by my own *choice* that that ruffian Waters took such liberties with me; didn't I show how averse I was to all quarrels by refusing altogether his challenge?—but such is the world: and thus the people at

Stiffelkind's used to tease me until they drove me almost mad.

At last, he came home one day more merry and abusive than ever. 'Gaptain,' says he: 'I have goot news for you—a goot place. Your lortship vil not be able to geeep your garridge, but you vill be gomfortable, and serve His Majesty.'

'Serve His Majesty,' says I: 'dearest Mr. Stiffelkind, have you got me a place under Government?'

'Yes, and somting better still—not only a place, but a uniform—yes, Gaptain Stobbs, a *red goat*.'

'A red coat! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army. I am a gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind—I can never—no, I never.'

'No, I know you will never—you are too great a goward, ha! ha!—though dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too, ha! ha!—do you gomprenhend?—and you shall be a general instead of a gabdain—ha! ha!'

'A general in a red coat! Mr. Stiffelkind?'

'Yes, a GENERAL BOSTMAN! ha! ha! I have been vid your old friend, Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post-office, and he has got you de place—eighteen shillings a week, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any of de letters, you know.'

And so it was—I, Robert Stubbs, Esquire, became the vile thing he named—a general postman!

I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever, that when I got my place in the Post-office, I never went near the fellow again—for though he had done me a favour in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and showed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North-Bungay Fencibles, was—

I wonder nobody recognized me. I lived in daily fear the first year; but, afterwards, grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter-carrier.

I was first in the Whitechapel district, where I stayed for nearly three years, when I was transferred to Jermyn Street, and Duke Street—famous places for lodgings. I suppose I left a hundred letters at a house in the latter street, where lived some people who must have recognized me had they but once chanced to look at me.

You see, that when I left Sloffem, and set out in the gay world, my mamma had written to me a dozen times at least, but I never answered her, for I knew she wanted money, and I detest writing. Well, she stopped her letters, finding she could get none from me :—but when I was in the Fleet, as I told you, I wrote repeatedly to my dear mamma, and was not a little nettled at her refusing to notice me in my distress, which is the very time one most wants notice.

Stubbs is not an uncommon name ; and though I saw MRS. STUBBS on a little bright brass plate, in Duke Street, and delivered so many letters to the lodgers in her house, I never thought of asking who she was, or whether she was my relation, or not.

One day the young woman who took in the letters had not got change, and she called her mistress :—an old lady in a poke bonnet came out of the parlour, and put on her spectacles, and looked at the letter, and fumbled in her pocket for eightpence, and apologized to the postman for keeping him waiting ; and when I said, 'Never mind, ma'am, it's no trouble,' the old lady gave a start, and then she pulled off her spectacles, and staggered back ; and then she began muttering, as if about to choke ; and then she gave a great screech, and flung herself into my arms, and roared out, 'MY SON, MY SON !'

'Law, mamma,' said I, 'is that you ?' and I sat down on the hall bench with her, and let her kiss me as much as ever she liked. Hearing the whining and crying, down comes another lady from upstairs,—it was my sister Eliza ; and down come the lodgers. And the maid gets water and what not, and I was the regular hero of the group. I could not stay long then, having my letters to deliver. But, in the evening, after mail-time, I went back to my mamma and sister ; and, over a bottle of prime old port, and a precious good leg of boiled mutton and turnips, made myself pretty comfortable, I can tell you.



NOVEMBER.—A GENERAL POST DELIVERY

DECEMBER.—‘THE WINTER OF OUR
DISCONTENT’

MAMMA had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years. I recollected some of the chairs and tables from dear old Squiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum-punch, the evening she went away, which she and my sisters left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone ; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Mary's luck ! that chap, Waters, fell in love with her, and married her ; and she now keeps her carriage, and lives in state near Squiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters ; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me.—He had the impudence, too, to say, that he took in all letters for mamma at Squiggle ; and that as mine were all begging letters, he burned them, and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma fifty pounds a year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much ; but the old lady was high and mighty, forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this fifty pounds she was going to refuse ; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket-money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the fifty pounds for *my* share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the Captain, between them, gave mamma a hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure—much more than ever fell to *me*, I know), and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a week, on an average ; and the front parlour and attic made forty pounds more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic : but *I* took that, and they slept in the servants' bed-room. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a week that way ; so that we had got nearly two hundred a year over the rent to keep house with,—and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing ; my women didn't care for meat for days together sometimes,—so that it was only necessary to dress a good steak or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post-office. She said her dear Robert, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, and all that, should remain at home, and be a gentleman—which I was, certainly, though I didn't find fifty pounds a year very much to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon ; to be sure, mother found me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the fifty pounds. She kicked a little at paying the washing too ; but she gave in at last, for I was her dear Robert, you know ; and I'm blest if I could not make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy ! once she cut up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters sent her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was so *very* soft, the old lady !

.

I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself content with my fifty pounds a year (*perhaps* I'd saved a little out of it ; but that's neither here nor there). From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in the summer, when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not—never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs.

I never went to the public-house before meals ; for, with my beggarly fifty pounds, I could not afford to dine away from home ; but there I had my regular seat, and used to come home *pretty glorious*, I can tell you. Then bed till eleven ; then breakfast and the newspaper ; then a stroll in Hyde Park or St. James's ; then home at half-past three to dinner, when I jollied, as I call it, for the rest of the day. I was my mother's delight ; and thus, with a clear conscience, I managed to live on.

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How fond she was of me, to be sure ! Being sociable myself, and loving to have my friends about me, we often used to assemble a company of as hearty fellows as you would wish to sit down with, and keep the nights up royally. 'Never mind, my boys,' I used to say, 'send the bottle round : mammy pays for all,' as she did, sure enough : and sure enough we punished her cellar, too. The good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the

world she had been my servant, instead of a lady and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her 'dear Bob' in bed, and leading her a sad anxious life). She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice: and then with sister Lizzy, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear of such envious spite on my sister's part. 'Her Bob' was always right, she said. At last Lizzy fairly retreated, and went to the Waters's.—I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night!

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging-house at last—for, somehow, things went wrong after my sister's departure—the nasty uncharitable people said, on account of *me*; because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking, and kicking up noises in the house; and because ma gave me so much of her money;—so she did, but if she *would* give it, you know, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

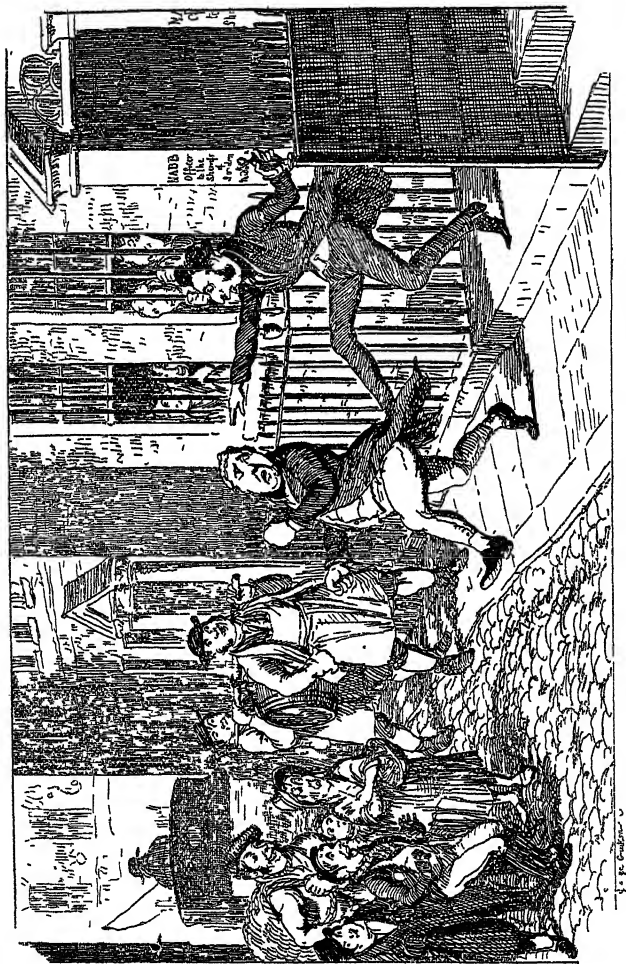
No such luck. The business I thought was to last for ever; but at the end of two years came a smash—shut up shop—sell off everything. Mamma went to the Waters's: and, will you believe it? the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was so disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman? For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold cigars and pocket-handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been Director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, and about a month as a cad, when I was very low); I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire some very valuable information (about licensed victuallers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names); I've been very nearly an officer again—that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex: it was my last place.

On the last day of the year 1837, even *that* game was up. It's a thing that has very seldom happened to a gentleman, to be kicked out of a spunging-house ; but such was my case. Young Nabbs (who succeeded his father) drove me ignominiously from his door, because I had charged a gentleman in the coffee-rooms seven-and-sixpence for a glass of ale and bread and cheese, the charge of the house being only six shillings. He had the meanness to deduct the eighteenpence from my wages, and because I blustered a bit, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out—me, a gentleman, and, what is more, a poor orphan !

How I did rage and swear at him when I got out into the street ! There stood he, the hideous Jew monster, at the double door, writhing under the effect of my language. I had my revenge ! Heads were thrust out of every bar of his windows, laughing at him. A crowd gathered round me, as I stood pounding him with my satire, and they evidently enjoyed his discomfiture. I think the mob would have pelted the ruffian to death (one or two of their missiles hit *me*, I can tell you), when a policeman came up, and, in reply to a gentleman, who was asking what was the disturbance, said, 'Bless you, sir, it's Lord Cornwallis.' 'Move on, *Boots*,' said the fellow to me, for, the fact is, my misfortunes and early life are pretty well known—and so the crowd dispersed.

'What could have made that policeman call you Lord Cornwallis and *Boots* ?' said the gentleman, who seemed mightily amused, and had followed me. 'Sir,' says I, 'I am an unfortunate officer of the North-Bungay Fencibles, and I'll tell you willingly for a pint of beer.' He told me to follow him to his chambers in the Temple, which I did (a five pair back), and there, sure enough, I had the beer ; and told him this very story you've been reading. You see he is what is called a literary man—and sold my adventures for me to the booksellers : he's a strange chap ; and says they're *moral*.

I'm blest if *I* can see anything moral in them. I'm sure I ought to have been more lucky through life, being so very wide awake. And yet here I am, without a place, or even a friend, starving upon a beggarly twenty pounds a year—not a single sixpence more, upon *my honour*.



DECEMBER.—'THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT'

THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY

[*The New Monthly Magazine*, January, March,
and April, 1840; *Comic Tales and Sketches*,
1841; and *Miscellanies*, Vol. III, 1856.]

THE BEDFORD-ROW CONSPIRACY¹

CHAPTER I

OF THE LOVES OF MR. PERKINS AND MISS GORGON, AND
OF THE TWO GREAT FACTIONS IN THE TOWN OF
OLDBOROUGH

‘My dear John,’ cried Lucy, with a very wise look indeed, ‘it must and shall be so. As for Doughty-street, with our means, a house is out of the question. We must keep three servants, and aunt Biggs says the taxes are one-and-twenty pounds a year.’

‘I have seen a sweet place at Chelsea,’ remarked John; ‘Paradise-row, No. 17,—garden—greenhouse—fifty pounds a year—omnibus to town within a mile.’

‘What, that I may be left alone all day, and you spend a fortune in driving backward and forward in those horrid breakneck cabs? My darling, I should die there—die of fright, I know I should. Did you not say yourself that the road was not as yet lighted, and that the place swarmed with public-houses and dreadful tipsy Irish bricklayers? Would you kill me, John?’

‘My da—arling,’ said John, with tremendous fondness, clutching Miss Lucy suddenly round the waist, and rapping the hand of that young person violently against his waistcoat,—‘my da—arling, don’t say such things, even in a joke. If I objected to the chambers, it is only because you, my love, with your birth and connexions, ought to have a house of your own. The chambers are quite large enough, and certainly quite good enough for me.’ And so after some more sweet parley on the part of these young people, it was agreed that they should take up their abode,

¹ A story of Charles de Bernard furnished the plot of ‘The Bedford-Row Conspiracy.’

when married, in a part of the house, number one hundred and something, Bedford-row.

It will be necessary to explain to the reader, that John was no other than John Perkins, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and that Miss Lucy was the daughter of the late Captain Gorgon, and Marianne Biggs, his wife. The captain being of noble connexions, younger son of a baronet, cousin to Lord X. and related to the Y. family, had angered all his relatives, by marrying a very silly, pretty young woman, who kept a ladies' school at Canterbury. She had six hundred pounds to her fortune, which the captain laid out in the purchase of a sweet travelling-carriage and dressing-case for himself; and going abroad with his lady, spent several years in the principal prisons of Europe, in one of which he died. His wife and daughter were meantime supported by the contributions of Mrs. Jemima Biggs, who still kept the ladies' school.

At last a dear old relative—such a one as one reads of in romances—died and left seven thousand pounds apiece to the two sisters, whereupon the elder gave up schooling and retired to London; and the younger managed to live with some comfort and decency at Brussels, upon two hundred and ten pounds per annum. Mrs. Gorgon never touched a shilling of her capital, for the very good reason that it was placed entirely out of her reach; so that when she died, her daughter found herself in possession of a sum of money that is not always to be met with in this world.

Her aunt, the baronet's lady, and her aunt, the ex-schoolmistress, both wrote very pressing invitations to her, and she resided with each for six months after her arrival in England. Now, for a second time, she had come to Mrs. Biggs, Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square. It was under the roof of that respectable old lady, that John Perkins, Esq., being invited to take tea, wooed and won Miss Gorgon.

Having thus described the circumstances of Miss Gorgon's life, let us pass for a moment from that young lady, and lift up the veil of mystery which envelops the deeds and character of Perkins.

Perkins, too, was an orphan; and he and his Lucy, of summer evenings, when Sol descending lingered fondly yet about the minarets of the Foundling, and gilded the grass-plots of Mecklenburgh-square—Perkins, I say, and Lucy

would often sit together in the summer-house of that pleasure-ground, and muse upon the strange coincidences of their life. Lucy was motherless and fatherless ; so, too, was Perkins. If Perkins was brotherless and sisterless, was not Lucy likewise an only child ? Perkins was twenty-three—his age and Lucy's united, amounted to forty-six ; and it was to be remarked, as a fact still more extraordinary, that while Lucy's relatives were *aunts*, John's were *uncles* ; mysterious spirit of love !—let us treat thee with respect and whisper not too many of thy secrets. The fact is, John and Lucy were a pair of fools (as every young couple *ought* to be who have hearts that are worth a farthing), and were ready to find coincidences, sympathies, hidden gushes of feeling, mystic unions of the soul, and what not, in every single circumstance that occurred from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, and in the intervals. Bedford-row, where Perkins lived, is not very far from Mecklenburgh-square ; and John used to say, that he felt a comfort that his house and Lucy's were served by the same muffin-man.

Further comment is needless. A more honest, simple, clever, warm-hearted, soft, whimsical, romantical, high-spirited young fellow than John Perkins did not exist. When his father, Dr. Perkins, died, this, his only son, was placed under the care of John Perkins, Esq., of the house of Perkins, Scully, and Perkins, those celebrated attorneys in the trading town of Oldborough, which the second partner, William Pitt Scully, Esq., represented in Parliament and in London.

All John's fortune was the house in Bedford-row, which, at his father's death, was let out into chambers, and brought in a clear hundred a year. Under his uncle's roof at Oldborough, where he lived with thirteen red-haired male and female cousins, he was only charged fifty pounds for board, clothes, and pocket-money, and the remainder of his rents was carefully put by for him until his majority. When he approached that period—when he came to belong to two spouting clubs at Oldborough, among the young merchants and lawyers' clerks—to blow the flute nicely, and play a good game at billiards—to have written one or two smart things in the *Oldborough Sentinel*—to be fond of smoking (in which act he was discovered by his fainting aunt at three o'clock one morning)—in one word, when John

Perkins arrived at manhood, he discovered that he was quite unfit to be an attorney, that he detested all the ways of his uncle's stern, dull, vulgar, regular, red-headed family, and he vowed that he would go to London and make his fortune. Thither he went, his aunt and cousins, who were all 'serious,' vowing that he was a lost boy, and when his history opens, John had been two years in the metropolis, inhabiting his own garrets; and a very nice compact set of apartments, looking into the back-garden, at this moment falling vacant, the prudent Lucy Gorgon had visited them, and vowed that she and her John should there commence housekeeping.

All these explanations are tedious, but necessary; and furthermore, it must be said, that as John's uncle's partner was the Liberal member for Oldborough, so Lucy's uncle was its Ministerial representative.

This gentleman, the brother of the deceased Captain Gorgon, lived at the paternal mansion of Gorgon Castle, and rejoiced in the name and title of Sir John Grimsby Gorgon. He, too, like his younger brother, had married a lady beneath his own rank in life: having espoused the daughter and heiress of Mr. Hicks, the great brewer at Oldborough, who held numerous mortgages on the Gorgon property, all of which he yielded up, together with his daughter Eliza, to the care of the baronet.

What Lady Gorgon was in character, this history will show. In person, if she may be compared to any vulgar animal, one of her father's heavy, healthy, broad-flanked, Roman-nosed, white dray-horses might, to the poetic mind, appear to resemble her. At twenty she was a splendid creature, and though not at her full growth, yet remarkable for strength and sinew: at forty-five she was as fine a woman as any in his Majesty's dominions. Five feet seven in height, thirteen stone, her own teeth and hair, she looked as if she were the mother of a regiment of grenadier guards. She had three daughters of her own size, and at length ten years after the birth of the last of the young ladies, a son—one son—George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, the godson of a royal duke, whose steady officer in waiting Sir George had been for many years.

It is needless to say, after entering so largely into a description of Lady Gorgon, that her husband was a little, shrivelled, wizened-faced creature, eight inches shorter than her ladyship. This is the way of the world, as every single

reader of this book must have remarked ; for frolic love delights to join giants and pigmies of different sexes in the bonds of matrimony. When you saw her ladyship, in flame-coloured satin, and gorgeous toque and feathers, entering the drawing-room, as footmen along the stairs shouted melodiously, ' Sir George and Lady Gorgon,' you beheld in her company a small withered old gentleman, with powder and large royal household buttons, who tripped at her elbow as a little weak-legged colt does at the side of a stout mare.

The little general had been present at about a hundred and twenty pitch-battles on Hounslow Heath and Wormwood Scrubs, but had never drawn his sword against an enemy. As might be expected, therefore, his talk and *tenue* were outrageously military. He had the whole army-list by heart—that is, as far as the field-officers—all below them he scorned. A bugle at Gorgon Castle always sounded at breakfast and dinner : a gun announced sunset. He clung to his pigtail for many years after the army had forsaken that ornament, and could never be brought to think much of the Peninsular men for giving it up. When he spoke of the duke, he used to call him '*My Lord Wellington—I recollect him as Captain Wesley.*' He swore fearfully in conversation—was most regular at church, and regularly read to his family and domestics the morning and evening prayer ; he bullied his daughters, *seemed* to bully his wife, who led him whither she chose ; gave grand entertainments, and never asked a friend by chance ; had splendid liveries, and starved his people ; and was as dull, stingy, pompous, insolent, cringing, ill-tempered a little creature as ever was known.

With such qualities you may fancy that he was generally admired in society and by his country. So he was : and I never knew a man so endowed whose way through life was not safe—who had fewer pangs of conscience—more positive enjoyments—more respect shown to him—more favours granted to him, than such a one as my friend the general.

Her ladyship was just suited to him, and they did in reality admire each other hugely. Previously to her marriage with the baronet, many love-passages had passed between her and William Pitt Scully, Esq., the attorney, and there was especially one story, *à propos* of certain syllabubs and Sally-Lunn cakes, which seemed to show

that matters had gone very far. Be this as it may, no sooner did the general (Major Gorgon he was then) cast an eye on her, than Scully's five years' fabric of love was instantly dashed to the ground. She cut him pitilessly, cut Sally Scully, his sister, her dearest friend and confidante, and bestowed her big person upon the little aide-de-camp at the end of a fortnight's wooing. In the course of time, their mutual fathers died; the Gorgon estates were unincumbered: patron of both the seats in the borough of Oldborough, and occupant of one, Sir George Grimsby Gorgon, baronet, was a personage of no small importance.

He was, it scarcely need be said, a Tory; and this was the reason why William Pitt Scully, Esq., of the firm of Perkins and Scully, deserted those principles in which he had been bred and christened; deserted that church which he had frequented, for he could not bear to see Sir John and my lady flaunting in their grand pew;—deserted, I say, the church, adopted the conventicle, and became one of the most zealous and eloquent supporters that Freedom has known in our time. Scully, of the house of Scully and Perkins, was a dangerous enemy. In five years from that marriage, which snatched from the jilted solicitor his heart's young affections, Sir George Gorgon found that he must actually spend seven hundred pounds to keep his two seats. At the next election, a Liberal was set up against his man, and actually ran him hard; and finally, at the end of eighteen years, the rejected Scully—the mean attorney—was actually the *first* member for Oldborough, Sir George Grimsby Gorgon, baronet, being only the second!

The agony of that day cannot be imagined—the dreadful curses of Sir George, who saw fifteen hundred a year robbed from under his very nose—the religious resignation of my lady—the hideous window-smashing that took place at the Gorgon Arms, and the discomfiture of the pelted mayor and corporation. The very next Sunday, Scully was reconciled to the church (or attended it in the morning, and the meeting twice in the afternoon), and as Doctor Snorter uttered the prayer for the high court of Parliament, his eye—the eye of his whole party—turned towards Lady Gorgon and Sir George in a most unholy triumph. Sir George (who always stood during prayers, like a military man) fairly sank down among the hassocks, and Lady Gorgon was heard to sob as audibly as ever did little beadle-belaboured urchin.

Scully, when at Oldborough, came from that day forth to church. 'What,' said he, 'was it to him? were we not all brethren?' Old Perkins, however, kept religiously to the Squaretoes' congregation. In fact, to tell the truth, this subject had been debated between the partners, who saw the advantage of courting both the Establishment and the Dissenters—a manœuvre which, I need not say, is repeated in almost every country town in England, where a solicitor's house has this kind of power and connexion.

Three months after this election came the races at Oldborough, and the race-ball. Gorgon was so infuriated by his defeat, that he gave 'the Gorgon cup and cover,' a matter of fifteen pounds. Scully, 'although anxious,' as he wrote from town, 'anxious beyond measure to preserve the breed of horses for which our beloved country has ever been famous, could attend no such sports as these, which but too often degenerated into vice.' It was voted a shabby excuse. Lady Gorgon was radiant in her barouche and four, and gladly became the patroness of the ball that was to ensue; and which all the gentry and townspeople, Tory and Whig, were in the custom of attending. The ball took place on the last day of the races—on that day, the walls of the market-house, the principal public buildings, and the Gorgon Arms Hotel itself were plastered with the following—

LETTER FROM OUR DISTINGUISHED REPRESENTATIVE
WILLIAM P. SCULLY, ESQ., ETC., ETC.

'HOUSE OF COMMONS, Wednesday, June 9, 18—.

'MY DEAR HEELTAP,—You know my opinion about horse-racing, and though I blame neither you nor any brother Englishman who enjoys that manly sport, you will, I am sure, appreciate the conscientious motives which induce me not to appear among my friends and constituents on the festival of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th instant. If I, however, cannot allow my name to appear among your list of stewards, *one* at least of the representatives of Oldborough has no such scruples. Sir George Gorgon is among you: and though I differ from that honourable baronet on more than *one vital point*, I am glad to think that he is with you—a gentleman, a soldier, a man of property in the county, how can he be better employed than in forwarding the

county's amusements, and in forwarding the happiness of all ?

' Had I no such scruples as those to which I have just alluded, I must still have refrained from coming among you. Your great Oldborough common-drainage and inclosure bill comes on to-night, and I shall be *at my post*. I am sure, if Sir George Gorgon were here, he and I should on this occasion vote side by side, and that party strife would be forgotten in the object of our common interest—*our dear native town*.

' There is, however, another occasion at hand, in which I shall be proud to meet him. Your ball is on the night of the 6th. Party forgotten—brotherly union—innocent mirth—beauty, *our dear town's beauty*, our daughters in the joy of their expanding loveliness, our matrons in the exquisite contemplation of their children's bliss,—can you, can I, can Whig or Tory, can any Briton be indifferent to a scene like this, or refuse to join in this heart-stirring festival ? If there be such, let them pardon me,—I, for one, my dear Heeltap, will be among you on Friday night,—aye, and hereby invite all pretty Tory Misses, who are in want of a partner.

' I am here in the very midst of good things, you know, and we old folks like a *supper* after a dance. Please to accept a brace of bucks and a turtle, which come herewith. My worthy colleague, who was so liberal last year of his soup to the poor, will not, I trust, refuse to taste a little of Alderman Birch's—'tis offered on my part with hearty goodwill. Hey for the 6th, and *vive la joie*.

' Ever, my dear Heeltap, your faithful

' W. PITT SCULLY.

' P.S.—Of course this letter is *strictly private*. Say that the venison, &c., came from a *well-wisher to Oldborough*.'

This amazing letter was published in defiance of Mr. Scully's injunctions by the enthusiastic Heeltap, who said bluntly in a preface, 'That he saw no reason why Mr. Scully should be ashamed of his action, and he, for his part, was glad to let all friends at Oldborough know of it.'

The allusion about the Gorgon soup was killing : thirteen paupers in Oldborough had, it was confidently asserted, died of it. Lady Gorgon, on the reading of this letter, was

struck completely dumb—Sir George Gorgon was wild—ten dozen of champagne was he obliged to send down to the Gorgon Arms, to be added to the festival. He would have stayed away if he could, but he dared not.

At nine o'clock, he in general's uniform, his wife in blue satin and diamonds, his daughters in blue crape and white roses, his niece, Lucy Gorgon, in white muslin, his son, George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, in a blue velvet jacket, sugar-loaf buttons, and nankeens, entered the north door of the ball-room to much cheering, and the sound of 'God save the King!'

At that very same moment, and from the south door, issued William Pitt Scully, Esq., M.P., and his staff. Mr. Scully had a bran new blue coat and brass buttons, buff waistcoat, white kerseymere tights, pumps with large rosettes, and pink silk stockings.

'This wool,' said he to a friend, 'was grown on Oldborough sheep, this cloth was spun in Oldborough looms, these buttons were cast in an Oldborough manufactory, these shoes were made by an Oldborough tradesman, this *heart* first beat in Oldborough town, and pray Heaven may be buried there!'

Could anything resist a man like this? John Perkins, who had come down as one of Scully's aides de camp, in a fit of generous enthusiasm, leaped on a whist-table, flung up a pocket-handkerchief, and shrieked—'SCULLY FOR EVER!'

Heeltap, who was generally drunk, fairly burst into tears, and the grave tradesmen and Whig gentry, who had dined with the member at his inn, and accompanied him thence to the Gorgon Arms, lifted their deep voices and shouted, 'Hear! Good! Bravo! Noble! Scully for ever! God bless him! and Hurra!'

The scene was tumultuously affecting, and when young Perkins sprang down from the table, and came blushing up to the member, that gentleman said,

'Thank you, Jack! *thank* you, my boy! THANK you,' in a way which made Perkins think that his supreme cup of bliss was quaffed, that he had but to die; for that life had no other such joy in store for him. Scully was Perkins's Napoleon—he yielded himself up to the attorney, body and soul.

Whilst this scene was going on under one chandelier of

the ball-room; beneath the other, scarlet little General Gorgon, sumptuous Lady Gorgon, the daughter and niece Gorgons were standing, surrounded by their Tory court, who affected to sneer and titter at the Whig demonstrations which were taking place.

'What a howwid thmell of whithkey!' lisped Cornet Fitch of the dragoons to Miss Lucy, confidentially: 'and thethe are what they call Whigth, are they? he! he!'

'They are drunk,—me—drunk, by—!' said the general to the mayor.

'Which is Scully?' said Lady Gorgon, lifting her glass gravely (she was at that very moment thinking of the syllabubs). 'Is it that tipsy man in the green coat, or that vulgar creature in the blue one?'

'Law, my lady!' said the mayoress, 'have you forgotten him? Why, that's him in blue and buff.'

'And a monthous fine man, too,' said Cornet Fitch; 'I wish we had him in our twoop—he'th thix feet thwee, if he'th an inch; ain't he, genewal?'

No reply.

'And heavens! mamma,' shrieked the three Gorgons in a breath, 'see, one creature is on the whist-table. Oh, the wretch!'

'I'm sure he's very good looking,' said Lucy, simply.

Lady Gorgon darted at her an angry look, and was about to say something very contemptuous, when, at that instant, John Perkins's shout taking effect, Master George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon, not knowing better, incontinently raised a small shout on his side.

'Hear! good! bravo!' exclaimed he; 'Scully for ever! Hurra-a-a-ay!' and fell skipping about like the Whigs opposite.

'Silence, you brute, you!' groaned Lady Gorgon; and seizing him by the shirt-frill and coat-collar, carried him away to his nurse, who, with many other maids of the Whig and Tory parties, stood giggling and peeping at the landing-place.

Fancy how all these small incidents augmented the heap of Lady Gorgon's anger and injuries! She was a dull phlegmatic woman, for the most part, and contented herself generally with merely despising her neighbours; but oh! what a fine active hatred raged in her bosom for victorious Scully! At this moment Mr. Perkins had finished shaking

hands with his Napoleon—Napoleon seemed bent upon some tremendous enterprise. He was looking at Lady Gorgon very hard.

‘She’s a fine woman,’ said Scully, thoughtfully; he was still holding the hand of Perkins. And then, after a pause, ‘Gad! I think I’ll try.’

‘Try what, sir?’

‘She’s a *deuced* fine woman!’ burst out again the tender solicitor. ‘I *will* go. Springer, tell the fiddlers to strike up.’

Springer scuttled across the room, and gave the leader of the band a knowing nod. Suddenly, ‘God save the King’ ceased, and ‘Sir Roger de Coverley’ began. The rival forces eyed each other; Mr. Scully, accompanied by his friend, came forward, looking very red, and fumbling two large kid gloves.

‘*He’s going to ask me to dance,*’ hissed out Lady Gorgon, with a dreadful intuition, and she drew back behind her lord.

‘D—— it, madam, *then dance* with him!’ said the general. ‘Don’t you see that the scoundrel is carrying it all his own way! —— him, and —— him, and —— him.’ (All of which dashes the reader may fill up with oaths of such strength as may be requisite.)

‘General!’ cried Lady Gorgon, but could say no more. Scully was before her.

‘Madam!’ exclaimed the Liberal member for Oldborough, ‘in a moment like this—I say—that is—that on the present occasion—your ladyship—unaccustomed as I am—pooh, psha—*will* your ladyship give me the distinguished honour and pleasure of going down the country-dance with your ladyship?’

An immense heave of her ladyship’s ample chest was perceptible. Yards of blond lace, which might be compared to a foam of the sea, were agitated at the same moment, and by the same mighty emotion. The river of diamonds which flowed round her ladyship’s neck, seemed to swell and to shine more than ever. The tall plumes on her ambrosial head bowed down beneath the storm. In other words, Lady Gorgon, in a furious rage, which she was compelled to restrain, trembled, drew up, and bowing majestically, said,

‘Sir, I shall have much pleasure.’ With this, she

extended her hand. Scully, trembling, thrust forward one of his huge kid gloves, and led her to the head of the country-dance. John Perkins, who I presume had been drinking pretty freely so as to have forgotten his ordinary bashfulness, looked at the three Gorgons in blue, then at the pretty smiling one in white, and stepping up to her, without the smallest hesitation, asked her if she would dance with him. The young lady smilingly agreed. The great example of Scully and Lady Gorgon was followed by all dancing men and women. Political enmities were forgotten. Whig voters invited 'Tory voters' wives to the dance. The daughters of Reform accepted the hands of the sons of Conservatism. The reconciliation of the Romans and Sabines was not more touching than this sweet fusion. Whack! whack! Mr. Springer clapped his hands; and the fiddlers adroitly obeying the cheerful signal, began playing 'Sir Roger de Coverley' louder than ever.

I do not know by what extraordinary charm (*nescio quæ præter solitum, &c.*); but young Perkins, who all his life had hated country-dances, was delighted with this one, and skipped, and laughed, poussetting, crossing, down-the-middling, with his merry little partner, till every one of the bettermost sort of the thirty-nine couples had dropped panting away, and till the youngest Miss Gorgon, coming up to his partner, said, in a loud, hissing, scornful whisper, 'Lucy, mamma thinks you have danced quite enough with this—this person.' And Lucy, blushing, starting back, and looking at Perkins in a very melancholy way, made him a little curtsy, and went off to the Gorgonian party with her cousin. Perkins was too frightened to lead her back to her place—too frightened at first, and then too angry. 'Person!' said he: his soul swelled with a desperate Republicanism: he went back to his patron more of a Radical than ever.

He found that gentleman in the solitary tea-room, pacing up and down before the observant landlady and hand-maidens of the Gorgon Arms, wiping his brows, gnawing his fingers—his ears looming over his stiff white shirt-collar, as red as fire. Once more the great man seized John Perkins's hands as the latter came up.

'D—— the aristocrats!' roared the ex-follower of Square-toes.

'And so say I; but what's the matter, sir?'

'What's the matter?—Why, that woman—that infernal

haughty, strait-laced, cold-blooded brewer's daughter ! I loved that woman, sir—I *kissed* that woman, sir, twenty years ago—we were all but engaged, sir—we've walked for hours and hours, sir ; us and the governess—I've got a lock of her hair, sir, among my papers now—and to-night, would you believe it ?—as soon as she got to the bottom of the set, away she went—not one word would she speak to me all the way down : and when I wanted to lead her to her place, and asked her if she would have a glass of negus, " Sir," says she, " I have done my duty ; I bear no malice : but I consider you a traitor to Sir George Gorgon's family—a traitor and an upstart ! I consider your speaking to me as a piece of insolent vulgarity, and beg you will leave me to myself !" There's her speech, sir. Twenty people heard it, and all of her Tory set, too. I'll tell you what, Jack, at the next election I'll put *you* up. Oh ! that woman ! that woman !—and to think that I love her still !' Here Mr. Scully paused, and fiercely consoled himself by swallowing three cups of Mrs. Rincer's green tea.

The fact is, that Lady Gorgon's passion had completely got the better of her reason. Her ladyship was naturally cold and artificially extremely squeamish, and when this great red-faced enemy of hers looked tenderly at her through his red little eyes, and squeezed her hand, and attempted to renew old acquaintance, she felt such an intolerable disgust at his triumph, at his familiarity, and at the remembrance of her own former liking for him, that she gave utterance to the speech above correctly reported. The Tories were delighted with her spirit, and Cornet Fitch, with much glee, told the story to the general ; but that officer, who was at whist with some of his friends, flung down his cards, and coming up to his lady, said briefly,

' Madam, you are a fool !'

' I will *not* stay here to be bearded by that disgusting man !—Mr. Fitch, call my people.—Henrietta, bring Miss Lucy from that linendraper with whom she is dancing. I will not stay, general, once for all.'

Henrietta ran—she hated her cousin ; Cornet Fitch was departing. ' Stop, Fitch,' said Sir George, seizing him by the arm.—' You are a fool, Lady Gorgon,' said he, ' and I repeat it—a — fool ! This fellow Scully is carrying all before him : he has talked with everybody, laughed with everybody—and you, with your infernal airs—a brewer's

daughter, by —, must sit like a queen, and not speak to a soul ! You've lost me one seat of my borough, with your infernal pride—fifteen hundred a year, by Jove !—and you think you will bully me out of another. No, madam, you *shall* stay, and stay supper too—and the girls shall dance with every cursed chimney-sweep and butcher in the room : they shall—confound me !'

Her ladyship saw that it was necessary to submit ; and Mr. Springer, the master of the ceremonies, was called, and requested to point out some eligible partners for the young ladies. One went off with a Whig auctioneer ; another figured in a quadrille with a very Liberal apothecary, and the third, Miss Henrietta, remained.

'Hallo ! you sir,' roared the little general to John Perkins who was passing by. John turned round and faced him.

'You were dancing with my niece just now—show us your skill now, and dance with one of my daughters. Stand up, Miss Henrietta Gorgon—Mr. What's-your-name ?'

'My name,' said John, with marked and majestic emphasis, 'is PERKINS,' and he looked towards Lucy, who dared not look again.

'Miss Gorgon—Mr. Perkins. There, now go and dance.'

'Mr. Perkins regrets, madam,' said John, making a bow to Miss Henrietta, 'that he is not able to dance this evening. I am this moment obliged to look to the supper, but you will find, no doubt, some other PERSON who will have much pleasure.'

'Go to —, sir !' screamed the general, starting up, and shaking his cane.

'Calm yourself, dearest George,' said Lady Gorgon, clinging fondly to him. Fitch twiddled his moustaches. Miss Henrietta Gorgon stared with open mouth. The silks of the surrounding dowagers rustled—the countenances of all looked grave.

'I will follow you, sir, wherever you please ; and you may hear of me whenever you like,' said Mr. Perkins, bowing and retiring. He heard little Lucy sobbing in a corner. He was lost at once—lost in love ; he felt as if he could combat fifty generals ! he never was so happy in his life !

The supper came ; but as that meal cost five shillings a

head, General Gorgon dismissed the four spinsters of his family homewards in the carriage, and so saved himself a pound. This added to Jack Perkins's wrath; he had hoped to have seen Miss Lucy once more. He was a steward, and in the general's teeth, would have done his duty. He was thinking how he would have helped her to the most delicate chicken-wings and *blanc-manges*, how he *would* have made her take champagne. Under the noses of indignant aunt and uncle, what glorious fun it would have been!

Out of place as Mr. Scully's present was, and though Lady Gorgon and her party sneered at the vulgar notion of venison and turtle for supper, all the world at Oldborough ate very greedily of those two substantial dishes; and the mayor's wife became from that day forth a mortal enemy of the Gorgons: for, sitting near her ladyship, who refused the proffered soup and meat, the mayoress thought herself obliged to follow this disagreeable example. She sent away the plate of turtle with a sigh, saying, however, to the baronet's lady, 'I thought, mem, that the *Lord Mayor of London* always had turtle to his supper.'

'And what if he didn't, Biddy?' said his honour the mayor; 'a good thing's a good thing, and here goes!' wherewith he plunged his spoon into the savoury mess. The mayoress, as we have said, dared not; but she hated Lady Gorgon, and remembered it at the next election.

The pride, in fact, and insolence of the Gorgon party rendered every person in the room hostile to them; so soon as, gorged with meat, they began to find that courage which Britons invariably derive from their victuals. The show of the Gorgon plate seemed to offend the people. The Gorgon champagne was a long time, too, in making its appearance. Arrive, however, it did; the people were waiting for it. The young ladies not accustomed to that drink, declined pledging their admirers until it was produced; the men, too, despised the buccellas and sherry—and were looking continually towards the door. At last, Mr. Rincer, the landlord, Mr. Hock, Sir George's butler, and sundry others, entered the room. Bang went the corks—fizz the foamy liquor sparkled into all sorts of glasses that were held out for its reception. Mr. Hock helped Sir George and his party, who drank with great gusto: the wine which was administered to the persons immediately

around Mr. Scully was likewise pronounced to be good. But Mr. Perkins, who had taken his seat among the humbler individuals, and in the very middle of the table, observed that all these persons after drinking, made to each other very wry and ominous faces, and whispered much. He tasted his wine—it was a villanous compound of sugar, vitriol, soda-water, and green gooseberries. At this moment a great clatter of forks was made by the president's and vice-president's party. Silence for a toast—'twas silence all.

'Landlord,' said Mr. Perkins, starting up (the rogue, where did his impudence come from?), 'have you any champagne of *your own* ?'

'Silence ! down !' roared the Tories, the ladies looking aghast. 'Silence, sit down, you !' shrieked the well-known voice of the general.

'I beg your pardon, general,' said young John Perkins ; 'but where *could* you have bought this champagne ? My worthy friend I know is going to propose the ladies ; let us at any rate drink such a toast in good wine.' (Hear, hear !) 'Drink her ladyship's health in *this* stuff ? I declare to goodness I would sooner drink it in beer !'

No pen can describe the uproar which arose ; the anguish of the Gorgonites—the shrieks, jeers, cheers, ironic cries of 'Swipes !' &c., which proceeded from the less genteel, but more enthusiastic Scullyites.

'This vulgarity is too much,' said Lady Gorgon, rising ; and Mrs. Mayoress, and the ladies of the party did so too.

The general, two squires, the clergyman, the Gorgon apothecary and attorney, with their respective ladies, followed her—they were plainly beaten from the field. Such of the Tories as dared, remained, and in inglorious compromise shared the jovial Whig feast.

'Gentlemen and ladies,' hiccupped Mr. Heeltap, 'I'll give you a toast, "Champagne to our real—hic—friends," no, "Real champagne to our friends," and—hic—pooh ! "Champagne to our friends, and real pain to our enemies," —huzzay !'

The Scully faction on this day bore the victory away, and if the polite reader has been shocked by certain vulgarities on the part of Mr. Scully and his friends, he must remember *imprimis* that Oldborough was an inconsiderable place—that the inhabitants thereof were chiefly trades-

people, not of refined habits—that Mr. Scully himself had only for three months mingled among the aristocracy—that his young friend, Perkins, was violently angry—and finally, and to conclude, that the proud vulgarity of the great Sir George Gorgon and his family, was infinitely more odious and contemptible than the mean vulgarity of the Scullyites and their leader.

Immediately after this event, Mr. Scully and his young friend, Perkins, returned to town; the latter to his garrets in Bedford-row—the former to his apartments on the first floor of the same house. He lived here to superintend his legal business; his London agents, Messrs. Higgs, Biggs, and Blatherwick, occupying the ground-floor—the junior partner, Mr. Gustavus Blatherwick, the second-flat of the house. Scully made no secret of his profession or residence—he was an attorney, and proud of it—he was the grandson of a labourer, and thanked God for it—he had made his fortune by his own honest labour, and why should he be ashamed of it?

And now, having explained at full length who the several heroes and heroines of this history were, and how they conducted themselves in the country, let us describe their behaviour in London, and the great events which occurred there.

You must know that Mr. Perkins bore away the tenderest recollections of the young lady with whom he had danced at the Oldborough ball, and, having taken particular care to find out where she dwelt when in the metropolis, managed soon to become acquainted with aunt Biggs, and made himself so amiable to that lady, that she begged he would pass all his disengaged evenings at her lodgings in Caroline-place. Mrs. Biggs was perfectly aware that the young gentleman did not come for her bohea and muffins, so much as for the sweeter conversation of her niece, Miss Gorgon; but seeing that these two young people were of an age when ideas of love and marriage will spring up, do what you will; seeing that her niece had a fortune, and Mr. Perkins had the prospect of a place, and was moreover a very amiable and well-disposed young fellow, she thought her niece could not do better than marry him; and Miss Gorgon thought so too. Now the public will be able to understand the meaning of that important conversation which is recorded at the very commencement of this history.

Lady Gorgon and her family were likewise in town, but when in the metropolis, they never took notice of their relative, Miss Lucy, the idea of acknowledging an ex-schoolmistress, living in Mecklenburgh-square, being much too preposterous for a person of my Lady Gorgon's breeding and fashion. She did not, therefore, know of the progress which sly Perkins was making all this while, for Lucy Gorgon did not think it was at all necessary to inform her ladyship how deeply she was smitten by the wicked young gentleman, who had made all the disturbance at the Oldborough ball.

The intimacy of these young persons had, in fact, become so close, that on a certain sunshiny Sunday in December, after having accompanied aunt Biggs to church, they had pursued their walk as far as that rendezvous of lovers—the Regent's Park, and were talking of their coming marriage with much confidential tenderness, before the bears in the Zoological Gardens.

Miss Lucy was ever and anon feeding those interesting animals with buns, to perform which act of charity, she had clambered up on the parapet which surrounds their den. Mr Perkins was below, and Miss Lucy, having distributed her buns, was on the point of following,—but whether from timidity, or whether from a desire to do young Perkins an essential service, I know not, however, she found herself quite unwilling to jump down unaided.

'My dearest John,' said she, 'I never can jump that.'

Whereupon, John stepped up, put one hand round Lucy's waist, and as one of hers gently fell upon his shoulder, Mr. Perkins took the other, and said,—

'Now jump.'

Hoop! jump she did, and so excessively active and clever was Mr John Perkins, that he jumped Miss Lucy plump into the middle of a group formed of—

Lady Gorgon,

The Misses Gorgon,

Master George Augustus Frederic Grimsby Gorgon,

And a footman, poodle, and French governess, who had all been for two or three minutes listening to the billings and cooings of these imprudent young lovers.



MR. PERKINS DISCOVERED IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

CHAPTER II

SHOWS HOW THE PLOT BEGAN TO THICKEN IN OR ABOUT
BEDFORD-ROW

‘Miss Lucy!’

‘Upon my word!’

‘I’m hanged if it aren’t Lucy! How do, Lucy?’ uttered Lady, the Misses, and Master Gorgon in a breath.

Lucy came forward, bending down her ambrosial curls, and blushing, as a modest young woman should; for, in truth, the scrape was very awkward, and as for John Perkins, he made a start, and then a step forwards, and then two backwards, and then began laying hands upon his black satin stock—in short, the sun did not shine at that moment upon a man who looked so exquisitely foolish.

‘Miss Lucy Gorgon, is your aunt—is Mrs. Briggs here?’ said Lady Gorgon, drawing herself up with much state.

‘Mrs. Biggs, aunt,’ said Lucy demurely.

‘Biggs or Briggs, madam, it is not of the slightest consequence. I presume that persons in my rank of life are not expected to know everybody’s name in Magdeburg-square?’ (Lady Gorgon had a house in Baker-street, and a dismal house it was.) ‘Not here,’ continued she, rightly interpreting Lucy’s silence, ‘not here?—and may I ask how long is it that young ladies have been allowed to walk abroad without chaperons, and to—to take a part in such scenes as that which we have just seen acted?’

To this question—and indeed it was rather difficult to answer—Miss Gorgon had no reply. There were the six grey eyes of her cousins glowering at her—there was George Augustus Frederic examining her with an air of extreme wonder, Mademoiselle the governess turning her looks demurely away, and awful Lady Gorgon glancing fiercely at her in front. Not mentioning the footman and poodle, what could a poor, modest, timid girl plead before such an inquisition, especially when she was clearly guilty? Add to this, that as Lady Gorgon, that majestic woman, always remarkable for her size and insolence of demeanour, had planted herself in the middle of the path, and spoke at the extreme pitch of her voice many persons walking in

the neighbourhood had heard her ladyship's speech and stopped, and seemed disposed to await the rejoinder.

'For Heaven's sake, aunt, don't draw a crowd around us,' said Lucy, who, indeed, was glad of the only escape that lay in her power. 'I will tell you of the—of the circumstances of—of my engagement with this gentleman—with Mr. Perkins,' added she, in a softer tone—so soft that the *'erkins* was quite inaudible.

'A Mr. What? An engagement without consulting your guardians!' screamed her ladyship, 'this must be looked to! Jerningham, call round my carriage. Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to walk home with Master Gorgon, and carry him if you please, where there is wet; and, girls, as the day is fine, you will do likewise. Jerningham, you will attend the young ladies. Miss Gorgon, I will thank you to follow me immediately;' and so saying, and looking at the crowd with ineffable scorn, and at Mr. Perkins not at all, the lady bustled away forwards, the files of Gorgon daughters and governess closing round and enveloping poor Lucy, who found herself carried forward against her will, and in a minute seated in her aunt's coach, along with that tremendous person.

Her case was bad enough, but what was it to Perkins's? Fancy his blank surprise and rage at having his love thus suddenly ravished from him, and his delicious *tête-à-tête* interrupted. He managed, in an inconceivably short space of time, to conjure up half a million obstacles to his union. What should he do? he would rush on to Baker-street, and wait there until his Lucy left Lady Gorgon's house.

He could find no vehicle for him in the Regent's Park, and was in consequence obliged to make his journey on foot. Of course, he nearly killed himself with running, and ran so quick, that he was just in time to see the two ladies step out of Lady Gorgon's carriage at her own house, and to hear Jerningham's fellow-footman roar to the Gorgonian coachman, 'Half-past seven!' at which hour we are, to this day, convinced that Lady Gorgon was going out to dine. Mr. Jerningham's associate having banged to the door, with an insolent look towards Perkins, who was prying in with the most suspicious and indecent curiosity, retired, exclaiming, 'That chap has a hi to our great-coats, I reckon!' and left John Perkins to pace the street and be miserable.

John Perkins then walked resolutely up and down dismal Baker-street, determined on an *éclaircissement*. He was for some time occupied in thinking how it was that the Gorgons were not at church, they who made such a parade of piety ; and John Perkins smiled as he passed the chapel, and saw that two *charity sermons* were to be preached that day—and therefore it was that General Gorgon read prayers to his family at home in the morning.

Perkins, at last, saw that little general, in blue frock-coat and spotless buff gloves, saunter scowling home ; and half an hour before his arrival, had witnessed the entrance of Jerningham, and the three gaunt Miss Gorgons, poodle, son-and-heir, and French governess, protected by him, into Sir George's mansion.

'Can she be going to stay all night?' mused poor John, after being on the watch for three hours, 'that footman is the only person who has left the house,' when presently, to his inexpressible delight, he saw a very dirty hackney-coach clatter up to the Gorgon door, out of which first issued the ruby plush breeches and stalwart calves of Mr. Jerningham ; these were followed by his body, and then the gentleman, ringing modestly, was admitted.

Again the door opened—a lady came out, nor was she followed by the footman, who crossed his legs at the door-post, and allowed her to mount the jingling vehicle as best she might. Mr. Jerningham had witnessed the scene in the Park-gardens, had listened to the altercation through the library keyhole, and had been mighty sulky at being ordered to call a coach for this young woman. He did not therefore deign to assist her to mount.

But there was *one* who did ! Perkins was by the side of his Lucy : he had seen her start back, and cry, 'La, John !'—had felt her squeeze his arm—had mounted with her into the coach, and then shouted with a voice of thunder to the coachman, 'Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square.'

But Mr. Jerningham would have been much more surprised and puzzled if he had waited one minute longer, and seen this Mr. Perkins, who had so gallantly escalated the hackney-coach, step out of it with the most mortified, miserable, chapfallen countenance possible.

The fact is, he had found poor Lucy sobbing fit to break her heart, and instead of consoling her as he expected, he only seemed to irritate her further : for she said, 'Mr.

Perkins—I beg—I insist, that you leave the carriage;’ and when Perkins made some movement (which, not being in the vehicle at the time, we have never been able to comprehend), she suddenly sprang from the back seat, and began pulling at a large piece of cord, which communicated with the wrist of the gentleman driving; and, screaming to him at the top of her voice, bade him immediately stop.

This Mr. Coachman did, with a curious, puzzled, grinning air.

Perkins descended, and on being asked, ‘Vere ham I to drive the young ’oman, sir?’ I am sorry to say muttered something like an oath, and uttered the above-mentioned words, ‘Caroline-place, Mecklenburgh-square,’ in a tone which I should be inclined to describe as both dogged and sheepish,—very different from that cheery voice which he had used when he first gave the order.

Poor Lucy, in the course of those fatal three hours which had passed while Mr. Perkins was pacing up and down Baker-street, had received a lecture which lasted exactly one hundred and eighty minutes—from her aunt first, then from her uncle, whom we have seen marching homewards, and often from both together.

Sir George Gorgon and his lady poured out such a flood of advice and abuse against the poor girl, that she came away from the interview quite timid and cowering; and when she saw John Perkins (the sly rogue! how well he thought he had managed the trick!) she shrank from him as if he had been a demon of wickedness, ordered him out of the carriage, and went home by herself, convinced that she had committed some tremendous sin.

While, then, her coach jingled away to Caroline-place, Perkins, once more alone, bent his steps in the same direction—a desperate, heart-stricken man—he passed by the beloved’s door—saw lights in the front drawing-room—felt probably that she was there—but he could not go in. Moodily he paced down Doughty-street, and turning abruptly into Bedford-row, rushed into his own chambers, where Mrs. Snooks, the laundress, had prepared his humble Sabbath meal.

A cheerful fire blazed in his garret, and Mrs. Snooks had prepared for him the favourite blade-bone he loved (blest four days’ dinner for a bachelor, roast, cold, hashed, grilled

blade-bone, the fourth being better than the first); but although he usually did rejoice in this meal, ordinarily, indeed, grumbling that there was not enough to satisfy him—he, on this occasion, after two mouthfuls, flung down his knife and fork, and buried his two claws in his hair.

‘Snooks,’ said he at last, very moodily, ‘remove this d—— mutton, give me my writing things, and some hot brandy-and-water.’

This was done without much alarm, for you must know that Perkins used to dabble in poetry, and ordinarily prepared himself for composition by this kind of stimulus.

He wrote hastily a few lines.

‘Snooks, put on your bonnet,’ said he, ‘and carry this—you know where?’ he added, in such a hollow, heart-breaking tone of voice, that affected poor Snooks almost to tears. She went, however, with the note, which was to this purpose:—

‘Lucy! Lucy! my soul’s love—what, what has happened? I am writing this (*a gulp of brandy-and-water*) in a state bordering on distraction—madness—insanity (*another*). Why did you send me out of the coach in that cruel, cruel way? Write to me a word, a line—tell me, tell me, I may come to you—and leave me not in this agonizing condition; your faithful (*glog—glog—glog,—the whole glass*)
‘J. P.’

He never signed John Perkins in full—he couldn’t, it was so unromantic.

Well, this missive was dispatched by Mrs. Snooks, and Perkins, in a fearful state of excitement, haggard, wild, and with more brandy-and-water, awaited the return of his messenger.

When at length, after about an absence of forty years, as it seemed to him, the old lady returned with a large packet, Perkins seized it with a trembling hand, and was yet more frightened to see the handwriting of Mrs. or Miss Biggs.

‘MY DEAR MR. PERKINS,’ she began, ‘although I am not your soul’s adored, I performed her part for once, since I have read your letter, as I told her;—you need not be very much alarmed, although Lucy is at this moment in bed and unwell, for the poor girl has had a sad scene at her grand

uncle's house in Baker-street, and came home very much affected. Rest, however, will restore her, for she is not one of your nervous sort, and I hope when you come in the morning, you will see her as blooming as she was when you went out to-day on that unlucky walk.

'See what Sir George Gorgon says of us all! You won't challenge him I know, as he is to be your uncle, and so I may show you his letter.

'Good night, my dear John; do not go *quite* distracted before morning; and believe me your loving aunt,

'BARBARA BIGGS.'

'BAKER-STREET, 11th December.

'Major-General Sir George Gorgon has heard with the utmost disgust and surprise of the engagement which Miss Lucy Gorgon has thought fit to form.

'The major-general cannot conceal his indignation at the share which Miss Biggs has taken in this disgraceful transaction.

'Sir George Gorgon puts an absolute veto upon all further communication between his niece and the low-born adventurer who has been admitted into her society, and begs to say that Lieutenant Fitch, of the Life Guards, is the gentleman who he intends shall marry Miss Gorgon.

'It is the major-general's wish, that on the 28th Miss Gorgon should be ready to come to his house, in Baker-street, where she will be more safe from impertinent intrusions than she has been in Mucklebury-square.

'Mrs. Biggs,

'Caroline-place,

'Mecklenburgh-square.'

When poor John Perkins read this epistle, blank rage and wonder filled his soul, at the audacity of the little general, who thus, without the smallest title in the world, pretended to dispose of the hand and fortune of his niece. The fact is, that Sir George had such a transcendent notion of his own dignity and station, that it never for a moment entered his head that his niece, or anybody else connected with him, should take a single step in life without previously receiving his orders, and Mr. Fitch, a baronet's son, having expressed an admiration of Lucy, Sir George had determined

that his suit should be accepted, and really considered Lucy's preference of another as downright treason.

John Perkins determined on the death of Fitch as the very least reparation that should satisfy him; and vowed too that some of the general's blood should be shed for the words which he had dared to utter.

We have said that William Pitt Scully, Esq., M.P., occupied the first floor of Mr. Perkins's house, in Bedford-row; and the reader is further to be informed that an immense friendship had sprung up between these two gentlemen. The fact is, that poor John was very much flattered by Scully's notice, and began in a very short time to fancy himself a political personage; for he had made several of Scully's speeches, written more than one letter from him to his constituents, and, in a word, acted as his gratis clerk. At least a guinea a week did Mr. Perkins save to the pockets of Mr. Scully, and with hearty goodwill too, for he adored the great William Pitt, and believed every word that dropped from the pompous lips of that gentleman.

Well, after having discussed Sir George Gorgon's letter, poor Perkins, in the utmost fury of mind that his darling should be slandered so, feeling a desire for fresh air, determined to descend to the garden, and smoke a cigar in that rural, quiet spot. The night was very calm. The moonbeams slept softly upon the herbage of Gray's Inn gardens, and bathed with silver splendour Theobald's-row. A million of little frisky twinkling stars attended their queen, who looked with bland round face upon their gambols, as they peeped in and out from the azure heavens. Along Gray's Inn wall a lazy row of cabs stood listlessly, for who would call a cab on such a night? Meanwhile their drivers, at the alehouse near, smoked the short pipe or quaffed the foaming beer. Perhaps from Gray's Inn-lane some broken sounds of Irish revelry might rise. Issuing perhaps from Raymond-buildings gate, six lawyers' clerks might whoop a tipsy song—or the loud watchman yell the passing hour—but beyond this all was silence, and young Perkins, as he sat in the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, and contemplated the peaceful heaven, felt some influences of it entering into his soul, and almost forgetting revenge, thought but of peace and love.

Presently, he was aware there was some one else pacing

minister, and the offices of the clerks in his lordship's department.

The head of them was Mr. Josiah Crampton, who has now to be introduced to the public. He was a little old gentleman, some sixty years of age, maternal uncle to John Perkins ; a bachelor, who had been about forty-two years employed in the department of which he was now the head.

After waiting four hours in an ante-room, where a number of Irishmen, some newspaper editors, many pompous-looking political personages asking for the 'first lord,' a few sauntering clerks, and numbers of swift, active messengers passed to and fro ;—after waiting for four hours, making drawings on the blotting-book, and reading the *Morning Post* for that day week, Mr. Perkins was informed that he might go into his uncle's room, and did so accordingly.

He found a little hard old gentleman seated at a table covered with every variety of sealing-wax, blotting-paper, envelopes, dispatch-boxes, green-tapers, &c. &c. An immense fire was blazing in the grate, an immense sheet-almanac hung over that, a screen, three or four chairs, and a faded Turkey carpet formed the rest of the furniture of this remarkable room, which I have described thus particularly, because, in the course of a long official life, I have remarked that such is the invariable decoration of political rooms.

'Well, John,' said the little hard old gentleman, pointing to an arm-chair, 'I'm told you've been here since eleven. Why the deuce do you come so early ?'

'I had important business,' answered Mr. Perkins, stoutly ; and as his uncle looked up with a comical expression of wonder, John began in a solemn tone to deliver a little speech which he had composed, and which proved him to be a very worthy, easy, silly fellow.

'Sir,' said Mr. Perkins, 'you have known for some time past the nature of my political opinions, and the intimacy which I have had the honour to form with one—with some of the leading members of the Liberal party. (A grin from Mr. Crampton.) When first, by your kindness, I was promised the clerkship in the Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office, my opinions were not formed as they are now : and having taken the advice of the gentlemen with whom I act,—(an enormous grin)—the advice, I say, of the gentlemen with

whom I act, and the counsel likewise of my own conscience, I am compelled, with the deepest grief, to say, my dear uncle, that I—I—'

'That you—what, sir?' exclaimed little Mr. Crampton, bouncing off his chair. 'You don't mean to say that you are such a fool as to decline the place?'

'I do decline the place,' said Perkins, whose blood rose at the word 'fool'; 'as a man of honour, I cannot take it.'

'Not take it! and how are you to live? On the rent of that house of yours? For by gad, sir, if you give up the clerkship, I will never give you a shilling.'

'It cannot be helped,' said Mr. Perkins, looking as much like a martyr as he possibly could, and thinking himself a very fine fellow. 'I have talents, sir, which I hope to cultivate; and am member of a profession by which a man may hope to rise to the very highest offices of the state.'

'Profession, talents, offices of the state! Are you mad, John Perkins, that you come to me with such insufferable twaddle as this? Why, do you think if you *had* been capable of rising at the bar, I would have taken so much trouble about getting you a place? No, sir; you are too fond of pleasure, and bed, and tea-parties, and small-talk, and reading novels, and playing the flute, and writing sonnets. You would no more rise at the bar than my messenger, sir; it was because I knew your disposition—that hopeless, careless, irresolute, good humour of yours—that I had determined to keep you out of danger, by placing you in a snug shelter, where the storms of the world would not come near you. You must have principles, forsooth! and you must marry Miss Gorgon, of course; and by the time you have gone ten circuits, and had six children, you will have eaten up every shilling of your wife's fortune, and be as briefless as you are now. Who the deuce has put all this nonsense into your head? I think I know.'

Mr. Perkins's ears tingled as these hard words saluted them; and he scarcely knew whether he ought to knock his uncle down or fall at his feet, and say, 'Uncle, I have been a fool, and I know it.' The fact is, that in his interview with Miss Gorgon and her aunt in the morning, when he came to tell them of the resolution he had formed to give up the place, both the ladies and John himself had agreed, with a thousand rapturous tears and exclamations, that he was one of the noblest young men that ever lived, had

acted as became himself, and might with perfect propriety give up the place, his talents being so prodigious that no power on earth could hinder him from being lord chancellor. Indeed, John and Lucy had always thought the clerkship quite beneath him, and were not a little glad, perhaps, at finding a pretext for decently refusing it. But as Perkins was a young gentleman whose candour was such that he was always swayed by the opinions of the last speaker, he did begin to feel now the truth of his uncle's statements, however disagreeable they might be.

Mr. Crampton continued—

‘I think I know the cause of your patriotism. Has not William Pitt Scully, Esq., had something to do with it?’

Mr. Perkins *could* not turn any redder than he was, but confessed with deep humiliation that ‘he *had* consulted Mr. Scully, among other friends.’

Mr. Crampton smiled—drew a letter from a heap before him, and tearing off the signature, handed over the document to his nephew. It contained the following paragraphs:—

‘Hawksby has sounded Scully: we can have him any day we want him. He talks very big at present, and says he would not take anything under a * * *. This is absurd. He has a Yorkshire nephew coming up to town, and wants a place for him. There is one vacant in the Tape Office, he says: have you not a promise of it?’

‘I can’t—I can’t believe it,’ said John; ‘this, sir, is some weak invention of the enemy. Scully is the most honourable man breathing.’

‘Mr. Scully is a gentleman in a very fair way to make a fortune,’ answered Mr. Crampton. ‘Look you, John—it is just as well for your sake that I should give you the news a few weeks before the papers, for I don’t want you to be ruined, if I can help it, as I don’t wish to have you on my hands. We know all the particulars of Scully’s history. He was a Tory attorney at Oldborough; he was jilted by the present Lady Gorgon; turned Radical, and fought Sir George in his own borough. Sir George would have had the peerage he is dying for, had he not lost that second seat (by the by, my lady will be here in five minutes). and Scully is now quite firm there. Well, my dear lad, we have bought your incorruptible Scully. Look here’—and Mr. Crampton produced three *Morning Posts*.

“THE HONOURABLE HENRY HAWKSBY’S DINNER PARTY.—Lord So-and-So—Duke of So-and-So—W. Pitt Scully, Esq., M.P.”

‘Hawksby is our neutral, our dinner-giver.’

“LADY DIANA DOLDRUM’S ROUT.—W. Pitt Scully, Esq., again.”

“THE EARL OF MANTRAP’S GRAND DINNER.—A Duke—four lords—Mr. Scully, and *Sir George Gorgon*.”

‘Well, but I don’t see how you have bought him ; look at his votes.’

‘My dear John,’ said Mr. Crampton, jingling his watch-seals very complacently, ‘I am letting you into fearful secrets. The great common end of party is to buy your opponents—the great statesman buys them for nothing.’

Here the attendant genius of Mr. Crampton made his appearance, and whispered something, to which the little gentleman said, ‘Show her ladyship in,’—when the attendant disappeared.

‘John,’ said Mr. Crampton, with a very queer smile, ‘you can’t stay in this room while Lady Gorgon is with me ; but there is a little clerk’s room behind the screen there, where you can wait until I call you.’

John retired, and as he closed the door of communication, strange to say, little Mr. Crampton sprang up and said, ‘Confound the young ninny, he has shut the door !’

Mr. Crampton then, remembering that he wanted a map in the next room, sprang into it, left the door half open in coming out, and was in time to receive her ladyship with smiling face as she, ushered by Mr. Strongitharm, majestically sailed in.

CHAPTER III

BEHIND THE SCENES

IN issuing from, and leaving open, the door of the inner room, Mr. Crampton had bestowed upon Mr. Perkins a look so peculiarly arch, that even he, simple as he was, began to imagine that some mystery was about to be cleared up, or some mighty matter to be discussed. Presently he heard the well-known voice of Lady Gorgon in conversation with his uncle. What could their talk be about ? Mr. Perkins

was dying to know, and, shall we say it ? advanced to the door on tiptoe and listened with all his might.

Her ladyship, that Juno of a woman, if she had not borrowed Venus's girdle to render herself irresistible, at least had adopted a tender, coaxing, wheedling, frisky tone, quite different from her ordinary dignified style of conversation. She called Mr. Crampton a naughty man, for neglecting his old friends, vowed that Sir George was quite hurt at his not coming to dine—nor fixing a day when he would come—and added with a most engaging ogle, that she had three fine girls at home, who would perhaps make an evening pass pleasantly, even to such a gay bachelor as Mr. Crampton.

'Madam,' said he, with much gravity, 'the daughters of such a mother must be charming, but I, who have seen your ladyship, am, alas ! proof against even them.'

Both parties here heaved tremendous sighs, and affected to be wonderfully unhappy about something.

'I wish,' after a pause, said Lady Gorgon—'I wish, dear Mr. Crampton, you would not use that odious title "my ladyship," you know it always makes me melancholy.'

'Melancholy, my dear Lady Gorgon, and why ?'

'Because it makes me think of another title that ought to have been mine—ours (I speak for dear Sir George's and my darling boy's sake, Heaven knows, not mine). What a sad disappointment it has been to my husband, that after all his services, all the promises he has had, they have never given him his peerage. As for me, you know—'

'For you, my dear madam, I know quite well that you care for no such bauble as a coronet, except in so far as it may confer honour upon those most dear to you—excellent wife and noble mother as you are. Heigho ! what a happy man is Sir George !'

Here there was another pause, and if Mr. Perkins could have seen what was taking place behind the screen, he would have beheld little Mr. Crampton looking into Lady Gorgon's face, with as love-sick a Romeo-gaze as he could possibly counterfeit, while her ladyship, blushing somewhat and turning her own grey goggles up to heaven, received all his words for gospel, and sat fancying herself to be the best, most meritorious, and most beautiful creature in the three kingdoms.

'You men are terrible flatterers,' continued she, 'but you say right, for myself I value not these empty distinc-

tions. I am growing old, Mr. Crampton,—yes, indeed, I am, although you smile so incredulously,—and let me add, that *my* thoughts are fixed upon *higher* things than earthly crowns. But tell me, you who are all-in-all with Lord Bagwig, are we never to have our peerage? His majesty, I know, is not averse; the services of dear Sir George to a member of his majesty's august family, I know, have been appreciated in the highest quarter. Ever since the peace we have had a promise. Four hundred pounds has Sir George spent at the heralds' office (I, myself, am of one of the most ancient families in the kingdom, Mr. Crampton), and the poor dear man's health is really ruined by the anxious, sickening feeling of hope so long delayed.'

Mr. Crampton now assumed an air of much solemnity.

'My dear Lady Gorgon,' said he, 'will you let me be frank with you, and will you promise solemnly that what I am going to tell you shall never be repeated to a single soul?'

Lady Gorgon promised.

'Well, then, since the truth you must know, you yourselves have been in part the cause of the delay of which you complain. You gave us two votes five years ago, you now only give us one. If Sir George were to go up to the Peers, we should lose even that one vote; and would it be common sense in us to incur such a loss? Mr. Scully, the Liberal, would return another member of his own way of thinking; and as for the Lords, we have, you know, a majority there.'

'Oh, that horrid man!' said Lady Gorgon, cursing Mr. Scully in her heart, and beginning to play a rapid tattoo with her feet, 'that miscreant, that traitor, that—that attorney has been our ruin.'

'Horrid man if you please, but give me leave to tell you that the horrid man is not the sole cause of your ruin—if ruin you will call it. I am sorry to say that I do candidly think ministers think that Sir George Gorgon has lost his influence in Oldborough as much through his own fault, as through Mr. Scully's cleverness.'

'Our own fault! Good heavens! Have we not done everything—everything that persons of our station in the county could do, to keep those misguided men? Have we not remonstrated, threatened, taken away our custom from the mayor, established a Conservative apothecary—in fact, done all that gentlemen could do? But these are such times, Mr. Crampton, the spirit of revolution is abroad,

and the great families of England are menaced by democratic insolence.'

This was Sir George Gorgon's speech always after dinner, and was delivered by his lady with a great deal of stateliness. Somewhat, perhaps, to her annoyance, Mr. Crampton only smiled, shook his head, and said—

'Nonsense, my dear Lady Gorgon—pardon the phrase, but I am a plain old man, and call things by their names. Now, will you let me whisper in your ear one word of truth? You have tried all sorts of remonstrances, and exerted yourself to maintain your influence in every way, except the right one, and that is——'

'What, in Heaven's name?'

'Conciliation. We know your situation in the borough. Mr. Scully's whole history, and, pardon me for saying so (but we men in office know everything), yours——'

Lady Gorgon's ears and cheeks now assumed the hottest hue of crimson. She thought of her former passages with Scully, and of the days when—but never mind when, for she suffered her veil to fall, and buried her head in the folds of her handkerchief. Vain folds! The wily little Mr. Crampton could see all that passed behind the cambric, and continued—

'Yes, madam, we know the absurd hopes that were formed by a certain attorney twenty years since. We know how, up to this moment, he boasts of certain walks——'

'With the governess—we were always with the governess!' shrieked out Lady Gorgon, clasping her hands. 'She was not the wisest of women.'

'With the governess, of course,' said Mr. Crampton, firmly. 'Do you suppose that any man dare breathe a syllable against your spotless reputation? Never, my dear madam; but what I would urge is this—you have treated your disappointed admirer too cruelly.'

'What, the traitor who has robbed us of our rights?'

'He never would have robbed you of your rights if you had been more kind to him. You should be gentle, madam; you should forgive him—you should be friends with him.'

'With a traitor, never!'

'Think what made him a traitor, Lady Gorgon; look in your glass, and say if there be not some excuse for him. Think of the feelings of the man who saw beauty such as

yours—I am a plain man and must speak—virtue such as yours, in the possession of a rival. By heavens, madam, I think he was *right* to hate Sir George Gorgon! Would you have him allow such a prize to be ravished from him without a pang on his part?

‘He was, I believe, very much attached to me,’ said Lady Gorgon, quite delighted; ‘but you must be aware that a young man of his station in life could not look up to a person of my rank.’

‘Surely not; it was monstrous pride and arrogance in Mr. Scully; but *que voulez-vous*? Such is the world’s way—Scully could not help loving you—who that knows you can? I am a plain man, and say what I think. He loves you still. Why make an enemy of him, who would at a word be at your feet? Dearest Lady Gorgon, listen to me. Sir George Gorgon and Mr. Scully have already met—their meeting was our contrivance, it is for our interest, for yours, that they should be friends; if there were two Ministerial members for Oldborough, do you think your husband’s peerage would be less secure? I am not at liberty to tell you all I know on this subject; but do, I entreat you, be reconciled to him.’

And after a little more conversation which was carried on by Mr. Crampton in the same tender way, this important interview closed, and Lady Gorgon, folding her shawl round her, threaded certain mysterious passages, and found her way to her carriage in Whitehall.

‘I hope you have not been listening, you rogue,’ said Mr. Crampton to his nephew, who blushed most absurdly by way of answer. ‘You would have heard great state secrets, if you had dared to do so. That woman is perpetually here, and if peerages are to be had for the asking, she ought to have been a duchess by this time. I would not have admitted her but for a reason that I have. Go you now and ponder upon what you have heard and seen. Be on good terms with Scully, and, above all, speak not a word concerning our interview—no, not even a word to your mistress. By the way, I presume, sir, you will recall your resignation?’

The bewildered Perkins was about to stammer out a speech, when his uncle, cutting it short, pushed him gently out of the door.

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At the period when the important events occurred which have been recorded here, parties ran very high, and a mighty struggle for the vacant Speakership was about to come on. The Right Honourable Robert Pincher was the Ministerial candidate, and Sir Charles Macabaw was patronised by the Opposition. The two members for Oldborough of course took different sides, the baronet being of the Pincher faction, while Mr. William Pitt Scully strongly supported the Macabaw party.

It was Mr. Scully's intention to deliver an impromptu speech upon the occasion of the election, and he and his faithful Perkins prepared it between them; for the latter gentleman had wisely kept his uncle's counsel and his own, and Mr. Scully was quite ignorant of the conspiracy that was brooding. Indeed, so artfully had that young Machiavel of a Perkins conducted himself, that when asked by his patron whether he had given up his place in the Tape-and-Sealing-Wax Office, he replied that 'he *had* tendered his resignation,' but did not say one word about having recalled it.

'You were right, my boy, quite right,' said Mr. Scully; 'a man of uncompromising principles should make no compromise;' and herewith he sat down and wrote off a couple of letters, one to Mr. Ringwood, telling him that the place in the Sealing-Wax Office was, as he had reason to know, vacant; and the other to his nephew, stating that it was to be his. 'Under the rose, my dear Bob,' added Mr. Scully, 'it will cost you five hundred pounds, but you cannot invest your money better.'

It is needless to state that the affair was to be conducted 'with the strictest secrecy and honour,' and that the money was to pass through Mr. Scully's hands.

While, however, the great Pincher and Macabaw question was yet undecided, an event occurred to Mr. Scully, which had a great influence upon his after-life. A second grand banquet was given at the Earl of Mantrap's; Lady Mantrap requested him to conduct Lady Gorgon to dinner, and the latter, with a charming timidity, and a gracious melancholy look into his face (after which her veined eyelids veiled her azure eyes), put her hand into the trembling one of Mr. Scully, and said, as much as looks could say, 'Forgive and forget.'

Down went Scully to dinner; there were dukes on his

right hand, and ears on his left ; there were but two persons without title in the midst of that glittering assemblage ; the very servants looked like noblemen, the cook had done wonders, the wines were cool and rich, and Lady Gorgon was splendid ! What attention did everybody pay to her and to him ! Why *would* she go on gazing into his face with that tender, imploring look ? In other words, Scully, after partaking of soup and fish (he, during their discussion, had been thinking over all the former love-and-hate passages between himself and Lady Gorgon), turned very red, and began talking to her.

‘ Were you not at the opera on Tuesday ? ’ began he, assuming at once the airs of a man of fashion. ‘ I thought I caught a glimpse of you in the Duchess of Diddlebury’s box.’

‘ Opera, Mr. Scully ? ’ (pronouncing the word ‘ Scully ’ with the utmost softness). ‘ Ah, no ! we seldom go, and yet too often. For serious persons the enchantments of that place are too dangerous—I am so nervous—so delicate ; the smallest trifle so agitates, depresses, or irritates me, that I dare not yield myself up to the excitement of music. I am too passionately attached to it ; and shall I tell you ? it has such a strange influence upon me, that the smallest false note almost drives me to distraction, and for that very reason I hardly ever go to a concert or a ball.’

‘ Egad,’ thought Scully, ‘ I recollect when she would dance down a matter of five-and-forty couple, and jingle away at the Battle of Prague all day.’

She continued, ‘ Don’t you recollect, I do—with, oh, what regret !—that day at Oldborough race-ball, when I behaved with such sad rudeness to you ? You will scarcely believe me, and yet I assure you ’tis the fact, the music had made me almost mad ; do let me ask your pardon for my conduct. I was not myself. Oh, Mr. Scully ! I am no worldly woman ; I know my duties, and I feel my wrongs. Nights and nights have I lain awake weeping and thinking of that unhappy day. That I should ever speak so to an old friend, for we *were* old friends, were we not ? ’

Scully did not speak ; but his eyes were bursting out of his head, and his face was the exact colour of a deputy-lieutenant’s uniform.

‘ That I should ever forget myself and you so ! How I have been longing for this opportunity to ask you to forgive me ! I asked Lady Mantrap, when I heard you were to

be here, to invite me to her party. Come, I know you will forgive me—your eyes say you will. You used to look so in old days, and forgive me my caprices *then*. Do give me a little wine—we will drink to the memory of old days.'

Her eyes filled with tears, and poor Scully's hand caused such a rattling and trembling of the glass and the decanter, that the Duke of Doldrum, who had been, during the course of this whispered sentimentality, describing a famous run with the Queen's hounds at the top of his voice, stopped at the jingling of the glass, and his tale was lost for ever. Scully hastily drank his wine, and Lady Gorgon turned round to her next neighbour, a little gentleman in black, between whom and herself certain conscious looks passed.

'I am glad poor Sir George is not here,' said he, smiling.

Lady Gorgon said, 'Pooh, for shame!' The little gentleman was no other than Josiah Crampton, Esq., that eminent financier, and he was now going through the curious calculation before mentioned, and by which you *buy a man for nothing*. He intended to pay the very same price for Sir George Gorgon, too, but there was no need to tell the baronet so; only of this the reader must be made aware.

While Mr. Crampton was conducting this intrigue, which was to bring a new recruit to the Ministerial ranks, his mighty spirit condescended to ponder upon subjects of infinitely less importance, and to arrange plans for the welfare of his nephew and the young woman to whom he had made a present of his heart. These young persons, as we said before, had arranged to live in Mr. Perkins's own house in Bedford-row. It was of a peculiar construction, and might more properly be called a house and a half; for a snug little tenement of four chambers protruded from the back of the house into the garden. These rooms communicated with the drawing-rooms occupied by Mr. Scully; and Perkins, who acted as his friend and secretary, used frequently to sit in the one nearest the member's study, in order that he might be close at hand to confer with that great man. The rooms had a private entrance, too, were newly decorated, and in them the young couple proposed to live; the kitchen and garrets being theirs likewise. What more could they need? We are obliged to be particular in describing these apartments, for extraordinary events occurred therein.

To say the truth, until the present period Mr. Crampton had taken no great interest in his nephew's marriage, or, indeed, in the young man himself. The old gentleman was of a saturnine turn, and inclined to undervalue the qualities of Mr. Perkins, which were idleness, simplicity, enthusiasm, and easy good-nature.

'Such fellows never do anything in the world,' he would say, and for such he had accordingly the most profound contempt. But when, after John Perkins's repeated entreaties, he had been induced to make the acquaintance of Miss Gorgon, he became instantly charmed with her, and warmly espoused her cause against her overbearing relations.

At his suggestion she wrote back to decline Sir George Gorgon's peremptory invitation, and hinted at the same time that she had attained an age and a position which enabled her to be the mistress of her own actions. To this letter there came an answer from Lady Gorgon which we shall not copy, but which simply stated, that Miss Lucy Gorgon's conduct was unchristian, ungrateful, unladylike, and immodest; that the Gorgon family disowned her for the future, and left her at liberty to form whatever base connexions she pleased.

'A pretty world this,' said Mr. Crampton, in a great rage, when the letter was shown to him. 'This same fellow, Scully, dissuades my nephew from taking a place, because Scully wants it for himself. This prude of a Lady Gorgon cries out shame, and disowns an innocent amiable girl; she, a heartless jilt herself once, and a heartless flirt now. The Pharisees, the Pharisees! And to call mine a base family, too!'

Now, Lady Gorgon did not in the least know Mr. Crampton's connexion with Mr. Perkins, or she would have been much more guarded in her language; but whether she knew it or not, the old gentleman felt a huge indignation, and determined to have his revenge.

'That's right, uncle; *shall* I call Gorgon out?' said the impetuous young Perkins, who was all for blood.

'John, you are a fool,' said his uncle. 'You shall have a better revenge; you shall be married from Sir George Gorgon's house, and you shall see Mr. William Pitt Scully sold for nothing.' This to the veteran diplomatist seemed to be the highest triumph which man could possibly enjoy.

It was very soon to take place ; and as has been the case ever since the world began, woman, lovely woman was to be the cause of Scully's fall. The tender scene at Lord Mantrap's was followed by many others equally sentimental. Sir George Gorgon called upon his colleague the very next day, and brought with him a card from Lady Gorgon, inviting Mr. Scully to dinner. The attorney eagerly accepted the invitation, was received in Baker-street by the whole amiable family with much respectful cordiality, and was pressed to repeat his visits as country neighbours should. More than once did he call, and somehow always at the hour when Sir George was away at his club, or riding in the Park, or elsewhere engaged. Sir George Gorgon was very old, very feeble, very much shattered in constitution. Lady Gorgon used to impart her fears to Mr. Scully every time he called there, and the sympathising attorney used to console her as best he might. Sir George's country agent neglected the property—his lady consulted Mr. Scully concerning it ; he knew to a fraction how large her jointure was ; how she was to have Gorgon Castle for her life ; and how, in the event of the young baronet's death (he, too, was a sickly poor boy), the chief part of the estates, bought by her money, would be at her absolute disposal.

'What a pity these odious politics prevent me from having you for our agent,' would Lady Gorgon say ; and indeed Scully thought it was a pity too. Ambitious Scully ! what wild notions filled his brain. He used to take leave of Lady Gorgon and ruminate upon these things ; and when he was gone, Sir George and her ladyship used to laugh.

'If we can but commit him—if we can but make him vote for Pincher,' said the general, 'my peerage is secure. Hawksby and Crampton as good as told me so.'

The point had been urged upon Mr. Scully repeatedly and adroitly. 'Is not Pincher a more experienced man than Macabaw ?' would Sir George say to his guest over their wine. Scully allowed it. 'Can't you vote for him on personal grounds, and say so in the House ?' Scully wished he could,—how he wished he could ! Every time the general coughed Scully saw his friend's desperate situation more and more, and thought how pleasant it would be to be Lord of Gorgon Castle. 'Knowing my property,' cried Sir George, 'as you do, and with your talents and integrity, what a comfort it would be could I leave you as guardian

to my boy ! But these cursed politics prevent it, my dear fellow. Why *will* you be a Radical ?' And Scully cursed politics too. 'Hang the low-bred rogue,' added Sir George, when William Pitt Scully left the house, 'he will do everything but promise.'

'My dear general,' said Lady Gorgon, sidling up to him and patting him on his old yellow cheek—'my dear Georgy, tell me one thing,—are you jealous ?'

'Jealous, my dear ! and jealous of *that* fellow—pshaw !'

'Well, then, give me leave, and you shall have the promise to-morrow.'

To-morrow arrived. It was a remarkably fine day, and in the forenoon Mr. Perkins gave his accustomed knock at Scully's study, which was only separated from his own sitting-room by a double door. John had wisely followed his uncle's advice, and was on the best terms with the honourable member.

'Here are a few sentences,' said he, 'which I think may suit your purpose. Great public services—undeniable merit—years of integrity—cause of reform, and Macabaw for ever !' He put down the paper. It was, in fact, a speech in favour of Mr. Macabaw.

'Hush,' said Scully, rather surlily, for he was thinking how disagreeable it was to support Macabaw, and besides, there were clerks in the room, whom the thoughtless Perkins had not at first perceived. As soon as that gentleman saw them, 'You are busy, I see,' continued he in a lower tone. 'I came to say, that I must be off duty to-day, for I am engaged to take a walk with some ladies of my acquaintance.'

So saying, the light-hearted young man placed his hat unceremoniously on his head, and went off through his own door, humming a song. He was in such high spirits, that he did not even think of closing the doors of communication, and Scully looked after him with a sneer.

'Ladies, forsooth,' thought he ; 'I know who they are. This precious girl that he is fooling with, for one, I suppose.' He was right, Perkins was off on the wings of love, to see Miss Lucy ; and she and aunt Biggs and uncle Crampton had promised this very day to come and look at the apartments which Mrs. John Perkins was to occupy with her happy husband.

'Poor devil,' so continued Mr. Scully's meditations, 'it

is almost too bad to do him out of his place, but my Bob wants it, and John's girl has, I hear, seven thousand pounds. His uncle will get him another place before all that money is spent ;' and herewith Mr. Scully began conning the speech which Perkins had made for him.

He had not read it more than six times,—in truth, he was getting it by heart,—when his head clerk came to him from the front room, bearing a card : a footman had brought it, who said his lady was waiting below. Lady Gorgon's name was on the card ! To seize his hat and rush downstairs was, with Mr. Scully, the work of an infinitesimal portion of time.

It was indeed Lady Gorgon, in her Gorgonian chariot.

'Mr. Scully,' said she, popping her head out of window and smiling in a most engaging way, 'I want to speak to you on something very particular *indeed*,' and she held him out her hand. Scully pressed it most tenderly ; he hoped all heads in Bedford-row were at the windows to see him. 'I can't ask you into the carriage, for you see the governess is with me, and I want to talk secrets to you.'

'Shall I go and make a little promenade ?' said made-moiselle, innocently. And her mistress hated her for that speech.

'No. Mr. Scully, I am sure, will let me come in for five minutes.'

Mr. Scully was only too happy. My lady descended and walked upstairs, leaning on the happy solicitor's arm. But how should he manage ? The front room was consecrated to clerks ; there were clerks, too, as ill luck would have it, in his private room. 'Perkins is out for the day,' thought Scully ; 'I will take her into his room ;' and into Perkins's room he took her—aye, and he shut the double doors after him too, and trembled as he thought of his own happiness.

'What a charming little study,' said Lady Gorgon, seating herself. And indeed it was very pretty, for Perkins had furnished it beautifully, and laid out a neat tray with cakes, a cold fowl, and sherry, to entertain his party withal. 'And do you bachelors always live so well ?' continued she, pointing to the little cold collation.

Mr. Scully looked rather blank when he saw it, and a dreadful suspicion crossed his soul ; but there was no need to trouble Lady Gorgon with explanations, therefore, at

once, and with much presence of mind, he asked her to partake of his bachelor's fare (she would refuse Mr. Scully nothing that day). A pretty sight would it have been for young Perkins to see strangers so unceremoniously devouring his feast. She drank—Mr. Scully drank—and so emboldened was he by the draught that he actually seated himself by the side of Lady Gorgon, on John Perkins's new sofa.

Her ladyship had of course something to say to him. She was a pious woman, and had suddenly conceived a violent wish for building a chapel-of-ease at Oldborough, to which she entreated him to subscribe. She enlarged upon the benefits that the town would derive from it, spoke of Sunday-schools, sweet spiritual instruction, and the duty of all well-minded persons to give aid to the scheme.

'I will subscribe a hundred pounds,' said Scully, at the end of her ladyship's harangue; 'would I not do anything for you?'

'Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Scully,' said the enthusiastic woman. (How the 'dear' went burning through his soul!) 'Ah!' added she, 'if you *would* but do anything for me—if you, who are so eminently, so truly distinguished, in a religious point of view, would but see the truth in politics, too; and if I could see your name among those of the true patriot party in this Empire, how blest—oh! how blest, should I be! Poor Sir George often says he should go to his grave happy, could he but see you the guardian of his boy, and I, your old friend (for we *were* friends, William), how have I wept to think of you, as one of those who are bringing our monarchy to ruin. Do, do promise me this too!' and she took his hand and pressed it between hers.

The heart of William Pitt Scully, during this speech, was thumping up and down with a frightful velocity and strength. His old love, the agency of the Gorgon property—the dear widow—five thousand a year clear—a thousand delicious hopes rushed madly through his brain, and almost took away his reason. And there she sat—she, the loved one, pressing his hand and looking softly into his eyes.

Down, down he plumped on his knees.

'Juliana!' shrieked he, 'don't take away your hand! My love—my only love!—speak but those blessed words again! Call me William once more, and do with me what you will.'

Juliana cast down her eyes and said, in the very smallest type,

‘William!’

when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Crampton, leading Mrs. Biggs, who could hardly contain herself for laughing, and Mr. John Perkins, who was squeezing the arm of Miss Lucy. They had heard every word of the two last speeches.

For at the very moment when Lady Gorgon had stopped at Mr. Scully’s door, the four above-named individuals had issued from Great James-street into Bedford-row. Lucy cried out that it was her aunt’s carriage, and they all saw Mr. Scully come out, bare-headed, in the sunshine, and my lady descend, and the pair go into the house. They meanwhile entered by Mr. Perkins’s own private door, and had been occupied in examining the delightful rooms on the ground floor, which were to be his dining-room and library, from which they ascended a stair to visit the other two rooms, which were to form Mrs. John Perkins’s drawing-room and bedroom. Now whether it was that they trod softly, or that the stairs were covered with a grand new carpet and drugget, as was the case, or that the party within were too much occupied in themselves to heed any outward disturbances, I know not; but Lucy, who was advancing with John (he was saying something about one of the apartments, the rogue!)—Lucy suddenly started, and whispered, ‘There is somebody in the rooms!’ and at that instant began the speech already reported, ‘*Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Scully,*’ &c. &c., which was delivered by Lady Gorgon, in a full, clear voice; for, to do her ladyship justice, *she* had not one single grain of love for Mr. Scully, and, during the delivery of her little oration, was as cool as the coolest cucumber.

Then began the impassioned rejoinder to which the four listened on the landing-place; and then the little ‘*William,*’ as narrated above; at which juncture Mr. Crampton thought proper to rattle at the door, and after a brief pause, to enter with his party.

‘William’ had had time to bounce off his knees, and was on a chair at the other end of the room.

‘What, Lady Gorgon!’ said Mr. Crampton, with excellent surprise, ‘how delighted I am to see you! Always, I see,

employed in works of charity (the chapel-of-ease paper was on her knees), and on such an occasion, too,—it is really the most wonderful coincidence ! My dear madam, here is a silly fellow, a nephew of mine, who is going to marry a silly girl, a niece of your own.’

‘Sir, I——’ began Lady Gorgon, rising.

‘They heard every word,’ whispered Mr. Crampton, eagerly. ‘Come forward, Mr. Perkins, and show yourself.’ Mr. Perkins made a genteel bow. ‘Miss Lucy, please to shake hands with your aunt ; and this, my dear madam, is Mrs. Biggs, of Mecklenburgh-square, who, if she were not too old, might marry a gentleman in the Treasury, who is your very humble servant ;’ and with this gallant speech, old Mr. Crampton began helping everybody to sherry and cake.

As for William Pitt Scully, he had disappeared, evaporated, in the most absurd, sneaking way imaginable. Lady Gorgon made good her retreat presently, with much dignity, her countenance undismayed, and her face turned resolutely to the foe.

About five days afterwards, that memorable contest took place in the House of Commons, in which the partisans of Mr. Macabaw were so very nearly getting him the Speakership. On the day that the report of the debate appeared in the *Times*, there appeared also an announcement in the *Gazette* as follows :—

‘The King has been pleased to appoint John Perkins, Esq., to be Deputy-subcomptroller of his majesty’s Tape-office, and Custos of the Sealing-Wax department.’

Mr. Crampton showed this to his nephew with great glee, and was chuckling to think how Mr. William Pitt Scully would be annoyed, who had expected the place, when Perkins burst out laughing, and said, ‘By heavens ! here is my own speech ; Scully has spoken every word of it ; he has only put in Mr. Pincher’s name in the place of Mr. Macabaw’s.’

‘He is ours now,’ responded his uncle, ‘and I told you *we would have him for nothing*. I told you, too, that you should be married from Sir George Gorgon’s, and here is proof of it.’

It was a letter from Lady Gorgon, in which she said that, ‘had she known Mr. Perkins to be a nephew of her friend

Mr. Crampton, she never for a moment would have opposed his marriage with her niece, and she had written that morning to her dear Lucy, begging that the marriage breakfast should take place in Baker-street.'

'It shall be in Mecklenburgh-square,' said John Perkins, stoutly; and in Mecklenburgh-square it was.

William Pitt Scully, Esq., was, as Mr. Crampton said, hugely annoyed at the loss of the place for his nephew. He had still, however, his hopes to look forward to, but these were unluckily dashed by the coming in of the Whigs. As for Sir George Gorgon, when he came to ask about his peerage, Hawksby told him that they could not afford to lose him in the Commons, for a Liberal member would infallibly fill his place.

And now that the Tories are out and the Whigs are in, strange to say a Liberal does fill his place. This Liberal is no other than Sir George Gorgon himself, who is still longing to be a lord, and his lady is still devout and intriguing. So that the members for Oldborough have changed sides, and taunt each other with apostasy, and hate each other cordially. Mr. Crampton still chuckles over the manner in which he tricked them both, and talks of those five minutes during which he stood on the landing-place, and hatched and executed his 'Bedford-row Conspiracy.'

CHARACTER SKETCHES

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Vol. II., 1856.]

CHARACTER SKETCHES

CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON

THE statistic mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quatern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church of England men, are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world : I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation ; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose, and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, oh, heavens ! and what a power of rogues with pigtailed and mandarin buttons at Pekin ! Crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg : how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos ! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christine ! what an inordinate number of rascals is there, to be sure, puffing tobacco and drinking flat small beer in all the capitals of Germany ; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo ! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer ; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think, that thoughtful nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee ; fair running streams for glittering fish ; store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions ; for active cats, mice ; for mice, cheese, and so on ; establishing

throughout the whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau) : I say it is consolatory to think that, as nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues ; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it ; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to Petersburg or Pekin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Timbuctoo Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). ' We are not birds,' as the Irishman says, ' to be in half a dozen places at once ;' so let us pretermix all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities ; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues, of all. Especially there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the Continent where half a dozen of them are not to be found : proofs of our enterprise and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Czarkoeselo : I have been in every one of them, and give you my honour that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all ; better than your eager Frenchman ; your swaggering Irishman with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers ; your grave Spaniard, with horried goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins ; your tallow-faced German baron, with white moustache and double chin, fat, pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb-ring ; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna ? who has the neatest britzska at Baden ? who drinks the best champagne at Paris ? Captain Rook, to be sure, of her Britannic Majesty's service :—he *has* been

of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy, comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks ; unless, may be, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James's ; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels). and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe de chambre*, before a breakfast table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible ; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest meerschaum pipes you ever saw ; reading, possibly, the *Morning Post*, or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library) ; or having his hair dressed ; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns ; or drinking soda-water with a glass of sherry ; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half an hour : at four he is to be seen at the window of his club ; at five, he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances : some, stout old gentlemen riding cobs, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition ; some, very young lads, with pale, dissolute faces, little moustaches, perhaps, or, at least, little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion) : at seven, he has a dinner at Long's or at the Clarendon ; and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden ; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, beside himself, you will remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies : one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light blue silk gown : she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blonde lace ; she wears large

gilt ear-rings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, 'Law, Maria, how well you *do* look to-night: there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours; I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park, dear!'

'I wish, Hanna, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss 'Ickman, Freddy, do you?' says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple-velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling-bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket-handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing, very unnecessarily, a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is: Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in May-Fair, which has just been new-furnished *à la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said, that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; aye, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain, of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, 'Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne'; and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half an hour, Maria grows tired, and Miss Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

'D—n it, Fred,' says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, 'what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!'

What more natural, and even kind, of Rook than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like



CAPTAIN ROOK

For to have plenty, it is a pleasant thing
In my conceit ; and to have it ay in hand.
Shup of Fools.

backing your luck. Freddy does. Well ; fortune is proverbially variable ; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.

Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won all the little *coups* and lost all the great ones ; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play ; it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea : you bet two guineas which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake : if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always* ; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process : if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four guineas ; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income :—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game, then, yet ; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose : he is frightened ; that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill luck : when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon-street, and the ghastly footboy, oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door !) ; when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I O U's in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say, that Maria has half of the money when it is paid ; but this I don't believe : is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it ?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The captain goes home to Brook-street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day, which we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy,

nor mandragora, nor all the soda-water at the chemist's, can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. 'If I had but played my king of hearts,' sighed Fred, 'and kept back my trump; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running: if I *had* even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him!) brought up that infernal Curaçao punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred;' and so on, go Freddy's lamentations. Oh, luckless Freddy! dismal Freddy! silly gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homoeopathic maxim of *similia similibus*, which means, I believe, that you are to be cured 'by a hair of the dog that bit you,' must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homoeopathic infinitesimal doses; no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versa*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play;—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out; he must go the whole dog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him: the betting is in favour of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card:—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON,

LONG'S HOTEL.

I have said the chances are, that Frederick Pigeon, Esq., will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the nous to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a member of Parliament: I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—curse his fate and his profession, by which, do what he

would, he could only make eight guineas a week. 'No men,' said he, with a great deal of justice, 'were so ill paid as "dramatic artists"; they laboured for nothing all their youths, and had no provision for old age.' With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer, in the morning after rehearsal; and I could not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly; to be paid twice as much as you are worth; and then to go to ruin; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them? Did you ever play a game at loo for six-pences? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence, won; but ask the table all round; one man has won three shillings; two have neither lost nor won; one rather thinks he has lost; and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are let out to us from old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily: else, what becomes of all the money?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call 'a noble earl of sporting celebrity';—if he has lost a shilling, according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions: he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down twopence halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. Salon-des-Étrangers? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty); but who wins his

money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses ? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford ; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds ; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *étrangers* even to the Salon des Étrangers.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling-houses that the money is lost : it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook ; but we are again and again digressing ; the point is, Is the Captain's trade a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital ?

To the latter question first :—at this very season of May, when the rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies ?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by : yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds : every maravedi of this is gone ; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, on an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labour. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays, as thus :—

Horses, carriages (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.)	£500	0	0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350	0	0
Watering-places, and touring	300	0	0
Dinners to give	150	0	0
Pocket-money	150	0	0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150	0	0
Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid)	0	0	0
TOTAL	£1,600	0	0

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum : ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses ; no, it is *not* a good profession : it



MR. PIGEON

If the pigeons are small, a quarter of an hour will do them ; but they will take twenty minutes, if large.—*Mrs. Rundle's Cookery.*

is *not* good interest for one's money : it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentleman of birth, industry, and genius : and my friend Claptrap, who growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth, and breeding, the captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat, when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the *coup* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran ? As Mitchel sings after Aristophanes—

In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green* ;
But now when his dotage is on him,
God help him ;—for no eye of those who pass him by,
Throws a look of compassion upon him.

Who indeed will help him ?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother ; he has had slices out of his sisters' portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law ; the old people are dead ; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him ?—not his friends : in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do : in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year ; the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them ; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learned to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal ? When Rook's ill day comes it is simply because he has no more friends ; he has exhausted them all, plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds ! *Is* this a proper reward for a gentleman ? I say it is a sin and a shame, that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks, I take to be this : that blacklegging is as bad a trade as can be ; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villanous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what the Christians do not do : they leave all to follow their master the devil ; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments : ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horse-flesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses, with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to pay down a handsome premium ; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, and Higgory can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent old man Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in stable, a protemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the 5th of next month !

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar ; and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader.

He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honours at Cambridge in the year 1 ; was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2 ; and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year ; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty, demure, simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest college tutor ; and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington road, he walked with her (and another young lady of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined ; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling, little wife that ever a country parson was blessed withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income ; aye, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at college and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now growing in the rookery ; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius ; if ever a woman was happy and good, it was his wife : not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant *ménage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great ; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the 'Asses' bridge' into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up ; more fondled and petted, of course, than they ; cleverer than they ; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad, for his years, as ever went to college to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honour.

Fancy, then, our young gentleman installed at college, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy ; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet, as she clung round his neck and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing) ! Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him ; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed

at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes Aeschylus, to be sure!) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom: however, he reads very stoutly of mornings; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of *x*'s and *y*'s.

May comes, and the college examinations: the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:—

FROM THE REV. SOLOMON SNORTER TO THE REV. ATHANASIUS ROOK.

TRINITY, May 10.

DEAR CREDO¹—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps*; in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizar. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

I send you his college bill, £105 10s.; rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive: I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Yours,

SOL. SNORTER.

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter: it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:—

P.S.—Dear Father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you: I lost £30 to the Honourable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day at dinner;

¹ This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

and owe £54 more for desserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.¹ Hiring horses is so deuced expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive.

The Reverend Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter: however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100, with a 'God bless you!' and mamma adds, in a postscript, that 'he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society.'

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacations; but Tom has sadly changed; he has grown haggard and pale. At second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes; he is always riding about and dining in the neighbourhood, and coming home, quite odd, his mother says—ill-humoured, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The Reverend Athanasius begins to grow very, very grave: they have high words, even the father and son; and oh! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study door when these disputes are going on!

The last term of Tom's undergraduateship arrives; he is in ill-health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree; and early in the cold winter's morning—late, late at night—he toils over his books: and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook are all lodging at the Hoop, an inn in Cambridge-town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom.

Oh, sin, woe, repentance! Oh, touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, 'There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands.' Everybody cries in the house at this news, the mother and

¹ It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the college tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes, the old house-keeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain ; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living ; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar ; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there ? Tom lives at the west end of the town, and never goes near the Temple ; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends ; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee ; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a spunging-house in Cursitor-street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple since his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The Reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the spunging-house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you ! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them ; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honour ; and at French or English hazard, at billiards, at whist, at loo, *écarte*, blind hookey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbour, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards, if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook ; when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christine ; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where ;

he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte-Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money : and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has (N.B. All young men with money have silly, flattering, she-relatives), and the silly trips that he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honourable Tom Mountcoffehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mobskau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon. Look at him ! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear he puts himself behind a curvetting camelopard of a cab-horse ; or perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides ! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out ; and yet smoke he will : Sweller Mobskau smokes ; Mountcoffehouse don't mind a cigar ; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply *him* with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his lordship a sixpence more credit ; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these 'legs.' But they keep him always to themselves. Captain Rooks must rob in companies ; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist : number one to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and 'settle' with number two ; number three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the

city to sell out. We have known an instance or two where, after a very good night's work, number three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men: in this case, when you can get a good coup, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men must be mum, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well, then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this, you must not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else: nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially: if you don't, somebody else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.

He *must* be plucked, it is the purpose for which nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin-mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin-lane will have him as sure as fate: if Rook of Birchin-lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him, and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him until he turns out as naked as a cannon-ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but above all, never let him go. If he is a stout, cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared,

perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place : and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathered state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair ; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall somehow or other on his little miserable legs : on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives ; or else, just before his utter ruin, he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives) ; he turns bully, most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him or takes to drinking too ; or he gets a little place, a very little place : you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye little ones, for ye are born in poverty, and may bear it, or surmount it, and die rich. But woe to the pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there, in a moment. They have a kind of Lucifer-look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes ; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a madhouse, or a prison !—a dreary flagged court-yard, a long dark room, and the inmates of

it, like the inmates of the menagerie cages, ceaselessly walking up and down ! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly :—

Pour mon mal estranger
Je ne m'arreste en place ;
Mais, j'en ay beau changer
Si ma douleur n'efface !

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards ; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums the Rooks end their lives ; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early ; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a rich one. It is a short-lived trade ; not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession :—not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook : not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession ; the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonizing for lack of its unnatural food ; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over ! Oh, Captain Rook ! what nice ‘ chums ’ do you take with you into prison ; what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *finis patriae*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed !

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world :—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS

PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the . . . (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays); going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odours of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. '*O rus! quando te aspiciam?*' exclaimed I, out of the Latin grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the *Iliad*, madam), concerning 'ruddy lotuses, and crocuses, and hyacinths,' when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulfed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph, that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

'What are you giggling at?' said Mr. Timson, assuming a high, aristocratic air.

'Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower wrapped up in white paper, or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printers' devils are staring in the passage?'

'Stuff,' said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic, worth at the very least fifteen-pence; 'a friend, who knows that Mrs. Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay; that's all.'

I saw how it was. 'Augustus Timson,' exclaimed I, sternly, 'the Pimlicoës have been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order

me out : if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again.'

'Well, if it *does*,' says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, 'what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there.'

'Was that the day when she gave a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?'

'No, another day.'

'Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom races?'

'No.'

'Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?'

'Fiddlestick!' roared out Augustus Timson, esquire; 'I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you—and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence: I say again *no man*;' wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon), a one-horse-chaise drove up to the . . . office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse-chaise drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good-humoured Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

'Here we are, deary,' said she: 'we'll walk to the Mery-weathers; and I've told Sam to be in Charles-street at twelve with the chaise: it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box and have the people cry, "Mrs. Timson's carriage!" for old Sam and the chaise.'

Timson to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish, puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say, '*He's here.*'

'La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the *Puritani* to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children.'

Those young persons were evidently from their costume prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers, to be removed previous to the play ; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And ‘Look here!’ and ‘Oh, precious!’ and ‘Oh, my!’ were uttered by these worthy people as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson’s head flounced, just as her husband’s had done before.

‘I must have a greenhouse at the Snuggery, that’s positive, Timson, for I’m passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny! Do you know her ladyship, Mr. Smith?’

‘Indeed, madam, I don’t remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life.’

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, ‘La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let’s see, there’s the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Flummery; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his travels, you know); Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury’s eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strum—Strom—Strumpf—’

What the baron’s name was I have never been able to learn; for here Timson burst out with a ‘Hold your tongue, Bessy,’ which stopped honest Mrs. Timson’s harmless prattle altogether and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, ‘Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintance.’ Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honour. My friend the editor was, in fact, in a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest, good-humoured character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps, the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterizes men of Timson’s way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public-house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighbourhood of one of his Majesty's prisons in that quarter)—in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted-cheese club, called 'The Fortum,' Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism which characterized him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated, do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in the *Weekly Sentinel*, signed 'Lictor,' must be remembered by all our readers: he advocated the repeal of the corn laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labour, &c. &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that, in consequence of those 'Lictor' letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a secretary of the Treasury (the . . . is Ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son: walking with Mrs. Timson in the Park next Sunday, that lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the West End, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two clubs.

Who was the lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honourable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of Reynard, Kilbrush Castle, county Kildare. The earl had been ambassador in '14: Mr. Flummery, his attaché: he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoronconcolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking

with one of his daughters for ever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune in genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. 'Economical!' said he; 'my wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that*!' Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainments in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—aye, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pr'ythee? Her ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines, and I don't know how many annuals, besides publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *ruche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferrennière, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a bob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a share of her hymn-book. It was—

HEAVENLY CHORDS;

A COLLECTION OF

SACRED STRAINS,

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED BY THE

LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMERY.

—being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady and Tate, &c.; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this, cook and I sang; and it is amazing

how much our fervour was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do ; and that while a man is lying painfully labouring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be well-nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Flummery ; her Pegasus gallops over hot-pressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders : like Camilla, it scours the plain—of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued ; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it ; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning-post on which is written 'FINIS' or, 'THE END' ; and shows that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manner of being, of my Lady Flummery, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him ; so that all milliners, butchers' ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he hath heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women, whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Flummery is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticized ; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0 ? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest influence upon literature for good or for evil : there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps ; and why not ? They are made to be



THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS

How fluent nonsense trickles from her pen !

humbugged, or how should we live? Lady Flummery writes everything; that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind; her novels, stark naught; her philosophy, sheer vacancy: how should she do any better than she does? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes for the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for; and collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of 'Lyrics of Loveliness,' 'Beams of Beauty,' 'Pearls of Purity,' &c. Who does not recollect the success which her 'Pearls of the Peerage' had? She is going to do the 'Beauties of the Baronetage'; then we shall have the 'Daughters of the Dustmen,' or some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has around her a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul: give them a dinner, a smile from an opera box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides, mi fili, &c.* See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals: there is my friend M'Lather, an immense, pudgy man: I saw him one day walking through Bond-street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. 'Mac!' shouted your humble servant, 'that is a Flummery ruby;' and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist; he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—'There's only one like it in town,' whispered Fitch to me confidentially, 'and Flummery has that.' To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half a dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. 'I wouldn't charge for them, you know,' he says, 'for hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend.' O Fitch, Fitch!

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book; as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully,

that Lady Flummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possesses ; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language, but, in revenge, has a smattering of half a dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap or two of bad Spanish : and upon the strength of these murders, she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d'ye-call-'em, or the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that young nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would swish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such word as authoress. *Auctor*, madam, is the word. '*Optima tu proprii nominis auctor eris* ;' which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress : the line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then : there is no such word as authoress. But what of that ? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar ? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language ; we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a Diaress, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her ladyship ; the language feels an obligation ; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed : and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophesy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion, until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain ; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the

popular works of the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to send him back his subscription. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle. For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labour at the House of Correction. 'The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir,' said his father, confiding in our philanthropy; 'he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys: but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! he knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig; for though he's a 'cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service, on account of that business of the breeches!'

'What, sir!' exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity; '*such* a son, and you don't know what to do with him! a 'cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish in a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and be hanged to you!' And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street-sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example; *par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch; from the Authoress, only the very finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her ladyship's novels, that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should

we listen to the intrigues, the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money ? What's a baronet ? pish ! pish ! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick ! What's a baron ? a fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker ; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people ; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of heaven ! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT ;

OR,

WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar ; but we will pass him for the sake of the Ministerial *portfeuille*, which is genteel. Then you might do 'Leopold ; or, the Bride of Neuilly' ; 'The Victim of Wurtemberg' ; 'Olga ; or, the Autocrat's Daughter' (a capital title) ; '*Henri* ; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century' : we can fancy the book and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

'HENRI, by Lady Frances Flummery.—Henri ! who can he be ? A little bird whispers in our ear, that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of a *certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the court of the Tu-l-ries. Henry de B-rd-ux is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy ; and if the Marchesina Degli Spinachi (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beauteous as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the eternal city say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the Pr-nce. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap and Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen.'

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the . . . , by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommenda-

tion of bears' grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheapness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes, in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect :—

‘ HENRI.

‘ BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

‘ This is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her ladyship's mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy ! Sweet enchantress, that rules the mind at will : stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless summer smiles (as a great Bard of Old Time has expressed it) ; what do we not owe to woman ?

‘ What do we not owe her ? More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel ; in joy, more delicate sympathy ; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and, in those wells of love care drowns ; we listen to her siren voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hopes come winging to the breast again.’

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column : I don't pretend to understand it ; but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth's poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrorg, I think ; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, that this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularize, thus :—

‘ The griding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be

briefly told as thus :—Henri, an exiled prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign Pontiff. At a feast, given in his honour at the Vatican, a dancing girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet's brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art. The young prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice ; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favour. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The Pope has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ, occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation ; he will even resign his crown and marry her : but she refuses. The prince can make no such offers ; he cannot wed her : "The blood of Borbone," he says, "may not be thus misallied." He determines to avoid her. In despair, she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock ; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

' Besides this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style, for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of the Marchesina Degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca Di Gammoni, is delicious ; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbsbraten and Count Bouterbrod is exquisitely painted : everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the princess's dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. "Schinken, the Westphalian," must not be forgotten ; nor "Olla, the Spanish Spy." How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honour to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucauld ? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example :—Not among women, 'tis true ; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed !—but in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonour to his shrine :—in saying that he who wrote of *Romeo* and *Desdemona* might have drawn Castanetta and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts ;

in asserting that so long as SHAKESPEARE lives, so long will FLUMMERY endure ; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon !

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticize her life. The former is quite harmless ; and we don't pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blameable ; it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves, gull the most gullible of publics. Think you, O Timson, that her ladyship asks you for your *beaux yeux* or your wit ? Fool ! you do think so, or try and think so ; and yet you know she loves not you, but the . . . newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it ! Think, M'Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good three-halfpence-a-line matter that big garnet pin has cost you ! the woman laughs at you, man ! you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Delilah ! Avaunt, O Circe ! giver of poisonous feeds. To your natural haunts, ye gentlemen of the press ! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter, and the first cut of the joint, than a dinner of four courses, and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes ; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that ye may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my lord and my lady ; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect ! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her ; let Howell and James swear by her ; let simpering dandies caper about her car ; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles ; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men : let

such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more ! Blessed, blessed thought ! No more fiddle-faddle novels ! no more namby-pamby poetry ! no more fribble ' Blossoms of Loveliness ' ! When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age ?

THE ARTISTS

It is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighbourhood, stretching cheerfully towards Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean-street in the west, where the lords and ladies of William's time used to dwell,—till in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell-street became the pink of the mode.

Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt, lonely old age. The houses have a vast, dingy, mouldy, dowager look. No more beaux, in mighty periwigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches ; no more lackeys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for precedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets,—the only dandy in the neighbourhood. You hear the milkman yelling his milk with a startling distinctness, and the clack of a servant-girl's pattens sets people a-staring from the windows.

With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do ; but as genteel stockbrokers inhabit the neighbourhood of Regent's Park,—as lawyers have taken possession of Russell-square,—so Artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They are to be found in great numbers in Berners-street. Up to the present time, naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence.—What has a painter to do with Middlesex Hospital ? He is to be found in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square. And why ? Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a coco-nut.

Look at Newman-street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy ? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills, that tell you the house is ' To Let.'



SEPIO

For him light labour yields her wholesome store :
Just gives what life requires, but gives no more.

Nobody walks there—not even an old clothesman ; the first inhabited house has bars to the windows, and bears the name of ‘Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex’ ; and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters,—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus’s treble gate. There was my poor friend, Tom Tickner (who did those sweet things for ‘The Book of Beauty’). Tom, who could not pay his washerwoman, lived opposite the bailiff’s ; and could see every miserable debtor, or greasy Jew writ-bearer that went in or out of his door. The street begins with a bailiff’s, and ends with a hospital. I wonder how men live in it, and are decently cheerful, with this gloomy, double-barrelled moral pushed perpetually into their faces. Here, however, they persist in living, no one knows why ; owls may still be found roosting in Netley Abbey, and a few Arabs are to be seen at the present minute in Palmyra.

The ground floors of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, black empty warehouses, containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan chair opposite a house in Rathbone-place, that I have myself seen every day for forty-three years. The house has commonly a huge indiarubber-coloured door, with a couple of glistening brass plates, and bells. A portrait-painter lives on the first floor ; a great historical genius inhabits the second. Remark the first floor’s middle drawing-room window ; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second-floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits rejoice in vastness and gloomy ruin.

I don’t say a word here about those geniuses who frequent the thoroughfares of the town, and have picture-frames containing a little gallery of miniature peers, beauties, and general officers, in the Quadrant, the passages about St. Martin’s-lane, the Strand, and Cheapside. Lord Lyndhurst is to be seen in many of these gratis exhibitions—Lord Lyndhurst cribbed from Chalon ; Lady Peel from Sir Thomas ; Miss Croker from the same ; *the* Duke, from ditto ; an original officer in the Spanish Legion ; a colonel or so, of the Bunhill-Row Fencibles ; a lady on a yellow sofa, with four children in little caps and blue ribands ;

we have all of us seen these pretty pictures, and are aware that our own features may be 'done in this style.' Then there is the man on the chain-pier at Brighton, who pares out your likeness in sticking-plaster; there is Miss Cripps, or Miss Runt, who gives lessons in Poonah-painting, japaning, or mezzotinting; Miss Stump, who attends ladies' schools with large chalk heads from Le Brun or the Cartoons; Rubbery, who instructs young gentlemen's establishments in pencil; and Sepio, of the Water Colour Society, who paints before eight pupils daily, at a guinea an hour, keeping his own drawings for himself.

All these persons, as the most indifferent reader must see, equally belong to the tribe of Artists (the last not more than the first), and in an article like this should be mentioned properly. But though this paper has been extended from eight pages to sixteen,¹—not sixteen pages,—not a volume would suffice to do justice to the biographies of the persons above-mentioned. Think of the superb Sepio, in a light-blue satin cravat, and a light-brown coat, and yellow kids, tripping daintily from Grosvenor-square to Gloucester-place, a small sugar-loaf boy following, who carries his morocco portfolio. Sepio scents his handkerchief, curls his hair, and wears on a great coarse fist, a large emerald ring that one of his pupils gave him. He would not smoke a cigar for the world; he is always to be found at the Opera; and, gods! how he grins, and waggles his head about, as Lady Flummery nods to him from her box.

He goes to at least six great parties in the season. At the houses where he teaches, he has a faint hope that he is received as an equal, and propitiates scornful footmen by absurd donations of sovereigns. The rogue has plenty of them. He has a stockbroker, and a power of guinea lessons stowed away in the Consols. There are a number of young ladies of genius in the aristocracy, who admire him hugely; he begs you to contradict the report about him and Lady Smigsmag; every now and then he gets a present of game from a marquis; the city ladies die to have lessons of him; he prances about the Park on a high-bred cock-tail, with lacquered boots and enormous high heels; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere—washerwomen, it is said, in Pimlico.

¹ Of the 'Heads of the People,' in which periodical these Sketches originally appeared.

How different is his fate to that of poor Rubbery, the school drawing-master ! Highgate, Homerton, Putney, Hackney, Hornsey, Turnham Green, are his resorts ; he has a select seminary to attend at every one of these places ; and if, from all these nurseries of youth, he obtains a sufficient number of half-crowns to pay his week's bills, what a happy man is he !

He lives most likely in a third floor in Howland-street, and has commonly five children, who have all a marvellous talent for drawing—all save one, perhaps, that is an idiot, which a poor, sick mother is ever carefully tending. Sepio's great aim and battle in life is to be considered one of the aristocracy ; honest Rubbery would fain be thought a gentleman, too ; but, indeed, he does not know whether he is so or not. Why be a gentleman ?—a gentleman Artist does not obtain the wages of a tailor ; Rubbery's butcher looks down upon him with a royal scorn ; and his wife, poor gentle soul (a clergyman's daughter, who married him in the firm belief that her John would be knighted, and make an immense fortune),—his wife, I say, has many fierce looks to suffer from Mrs. Butcher, and many meek excuses or prayers to proffer, when she cannot pay her bill,—or when, worst of all, she has humbly to beg for a little scrap of meat upon credit, against John's coming home. He has five-and-twenty miles to walk that day, and must have something nourishing when he comes in—he is killing himself, poor fellow, she knows he is : and Miss Crick has promised to pay him his quarter's charge on the very next Saturday. 'Gentlefolks, indeed,' says Mrs. Butcher, 'pretty gentlefolks these, as can't pay for half a pound of steak !' Let us thank heaven that the Artist's wife has her meat, however,—there is good in that shrill, fat, mottle-faced Mrs. Brisket, after all.

Think of the labours of that poor Rubbery. He was up at four in the morning, and toiled till nine upon a huge damp icy lithographic stone ; on which he has drawn the 'Star of the Wave,' or the 'Queen of the Tournay,' or 'She met at Almack's,' for Lady Flummery's last new song. This done, at half-past nine, he is to be seen striding across Kensington Gardens, to wait upon the before-named Miss Crick, at Lamont House. Transport yourself in imagination to the Misses Kittle's seminary, Potzdam Villa, Upper Homerton, four miles from Shoreditch ; and

at half-past two, Professor Rubbery is to be seen swinging along towards the gate. Somebody is on the look-out for him ; indeed it is his eldest daughter, Marianne, who has been pacing the shrubbery, and peering over the green railings this half-hour past. She is with the Misses Kittle on the ' mutual system,' a thousand times more despised than the butchers' and the grocers' daughters, who are educated on the same terms, and whose papas are warm men in Aldgate. Wednesday is the happiest day of Marianne's week : and this the happiest hour of Wednesday. Behold ! Professor Rubbery wipes his hot brows and kisses the poor thing, and they go in together out of the rain, and he tells her that the twins are well out of the measles, thank God ! and that Tom has just done the Antinous, in a way that must make him sure of the Academy prize, and that mother is better of her rheumatism now. He has brought her a letter, in large round hand, from Polly ; a famous soldier, drawn by little Frank ; and when, after his two hours' lesson, Rubbery is off again, our dear Marianne cons over the letter and picture a hundred times with soft tearful smiles, and stows them away in an old writing-desk, amidst a heap more of precious home relics, wretched trumpery scraps, and baubles, that you and I, madam, would sneer at ; but that in the poor child's eyes (and, I think, in the eyes of One, who knows how to value widows' mites, and humble sinners' offerings) are better than bank-notes and Pitt diamonds. Oh, kind heaven, that has given these treasures to the poor ! Many and many an hour does Marianne lie awake with full eyes, and yearn for that wretched old lodging in Howland-street, where mother and brothers lie sleeping ; and, gods ! what a fête it is, when twice or thrice in the year she comes home.

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I forget how many hundred millions of miles, for how many billions of centuries, how many thousands of decillions of angels, peris, houris, demons, afreets, and the like, Mahomet travelled, lived, and counted, during the time that some water was falling from a bucket to the ground ; but have we not been wandering most egregiously away from Rubbery, during the minute in which his daughter is changing his shoes, and taking off his reeking macintosh in the hall of Potzdam Villa ? She thinks him the finest artist that ever cut an HB. ; that's positive : and as a drawing-



RUBBERY

Not worth a halfpenny, sold for a guinea.

master, his merits are wonderful ; for at the Misses Kittle's annual vacation festival, when the young ladies' drawings are exhibited to their mammas and relatives (Rubbery, attending in a clean shirt, with his wife's large brooch stuck in it, and drinking negus along with the very best) ;—at the annual festival, I say, it will be found that the sixty-four drawings exhibited, Tintern Abbey, Kenilworth Castle, Horse—from Carl Vernet, Head—from West, or what not (say sixteen of each sort), are the one exactly as good as the other ; so that, although Miss Slamcoe gets the prize, there is really no reason why Miss Timson, who is only four years old, should not have it ; her design being accurately, stroke for stroke, tree for tree, curl for curl, the same as Miss Slamcoe's, who is eighteen. The fact is, that of these drawings, Rubbery, in the course of the year, has done every single stroke, although the girls and their parents are ready to take their affidavits (or as I heard once a great female grammarian say, their *affies davit*) that the drawing-master has never been near the sketches. This is the way with them ; but mark !—when young ladies come home, are settled in life, and mammas of families,—can they design so much as a horse, or a dog, or a ' moo-cow,' for little Jack who bawls out for them ?—not they ! Rubbery's pupils have no more notion of drawing, any more than Sepio's of painting, when that eminent artist is away.

Between these two gentlemen, lie a whole class of teachers of drawing, who resemble them more or less. I am ashamed to say, that Rubbery takes his pipe in the parlour of an hotel, of which the largest room is devoted to the convenience of poor people, amateurs of British gin : whilst Sepio trips down to the club, and has a pint of the smallest claret : but of course the tastes of men vary ; and you find them, simple or presuming, careless or prudent, natural and vulgar, or false and atrociously genteel, in all ranks and stations of life.

As for the other persons mentioned at the beginning of this discourse, viz., the cheap portrait-painter, the portrait-cutter in sticking-plaster, and Miss Croke, the teacher of mezzotint and Poonah-painting,—nothing need be said of them in this place, as we have to speak of matters more important.—Only about Miss Croke, or about other professors of cheap art, let the reader most sedulously avoid them. Mezzotinto is a take-in, Poonah-painting a rank

villanous deception. So is 'Grecian art without brush or pencils'; these are only small mechanical contrivances, over which young ladies are made to lose time. And now having disposed of these small skirmishers who hover round the great body of Artists, we are arrived in presence of the main force, that we must begin to attack in form. In the 'partition of the earth,' as it has been described by Schiller, the reader will remember that the poet, finding himself at the end of the general scramble without a single morsel of plunder, applied passionately to Jove, who pitied the poor fellow's condition, and complimented him with a seat in the Empyraean. 'The strong and the cunning,' says Jupiter, 'have seized upon the inheritance of the world, whilst thou wert star-gazing and rhyming : not one single acre remains wherewith I can endow thee ; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my own heaven, come when thou wilt, it is always open to thee.'

The cunning and strong have scrambled and struggled more on our own little native spot of earth, than in any other place on the world's surface ; and the English poet (whether he handles a pen or a pencil) has little other refuge than that windy unsubstantial one, which Jove has vouchsafed to him. Such airy board and lodging is, however, distasteful to many ; who prefer, therefore, to give up their poetical calling, and in a vulgar beef-eating world, to feed upon, and fight for, vulgar beef.

For such persons (among the class of painters), it may be asserted that portrait-painting was invented. It is the Artist's compromise with heaven ; 'the light of common day,' in which, after a certain quantity of 'travel from the East,' the genius fades at last. Abbé Barthélemy (who sent Le Jeune Anacharsis travelling through Greece in the time of Plato,—travelling through ancient Greece in lace ruffles, red heels, and a pigtail),—Abbé Barthélemy, I say, declares that somebody was once standing against a wall in the sun, and that somebody else traced the outline of somebody's shadow ; and so painting was 'invented.' Angelica Kauffmann has made a neat picture of this neat subject ; and very well worthy she was of handling it. Her painting *might* grow out of a wall and a piece of charcoal ; and honest Barthélemy might be satisfied that he had traced the true origin of the art. What a base pedigree have these abominable Greek, French, and High-Dutch heathens

invented for that which is divine!—a wall, ye gods, to be represented as the father of that which came down radiant from you! The man who invented such a blasphemy, ought to be impaled upon broken bottles, or shot off pitilessly by spring-guns, nailed to the bricks like a dead owl or a weasel, or tied up—a kind of vulgar Prometheus—and baited for ever by the house-dog.

But let not our indignation carry us too far. Lack of genius in some, of bread in others, of patronage in a shop-keeping world, that thinks only of the useful, and is little inclined to study the sublime, has turned thousands of persons calling themselves, and wishing to be, Artists, into so many common face-painters, who must look out for the 'kalon' in the fat features of a red-gilled alderman, or, at best, in a pretty simpering white-necked beauty from Almack's. The dangerous charms of these latter, especially, have seduced away many painters; and we often think that this very physical superiority which English ladies possess, this tempting brilliancy of health and complexion, which belongs to them more than to any others, has operated upon our Artists as a serious disadvantage, and kept them from better things. The French call such beauty *La beauté du Diable*; and a devilish power it has truly; before our Armidas and Helens, how many Rinaldos and Parises have fallen, who are content to forget their glorious calling, and slumber away their energies in the laps of these soft tempters. Oh, ye British enchantresses! I never see a gilded annual-book, without likening it to a small island, near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily, whither, by twanging of harps, singing of ravishing melodies, glancing of voluptuous eyes, and the most fashionable beautiful undress in the world, the naughty sirens lured the passing seamen. Steer clear of them, ye Artists! pull, pull for your lives, ye crews of Suffolk-street and the Water-Colour Gallery! stop your ears, bury your eyes, tie yourselves to the masts, and away with you from the gaudy, smiling, 'Books of Beauty.' Land, and you are ruined! Look well among the flowers on yonder beach—it is whitened with the bones of painters.

For my part, I never have a model under seventy, and her with several shawls and a cloak on. By these means, the imagination gets fair play, and the morals remain undangered.

Personalities are odious ; but let the British public look at the pictures of the celebrated Mr. Shalloon—the moral British public—and say, whether our grand-children (or the grand-children of the exalted personages whom Mr. Shalloon paints) will not have a queer idea of the manners of their grand-mammas, as they are represented in the most beautiful, dexterous, captivating, water-colour drawings that ever were ? Heavenly powers, how they simper and ogle ! with what gimcracks of lace, ribbons, ferronières, smelling-bottles, and what not, is every one of them overloaded ! What shoulders, what ringlets, what funny little pug-dogs do they, most of them, exhibit to us ! The days of Lancret and Watteau are lived over again, and the court ladies of the time of Queen Victoria look as moral as the immaculate countesses of the days of Louis Quinze. The last President of the Royal Academy¹ is answerable for many sins, and many imitators ; especially for that gay, simpering, meretricious look which he managed to give to every lady who sat to him for her portrait ; and I do not know a more curious contrast, than that which may be perceived by any one who will examine a collection of his portraits by the side of some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They seem to have painted different races of people ; and when one hears very old gentlemen talking of the superior beauty that existed in their early days (as very old gentlemen, from Nestor downwards, have and will), one is inclined to believe that there is some truth in what they say ; at least, that the men and women under George the Third were far superior to their descendants in the time of George the Fourth. Whither has it fled—that calm matronly grace or beautiful virgin innocence, which belonged to the happy women who sate to Sir Joshua ? Sir Thomas's ladies are ogling out of their gilt frames, and asking us for admiration ; Sir Joshua's sit quiet, in maiden meditation fancy free, not anxious for applause, but sure to command it ; a thousand times more lovely in their sedate serenity, than Sir Thomas's ladies in their smiles, and their satin ball-dresses.

But this is not the general notion, and the ladies prefer the manner of the modern Artist. Of course, such being the case, the painters must follow the fashion. One could point out half a dozen Artists, who, at Sir Thomas's death, have

¹ Sir Thomas Lawrence.

seized upon a shred of his somewhat tawdry mantle. There is Carmine, for instance, a man of no small repute, who will stand as the representative of his class.

Carmine has had the usual education of a painter in this country ; he can read and write—that is, has spent years drawing the figure—and has made his foreign tour. It may be that he had original talent once, but he has learned to forget this, as the great bar to his success ; and must imitate, in order to live. He is among Artists, what a dentist is among surgeons—a man who is employed to decorate the human head, and who is paid enormously for so doing. You know one of Carmine's beauties at any exhibition, and see the process by which they are manufactured. He lengthens the noses, widens the foreheads, opens the eyes, and gives them the proper languishing leer ; diminishes the mouth, and infallibly tips the end of it with a pretty smile of his favourite colour. He is a personable, white-handed, bald-headed, middle-aged man now, with that grave blandness of look which one sees in so many prosperous, empty-headed people. He has a collection of little stories and court gossip about Lady This, and my particular friend—Lord So-and-So, which he lets off in succession to every sitter : indeed, a most bland, irreproachable, gentleman-like man. He gives most patronizing advice to young Artists, and makes a point of praising all—not certainly too much, but in a gentleman-like, indifferent, simpering way. This should be the maxim with prosperous persons, who have had to make their way, and wish to keep what they have made. They praise everybody, and are called good-natured, benevolent men. Surely no benevolence is so easy ; it simply consists in lying, and smiling, and wishing everybody well. You will get to do so quite naturally at last, and at no expense of truth. At first, when a man has feelings of his own—feelings of love or of anger—this perpetual grin and good-humour is hard to maintain. I used to imagine, when I first knew Carmine, that there were some particular springs in his wig (that glossy, oily, curl crop of chestnut hair) that pulled up his features into a smile, and kept the muscles so fixed for the day. I don't think so now, and should say he grinned, even when he was asleep and his teeth were out ; the smile does not lie in the manufacture of the wig, but in the construction of the brain. Claude Carmine has the organ of *don't-care-a-damn-ativeness*

wonderfully developed; not that reckless don't-care-a-damn-ativeness which leads a man to disregard all the world, and himself into the bargain. Claude stops before he comes to himself; but beyond that individual member of the Royal Academy, has not a single sympathy for a single human creature. The account of his friends' deaths, woes, misfortune, or good luck, he receives with equal good-nature; he gives three splendid dinners per annum, Gunter, Dukes, Fortnum and Mason, everything; he dines out the other three hundred and sixty-two days in the year, and was never known to give away a shilling, or to advance, for one half-hour, the forty pounds per quarter wages that he gives to Mr. Scumble, who works the backgrounds, limbs, and draperies of his portraits.

He is not a good painter: how should he be; whose painting as it were never goes beyond a whisper, and who would make a general simpering as he looked at an advancing cannon-ball?—but he is not a bad painter, being a keen, respectable man of the world, who has a cool head, and knows what is what. In France, where tigerism used to be the fashion among the painters, I make no doubt Carmine would have let his beard and wig grow, and looked the fiercest of the fierce; but with us a man must be genteel; the perfection of style (in writing and in drawing rooms) being '*de ne pas en avoir*,' Carmine of course is agreeably vapid. His conversation has accordingly the flavour and briskness of a clear, brilliant, stale bottle of soda-water,—once in five minutes or so, you see rising up to the surface a little bubble—a little tiny shining point of wit,—it rises and explodes feebly, and then dies. With regard to wit, people of fashion (as we are given to understand) are satisfied with a mere *souppçon* of it. Anything more were indecorous; a genteel stomach could not bear it: Carmine knows the exact proportions of the dose, and would not venture to administer to his sitters anything beyond the requisite quantity.

There is a great deal more said here about Carmine—the man, than Carmine—the Artist; but what can be written about the latter? New ladies in white satin, new generals in red, new peers in scarlet and ermine, and stout members of Parliament, pointing to ink-stands and sheets of letter-paper, with a Turkey-carpet beneath them, a red curtain above them, a Doric pillar supporting them, and a tre-

mendous storm of thunder and lightning lowering and flashing in the background, spring up every year, and take their due positions 'upon the line' in the Academy, and send their complements of hundreds to swell Carmine's heap of Consols. If he paints Lady Flummery for the tenth time, in the character of the tenth muse, what need have we to say anything about it? The man is a good workman, and will manufacture a decent article at the best price; but we should no more think of noticing each, than of writing fresh critiques upon every new coat that Nugee or Stultz turned out. The papers say, in reference to his picture, 'No. 591. "Full-length portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Doldrum. Carmine, R.A." Mr. Carmine never fails; this work, like all others by the same artist, is excellent':—or, 'No. 591, &c. The lovely Duchess of Doldrum has received from Mr. Carmine's pencil ample justice; the chiaroscuro of the picture is perfect; the likeness admirable; the keeping and colouring have the true Titianesque gusto; if we might hunt a fault, it has the left ear of the lap-dog a "little" out of drawing.'

Then, perhaps, comes a criticism which says:—'The Duchess of Doldrum's picture by Mr. Carmine is neither better nor worse than five hundred other performances of the same artist. It would be very unjust to say that these portraits are bad, for they have really a considerable cleverness; but to say that they were good, would be quite as false: nothing in our eyes was ever further from being so. Every ten years Mr. Carmine exhibits what is called an original picture of three inches square, but beyond this nothing original is to be found in him: as a lad, he copied Reynolds, then Opie, then Lawrence; then having made a sort of style of his own, he has copied himself ever since,' &c.

And then the critic goes on to consider the various parts of Carmine's pictures. In speaking of critics, their peculiar relationship with painters ought not to be forgotten; and as in a former paper we have seen how a fashionable authoress has her critical toadies, in like manner has the painter his enemies and friends in the press; with this difference, probably, that the writer can bear a fair quantity of abuse without wincing, while the artist not uncommonly grows mad at such strictures, considers them as personal matters, inspired by private feeling of hostility, and hates the critic for life who has ventured to question his

judgement in any way. We have said before, poor Academicians, for how many conspiracies are you made to answer ! We may add now, poor critics, what black personal animosities are discovered for you, when you happen (right or wrong, but according to your best ideas) to speak the truth ! Say that Snooks's picture is badly coloured.—‘ Oh, heavens ! ’ shrieks Snooks, ‘ what can I have done to offend this fellow ? ’ Hint that such a figure is badly drawn—and Snooks instantly declares you to be his personal enemy, actuated only by envy and vile pique. My friend Pebbler, himself a famous Artist, is of opinion that the critic should *never* abuse the painter's performances, because, says he, the painter knows much better than any one else what his own faults are, and because you never do him any good. Are men of the brush so obstinate ?—very likely : but the public—the public ? are we not to do our duty by it too ; and, aided by our superior knowledge and genius for the fine arts, point out to it the way it should go ? Yes, surely ; and as by the efforts of dull or interested critics many bad painters have been palmed off upon the nation as geniuses of the first degree ; in like manner, the sagacious and disinterested (like some we could name) have endeavoured to provide this British nation with pure principles of taste,—or at least, to prevent them from adopting such as are impure.

Carmine, to be sure, comes in for very little abuse ; and, indeed, he deserves but little. He is a fashionable painter, and preserves the golden mediocrity which is necessary for the fashion. Let us bid him good-bye. He lives in a house all to himself, most likely,—has a footman, sometimes a carriage ; is apt to belong to the Athenaeum ; and dies universally respected ; that is, not one single soul cares for him dead, as he, living, did not care for one single soul.

Then, perhaps, we should mention M'Gulp, or Blather, rising young men, who will fill Carmine's place one of these days, and occupy his house in ———, when the fullness of time shall come, and (he borne to a narrow grave in the Harrow-road by the whole mourning Royal Academy), they shall leave their present first floor in Newman-street, and step into his very house and shoes.

There is little difference between the juniors and the seniors ; they grin when they are talking of him together, and express a perfect confidence that they can paint a head against Carmine any day—as very likely they can. But

until his demise, they are occupied with painting people about the Regent's Park and Russell-square : are very glad to have the chance of a popular clergyman, or a college tutor, or a Mayor of Stoke Poges after the Reform Bill. Such characters are commonly mezzotinted afterwards ; and the portrait of our esteemed townsman So-and-So, by that talented artist Mr. M'Gillp, of London, is favourably noticed by the provincial press, and is to be found over the sideboards of many country gentlemen. If they come up to town, to whom do they go ? To M'Gillp, to be sure ; and thus, slowly, his practice and his prices increase.

The Academy student is a personage that should not be omitted here ; he resembles very much, outwardly, the medical student, and has many of the latter's habits, and pleasures. He very often wears a broad-brimmed hat and a fine dirty crimson velvet waistcoat, his hair commonly grows long, and he has braiding to his pantaloons. He works leisurely at the Academy, he loves theatres, billiards, and novels, and has his house-of-call somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-lane, where he and his brethren meet and sneer at Royal Academicians. If you ask him what line of art he pursues, he answers with a smile exceedingly supercilious, ' Sir, I am an historical painter ' ; meaning that he will only condescend to take subjects from Hume, or Robertson, or from the classics—which he knows nothing about. This state of an historical painter is only preparatory, lasting perhaps from eighteen to five-and-twenty, when the gentleman's madness begins to disappear, and he comes to look at life sternly in the face, and to learn that man shall not live by historical painting alone. Then our friend falls to portrait-painting, or annual-painting, or makes some other such sad compromise with necessity.

He has probably a small patrimony, which defrays the charge of his studies and cheap pleasures during his period of apprenticeship. He makes the *obligé* tour to France and Italy, and returns from those countries with a multitude of spoiled canvases, and a large pair of moustachios, with which he establishes himself in one of the dingy streets of Soho before mentioned. There is poor Pipson, a man of indomitable patience, and undying enthusiasm for his profession. He could paper Exeter Hall with his studies from the life, and with portraits in chalk and oil of French *sapeurs* and Italian brigands, that kindly descend from their

mountain-caverns, and quit their murderous occupations, in order to sit to young gentlemen at Rome, at the rate of tenpence an hour. Pipson returns from abroad, establishes himself, has his cards printed, and waits and waits for commissions for great historical pictures. Meanwhile, night after night, he is to be found at his old place in the Academy, copying the old life-guardsmen—working, working away—and never advancing one jot. At eighteen, Pipson copied statues and life-guardsmen to admiration; at five-and-thirty, he can make admirable drawings of life-guardsmen and statues. Beyond this he never goes; year after year his historical picture is returned to him by the envious Academicians, and he grows old, and his little patrimony is long since spent; and he earns nothing himself. How does he support hope and life?—that is the wonder. No one knows until he tries (which God forbid he should!) upon what a small matter, hope and life can be supported. Our poor fellow lives on from year to year in a miraculous way; tolerably cheerful in the midst of his semi-starvation, and wonderfully confident about next year, in spite of the failures of the last twenty-five. Let us thank God for imparting to us poor, weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of *vanity*. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he should see himself as he is,—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense,—he would just walk off Waterloo Bridge, and abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid bakers' bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once and for ever.

We do not mean to depreciate the profession of historical painting, but simply to warn youth against it as dangerous and unprofitable. It is as if a young fellow should say, 'I will be a Raphael or a Titian,—a Milton or a Shakespeare,' and if he will count up how many people have lived since the world began, and how many there have been of the Raphael or Shakespeare sort, he can calculate to a nicety what are the chances in his favour. Even successful historical painters, what are they?—in a worldly point of view, they mostly inhabit the second floor, or have great desolate studios in back premises, whither life-guardsmen, old-clothesmen, blackamoors, and other 'properties,' are con-

ducted to figure at full-length, as Roman conquerors, Jewish high-priests, or Othellos on canvas. Then there are gay, smart, water-colour painters,—a flourishing and pleasant trade. Then there are shabby, fierce-looking geniuses, in ringlets, and all but rags, who paint, and whose pictures are never sold, and who vow they are the objects of some general and scoundrelly conspiracy. There are landscape painters, who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth and brave heat and cold, to bring to the greedy British public views of Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Timbuctoo. You see English artists under the shadow of the Pyramids, making sketches of the Copts, perched on the backs of dromedaries, accompanying a caravan across the desert, or getting materials for an annual in Iceland or Siberia. What genius and what energy do not they all exhibit—these men, whose profession, in this wise country of ours, is scarcely considered as liberal!

If we read the works of the Reverend Dr. Lemprière, Monsieur Winckelmann, Professor Plato, and others who have written concerning the musty old Grecians, we shall find that the Artists of those barbarous times meddled with all sorts of trades besides their own, and dabbled in fighting, philosophy, metaphysics, both Scotch and German, politics, music, and the deuce knows what. A rambling sculptor, who used to go about giving lectures in those days, Socrates by name, declared that the wisest of men in his time were Artists. This Plato, before mentioned, went through a regular course of drawing, figure and landscape, black-lead, chalk, with or without stump, sepia, water-colour, and oils. Was there ever such absurdity known? Among these benighted heathens, painters were the most accomplished gentlemen,—and the most accomplished gentlemen were painters; the former would make you a speech, or read you a dissertation on Kant, or lead you a regiment,—with the very best statesman, philosopher, or soldier in Athens. And they had the folly to say, that by thus busying and accomplishing themselves in all manly studies, they were advancing eminently in their own peculiar one. What was the consequence? Why, that fellow Socrates not only made a miserable fifth-rate sculptor, but was actually hanged for treason.

And serve him right. Do *our* young artists study anything beyond the proper way of cutting a pencil or drawing

a model ? Do you hear of *them*, hard at work over books, and bothering their brains with musty learning ? Not they, forsooth : we understand the doctrine of division of labour, and each man sticks to his trade. Artists do not meddle with the pursuits of the rest of the world ; and, in revenge, the rest of the world does not meddle with Artists. Fancy an Artist being a senior wrangler or a politician ; and, on the other hand, fancy a real gentleman turned painter ! No, no ; ranks are defined. A real gentleman may get money by the law, or by wearing a red coat and fighting, or a black one and preaching ; but that he should sell himself to *Art*—forbid it, heaven ! And do not let your ladyship on reading this cry, ‘ Stuff !—stupid envy, rank republicanism,—an artist *is* a gentleman.’ Madam, would you like to see your son, the Honourable Fitzroy Plantagenet, a painter ? You would die sooner ; the escutcheon of the Smigsmags would be blotted for ever, if Plantagenet ever ventured to make a mercantile use of a bladder of paint.

Time was—some hundred years back—when writers lived in Grub-street, and poor ragged Johnson shrunk behind a screen in Cave’s parlour, that the author’s trade was considered a very mean one ; which a gentleman of family could not take up but as an amateur. This absurdity is pretty nearly worn out now, and I do humbly hope and pray for the day, when the other shall likewise disappear. If there be any nobleman with a talent that way, why—why don’t we see him among the R.A.’s ?

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| 501. The Schoolmaster. | } | Brum, Henry, Lord, <i>R.A., F.R.S., S.A.</i> |
| Sketch taken abroad | | <i>of the National Institute of France.</i> |
| 502. View of the Artist’s residence at Windsor | } | Maconkey, Right Honourable T. B. |
| 503. Murder of the Babes in the Tower | | Rustle, Lord J. . |
| 504. A Little Agitation . . | | Pill, Right Honourable Sir Robert. |
| | | O’Carroll, Daniel, M.R.I.A. |

Fancy, I say, such names as these figuring in the catalogue of the Academy : and why should they not ? The real glorious days of the art (which wants equality and not patronage) will revive then. Patronage—a plague on the word !—it implies inferiority ; and in the name of all that is sensible, why is a respectable country gentleman, or a city attorney’s lady, or any person of any rank, however exalted, to ‘ patronize ’ an Artist ?

There are some who sigh for the past times, when magnificent, swaggering Peter Paul Rubens (who himself patronized a queen) rode abroad with a score of gentlemen in his train, and a purse-bearer to scatter ducats ; and who love to think how he was made an English knight and a Spanish grandee, and went of embassies as if he had been a born marquis. Sweet it is to remember, too, that Sir Antony Vandyck, K.B., actually married out of the peerage : and that when Titian dropped his mahlstick, the Emperor Charles V picked it up (oh, gods ! what heroic self-devotion),—picked it up, saying, ‘I can make fifty dukes, but not one Titian.’ Nay, was not the Pope of Rome going to make Raffaele a Cardinal,—and were not these golden days ?

Let us say at once, ‘No.’ The very fuss made about certain painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shows that the body of artists had no rank or position in the world. They hung upon single patrons ; and every man who holds his place by such a tenure, must feel himself an inferior, more or less. The times are changing now, and as authors are no longer compelled to send their works abroad under the guardianship of a great man and a slavish dedication ; painters, too, are beginning to deal directly with the public. Who are the great picture buyers now ?—the engravers and their employers, the people,—‘the only source of legitimate power,’ as they say after dinner. A fig then for Cardinals’ hats ! were Mr. O’Connell in power to-morrow, let us hope he would not give one, not even a paltry bishopric *in partibus* to the best painter in the Academy. What need have they of honours out of the profession ? Why are they to be be-knighted like a parcel of aldermen ?—for my part, I solemnly declare, that I will take nothing under a peerage, after the exhibition of my great picture, and don’t see, if painters *must* have titles conferred upon them for eminent services, why the Marquis of Mulready or the Earl of Landseer should not sit in the House as well as any law or soldier lord.

The truth to be elicited from this little digressive dissertation, is this painful one,—that young Artists are not generally as well instructed as they should be ; and let the Royal Academy look to it, and give some sound courses of lectures to their pupils on literature and history, as well as on anatomy, or light and shade.

THE HISTORY OF DIONYSIUS DIDDLER

[*The Autographic Mirror*, February 20 to June 1, 1864.]

PREFACE, ADVERTISEMENT, OR INTRODUCTION

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Many thousand years ago, in the reign of Chrononhotonthologos, King of Brentford, there lived a young gentleman whose history is about to be laid before you.

He was sixty years of age, and his name was Dionysius Diddler; no relation of any other Dionysius, nor, indeed, a Brentfordian by birth; for (though the Diddlers are very numerous in Brentford) this was a young fellow from Patland, which country he quitted at a very early age.

He was by trade a philosopher,—an excellent profession in Brentford, where the people are more ignorant and more easily humbugged than any people on earth;—and no doubt he would have made a pretty fortune by his philosophy, but the rogue longed to be a man of fashion, and spent all his money in buying clothes, and in giving treats to the ladies, of whom he was outrageously fond. Not that they were very partial to *him*, for he was not particularly handsome—especially without his wig and false teeth, both of which, I am sorry to say, this poor Diddler wore.

Well, the consequence of his extravagance was that, although by his learning he had made himself famous (there was his Essay on the Tea-Kettle, his Remarks on Pumps, and his celebrated Closet Cyclopaedia, that every one has heard of), one day, after forty years of glory, Diddler found himself turned out of his lodging, without a penny, without his wig, which he had pawned, without even his teeth, which he had pawned too, seeing he had no use for them.

And now befell a series of adventures that you shall all hear; and so take warning, ye dashing blades of the town, by the awful fate of DIONYSIUS.



This is Dionysius Diddler!—young, innocent, and with a fine head of hair,—when he was a student in the University of Ballybunion. That is Ballybunion University in the hedge.



Here he is, after forty years of fame, and he thinks upon dear Ballybunion. 'I'm femous,' says he, 'all the world over: but what's the use of riputetion? Look at me with all me luggage at the end of me stick—all me money in me left-hand breeches pocket—and it's oh! but I'd give all me celebrity for a bowl of buttermilk and potaties.'



He goes to call on Mr. Shortman, the publisher of the Closet Cyclopaedia, and, sure an ouns ! Mr. Shortman gives him three sovereigns and three £5 notes.



The first thing he does is to take his wig out of pawn.



‘And now,’ says he, ‘I’ll go, take a sthroll to the Wist Ind, and call on me frind, Sir Hinry Pelham.’



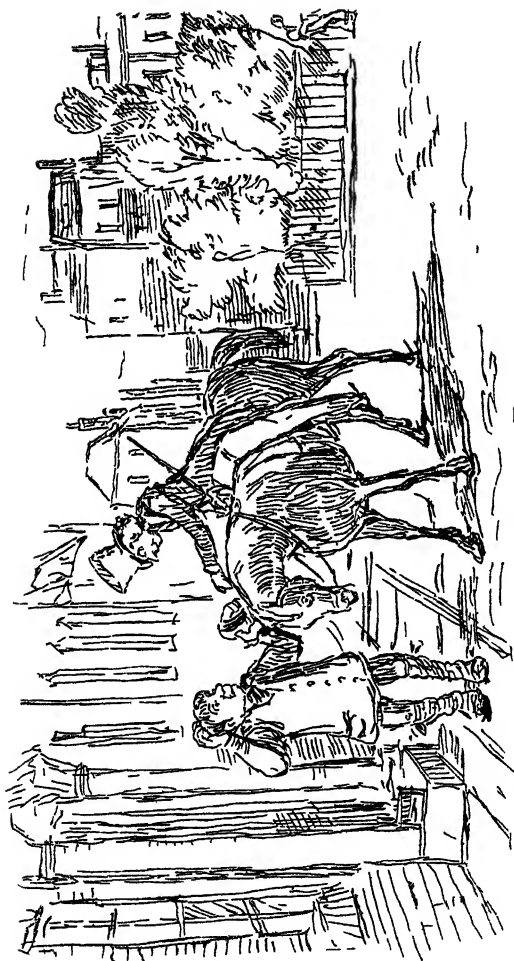
He pays a visit to Sir Henry Pelham.



‘Faith!’ says Diddler; ‘the what-d’ye-call-’ems fit me like a glove.’



‘And upon me honour and consience, now I’m dthressed, but I
k intirely gnteel.’



In Pelham's coat, hat, boots, and pantaloons,
 Forth issues Diddler from the Baronet's house,
 In famed Red Lion's fashionable square
 And was it strange that Hodge, Sir Henry's groom,
 Mistook the dandy doctor for his master?
 'Till while he for his foot the sturruv ueld,

Said, reverently, 'Master, will you mount?'
 Thus Dionysius did, and rode away,—
 But fear then seized upon the soul of Hodge.
 Says he, 'That gentleman cannot be my master,
 For, as he rode away, he gave me surprise,
 And my dear master never gives me nothen.'

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